SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV JUNE, 1899 NO. 6

THE MODERN GROUP OF SCANDINAVIAN PAINTERS

By Cecilia Waern

IT may be well to begin by saying simply that the word modern is here taken as an adjective of quality, not of time.

The art of Denmark differs in several important respects from that of the two sister countries. Indeed, it used to be said and repeated at home (in Sweden) that there was a Danish school of painting while there never would be a Swedish school; there was no atmosphere in Sweden, the social conditions were too formal, too complicated, the Swedes too self-conscious altogether. In Denmark, instead, it was pointed out, there was an undeniable art tradition, social life was simple; above all, the Danish mind was really *naïf*. The Danes are, in fact, about as unlike the other Scandinavians as their country is unlike the typical water-and-mountain scenery of the peninsula. The Danish isles are large and nearly flat; shimmering beech-woods run down to the water's edge, kindly villages and dun-and-white farm yards, of the old thatched type, stud the fertile plains. Father Stork is the patron saint of it all. The Danes are cheery and talkative, humorous and unsophisticated. Swedish writers know to their cost that they can never hope to vie with the Danish flow of witty spirits, or attain the unconcerned ease of their literary manner. It is a fact that the *causerie* is almost as much at home in Copenhagen as it is in Paris. Certain other qualities help to give the Danes a prominent place as essayists and critics on modern lines; cheerful industry, keen perceptions, quick sympathies, often amounting to imaginative penetration. But, above all, it is the untroubled directness of aim that tells. These circumstances and traits tell in art, as they do in literature, and may serve to explain the success of Peter Severin Kröyer in the difficult task he has set himself as a painter. He first made his mark in Paris, in the early eighties, as a *plein-airiste*—a painter of figures in the open air—and he still remains one. But of late years he has become more and more identified with the solving of that most difficult of problems: painting large gatherings of men at committee meetings, *conversazioni*, smoking musicales, etc. We all know how unsatisfactory such pictures are apt to be, how individualism and collectivism conflict here as in other spheres. Even the greatest portrait painters and physiognomists have rarely succeeded in giving ease to their groups and unity to their pictures, while the man that feels masses more than units generally subordinates the individual as unworthy of notice, compared with the sense of collective humanity or the beauties of atmospheric tone. Kröyer steers gayly past both Scylla and Charybdis. His groups are natural and amusing, his figures interesting in expression and gesture, and superb in treatment; his unity of effect most convincing. The secret lies partly—as so often—in knowledge. Kröyer knows a room, by night and by day, in all its aspects of light and shade, as some landscapists know the play of light and dark in

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Painted by Richard Bergh.

My Wife.

Museum, Gottenburg.

the branches of their trees. He knows the open air, too. His twilights and moonrises from the Scaw have a charm that lingers in the memory like the aromatic smell of certain seashore shrubs. As a luminist, he has been attracted by merry, open-air meals at midday. Many of these motives he shares with his friends in Sweden and Norway, as he has shared the French teaching that has given him the power to deal with them. The open air Kröyer, with his indisputable Northern note, is thus the connecting link between the Danes and the other Scandinavians, including the painters of Finland—Albert Edelfelt and his countrymen—whom I must here reluctantly leave aside.

I must be brief, also, in my mention of the other Danes, and not attempt to do more than call attention to one or two other prominent figures of this rejuvenated Danish school. We can only regret that we have not been able to procure adequate illustrations, to bear out what I say.

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Yet Viggo Johansen's art would deserve to be widely known for his charming treatment of the family group and the sociable, homely interior. He is one of the few *peintres de mœurs*—indoors—of the present day, who sees subjects round him, and does not need to resort to Breton coiffes or gilt Dutch head-pieces to make an interior interesting. If *naïveté* were to be had for the asking, indeed, he might be cited as an example that would deserve to be widely followed. Viggo Johansen's *naïveté* is Danish—who but a Dane could have given us "Washing the Children," that delightful nursery scene of scrubbing and tubbing?—his manner has none of the curious prosiness of the old Danish school. It is broad and soft, based on a most delicate observation of atmospheric values. His touch may be said to have less sparkle than Kröyer's, and more tenderness. Julius Paulsen belongs to the family of the Rembrandts and Whistlers. He is one of those mystics and dreamers to whom the beauties of the "enveloppe" are full of fascination and revelation. His typical canvases are small; quiet stretches of Danish landscape, with or without figures; but he has also painted larger canvases, with figure subjects; for instance, a much-discussed Madonna, conceived as a poor servant-girl sitting with her baby on her wretched pallet, reverently and admirably painted. But the true Paulsen is to be found in these small canvases that combine keen impressionist observation, delicacy of atmospheric rendering, with qualities of tone rare in the North, and subtle musical depths rare anywhere. And yet it is all so Danish in a delightful, indefinable way. The men mentioned above are middle-aged now, and many tendencies surge round them, not past them, leaving them unmoved. The Danish capital is about as assimilative as the country is conservative, and the younger men are all more or less "in the movement," which is very lively in Copenhagen. Literary decadence has struck deep roots there and borne some noteworthy fruit. Painting has become symbolic and synthetic; Hammershöj, Slott-Möller, and Willumsen are some of the names that represent it. Willumsen's art many of us know from the salons. He has two manners: a forcible (Manet) realism, and a heavy (Gauguin) synthesis. He handles both with talent, observation, and the

Painted by Karl Larsson.

Lisbeth.

Fürstenberg Gallery, Gottenburg.

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courage of his convictions. His synthetic caricatures (often carved and painted panels) are about as ugly and queer as anything ever called art before, but not without wit when you have the perseverance to look for it. The others of the group I do not know well enough for detailed analysis. The Exhibition in Stockholm last summer showed that their art is serious and interesting, and withal more Danish in tradition and personal in quality than I had been led to expect.

The latest ideas are fermenting among the youngest Swedes and Norwegians, as elsewhere. But, as far as I have been able to see, the fruits are not yet ripe for international approval. So we shall confine our attention to the group of men now in their prime. We all remember the brilliant effect produced by their exhibition at the World's Fair, confirming the impression made in Paris in 1889. Here was talent —that *sine qua non*—technic and skill commanding both admiration and respect, yet full of freshness of spirit and handling, a national note of great purity and charm. Certain qualities might be lacking, all-essential to the worshippers of the "Old Masters," or to those who find their only artistic nourishment in more or less Preraphaelite art; but this was no crime in the eyes of those who believe art to be a garden that grows fruit of many flavors, the wild, fragrant strawberry, as well as other kinds. As most gratifying of all, I should like to mention the intelligent appreciation and keen characterization of cultivated Japanese critics.

Altogether, it must be said, an art which one respects and loves, but does not admire without reserve, without a feeling that if much has been gained something has been lost in the zest and vigor of onslaught; an art modern, not classical; full of life, not perfect, either in the cold sense of correctness, whatever that may be, or as a synthesis of aims and endeavors which are too wide and seething to let these men rest satisfied with what they have already won. This restlessness in the Northern blood tells in two ways: If it prevents them from staying at home, like the Danes, and tilling the home field till it bears fruit a thousandfold, it also leads them to new paths of conquest, or at least endeavor, and thus helps to keep their faculties alive.

These reservations made, I do not feel called upon to offer much criticism in detail. Myself a Swede, I cannot help feeling that I shall be of more service in the humble garb of an interpreter than in the solemn cap and gown of a judge.

The actual achievement of the Scandinavians (leaving their excellent portraits aside for the moment), may be briefly summed up; it consists in Impressionism applied to painting the North as it was never painted before. I here use the term Impressionism in the vague general sense, advisedly. It is the widest one, after all, of all the terms in use—including both portraiture and *plein-air*, the rendering of the mood and the passionate pursuit of the fact.

Impressionism in this sense only seems the natural form of expression of the Scandinavians, with their impetuous energy, their dreamy impressionability, and their ardent love of nature, that sways between the pole of actuality and the pole of imagination. In painting, these two poles have not proved to be so very wide apart. The "passionate pursuit of facts" about atmosphere, light, and reflections that are so full of beauty, has led the painters to feel and transmit certain *imaginative* facts that every true Northerner believes in as real facts. Else why should they appeal to all of us in the same way? The "national note," that the French speak of so glibly, has for us a meaning of profound spiritual significance—the "drama of the Seasons" is to us fraught with real intensity of passion and variety of motive. It is not Nature mirroring our emotions and fancies—it is man responding to the great voice of Nature, and feeling the tragic gloom of midwinter as actually as the passionate, hopeless longing of spring, and ineffable harmony of early summer. If Impressionism, or Naturalism, or whatever we choose to call it, has enabled the Northern painters to recall some of this to exacting sons and daughters of the North, surely it is something more than a mere school of technic and transition. It has done so, and in two ways: by training eye and hand to deal with the exquisite phenomena that are the visual *form* of these spiritual beauties, and by making the painters humbly willing to give ear to Nat-

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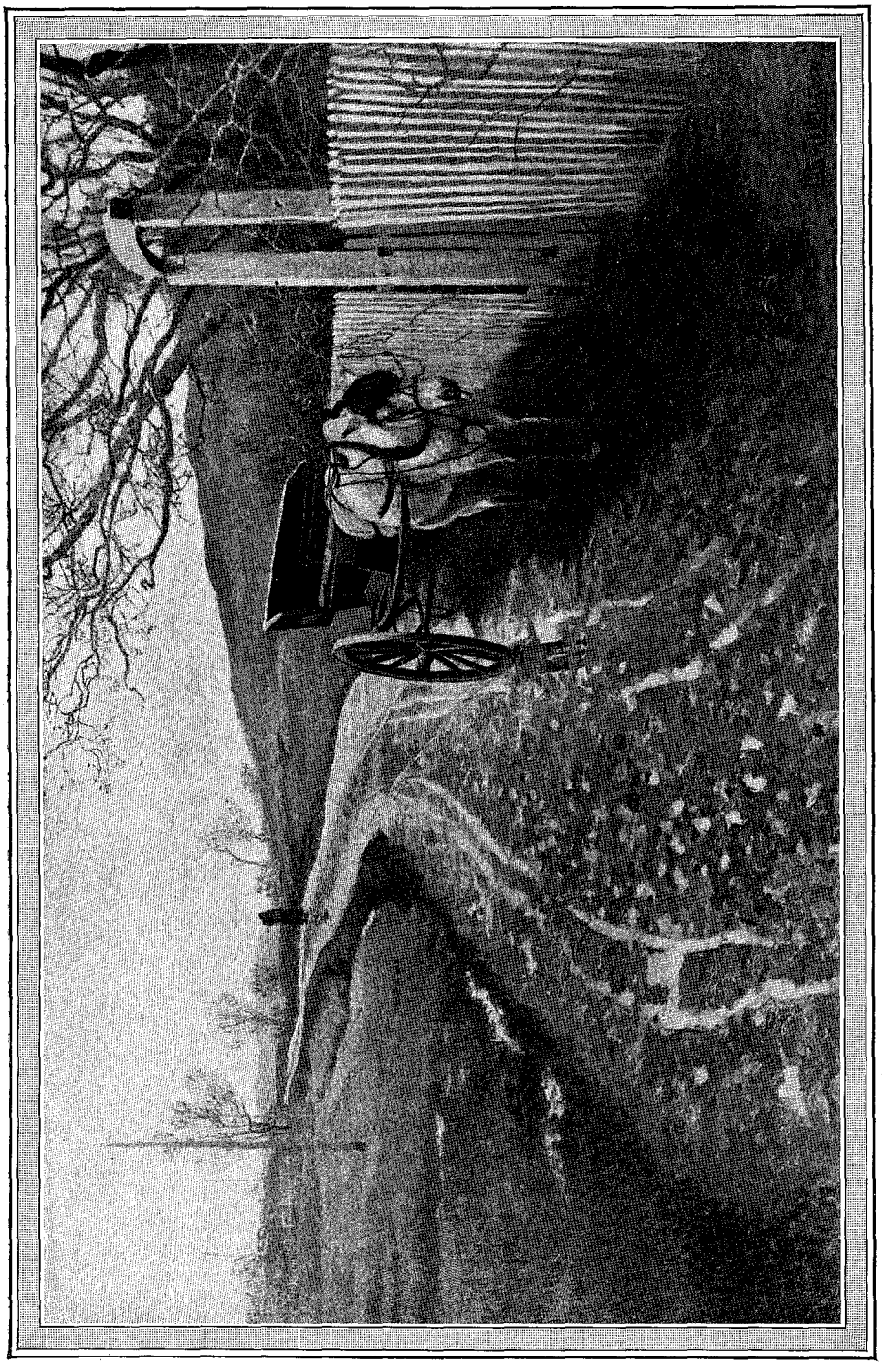

Painted by Fritz Thaulow.

The Country Doctor's Carriage.

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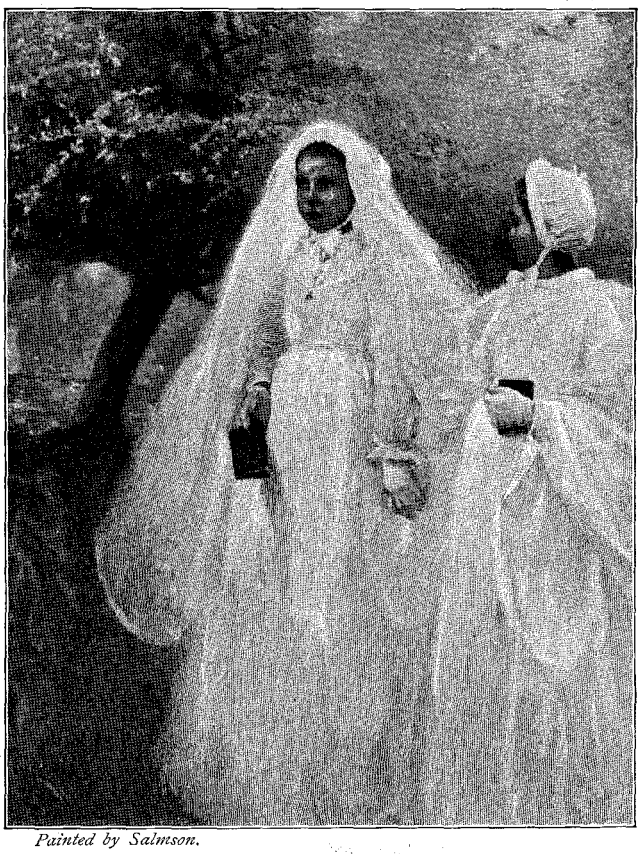
ure, and thus catch an echo of some of these strains of mystic poetry that pervade the atmosphere of the North.

These remarks apply to both countries alike, which are both alike Northern, nay Scandinavian, and have much in common, with great and important differences. Norway is grander than Sweden, and more heroic in character. It has mountain fastnesses of utter desolation, yet western fjords and seaports exposed to the quickening stimulus of the Gulf Stream. It is a country of contrasts; we have neither the intensified radiance of one of their mountain-sides in summer, nor the pitiless austerity of one of their long valleys in winter. Grim old Ibsen is only possible in Norway.



Painted by Salmson.

Les Communiantes. (Fragment.)

The Norwegians are young as a nation, full of the turbulent sense of youth and the desire to reassert the fierce old spirit of independence of their Viking forefathers; rich in accumulated stores of Northern energy that have lately found a vent in a sudden and splendid outburst into literature and art. With this intensity of patriotic feeling the painters could no longer be content to paint their country as their predecessors, the Gudes and Tidemands, had done, making up their pictures in their German studios from sketches and studies gleaned during the summer. They had to live at home and paint from nature. Impressionism naturally pointed in the same direction by its insistence on the open air and on the value of specialized observation. So, one by one, they came home from their studies in Paris, or Munich, or Italy, and settled in Norway. It was not an easy step to take. The social conditions in the North are almost indescribably cramping and complicated; "art" was then represented in Christiania by an "Art Union"—the stronghold of dilettanteism and Düsseldorf diluted—the better ones staying away, as I have said, and preferring exile to stagnation. The Moderns looked at the matter in another light, and literally fought their way to recognition by Storthing, press, and public. The inner history of the struggle is full of picturesque incident. It is even on record that one of the most vehement pioneers, Fritz Thaulow, had to spend a couple of months in prison for the mode of argument he employed when his opponent was basely insulting. Artistically, they only seem to have been strengthened by the double struggle they have been engaged in through the wish to assert themselves as Norse, and the necessity to fight the enemy within their gates. If the Danes have inherited a school, these Norsemen may be said to have already formed one. Only

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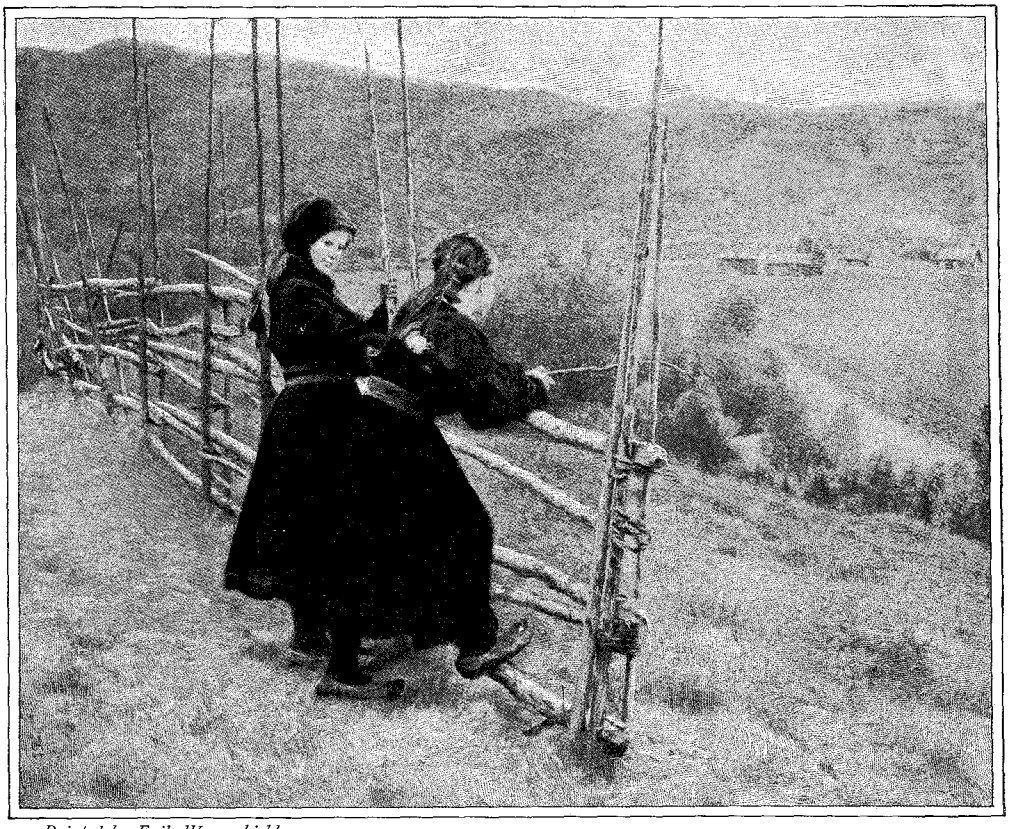

Painted by Erik Werenskiold.

Young Peasant Girls.

an expert can tell from their Norwegian pictures where their first studies were made. They are neither "Paris" nor "Munich"; they are modern and Norse. The individuals vary, of course. Christian Skredsvig has a tendency to clearness and crisp definition, Eilif Petersen (in his landscapes) to a large dreaminess, Otto Sinding to a certain stern ruggedness, Hans Heyerdahl to quiet refinement, Gerhard Munthe to humorous characterization. But they are all interesting, all more or less vigorous. Many of their results have been gained by absorbing the processes of the Impressionists (in the narrow sense); but our illustrations will show that they do not suffer from the lack of the sense of construction with which this school is generally reproached. As for the Norse subjects, the pictures show some of the most typical ones. They paint other things as well, of course. Some of them travel, or have travelled; Heyerdahl and Petersen are admirable portraitists; Munthe is best known for his grotesque and delightful transcripts from old folk-lore, colored outline drawings, or panels, in a kind of personal adaptation of the sampler, or rough tapestry style. There would be other interesting personalities to discuss; but the two great Norwegians are still waiting to be noticed.

Erik Werenskiold first made himself remarked for his powerful and deeply imaginative illustrations for Norse folk-tales. Meanwhile he was painting vigorous portraits of prominent Norwegians (being one of the first in the North to obtain his effects by "Impressionist" brushwork), and trying his hand at the open air. Of late years he has combined all these branches in deeply interesting pictures of peasant life—out of doors—in Norway. Werenskiold is not less of a painter than his fellows, only more of a dramatic and reflective poet. Some canvases, such as "A Peasant Burial," are serious and thoughtful; others have a more lyric quality. But

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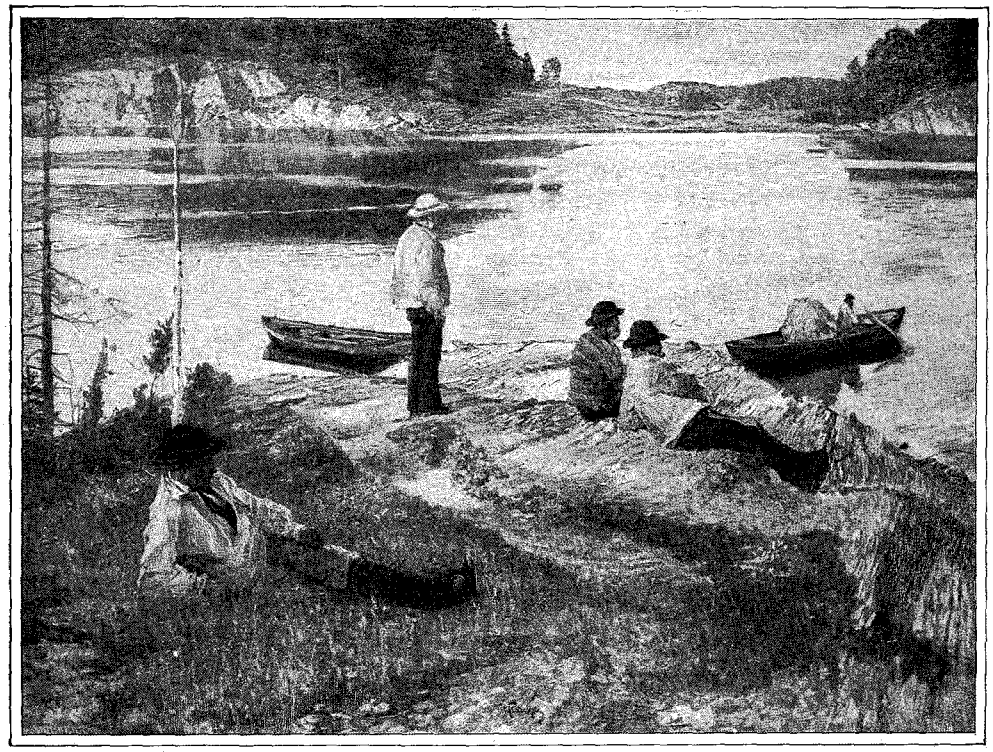

Painted by Eilif Petersen.

Fishermen.

all are painted with a depth of sympathy, a sincerity of observation and craft, that have become proverbial in the North.

Some of the well-known sources of Fritz Thaulow's inspiration are frozen snow, glistening in the sunlight and purple in the shadows; new-fallen snow, pure white and soft; melting snow, with its kid-like surface; running water, with its swirls and eddies, etc. He is now living at Dieppe, attracted, it seems, by the beauties of moonlight in Normandy, and of lamp-lit dusk lingering over the harbor or in the old streets of the town. The note of his art is a restful sense of power, combined with a delicacy of color, touch, and perception that seems rather surprising when you first see this big, blond, handsome, burly, Viking type of a man. And does it not seem at least a picturesque coincidence that the roving spirit, the desire for fresh conquests, should have landed him in—Normandy?

In Sweden we meet a differing set of social conditions. The country is larger than Norway, to begin with; more cultured, undoubtedly; also "older" in temper. It is a queer country, full of democratic tendencies and aristocratic prejudices; of high-strung vitality and heavy sluggishness; of many things that seem to incite to artistic production, and more things that tend to check it. Sweden was erst one of the Great Powers. It has still a courtly capital, famous for its lovely situation, with one of the finest palaces in Europe, and many "Royal" institutions, including an Academy of Fine Arts. It is, however, by no means an exhibiting academy, like the one in London; it is a teaching academy, that spends 70,000 kroner (about $18,000) a year on schools and scholarships, *i.e.*, on the production of artists, while the state grant for the purchase of works of art amounts to 6,000 kroner (between $1,500 and $1,600). In the good old times most of the talented alumni came back, as a matter of course, after their *Wanderjahre*, to a professorship and a position in society. One great talent at least, Johan Fredrik Höckert, one of the shining lights at the Grand Exhibition of 1855, has been ruined in this way. There was no choice between this and doing as the gifted Norwegians of former genera-

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Painted by Karl Larsson.

Cèramique.

Musée du Luxembourg.

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tions had done: allowing themselves to be swallowed up by the schools of the continent. There was only this difference between them, that the Norwegians always gravitated naturally toward Germany, the Swedes to Paris. One of the foremost and most interesting representatives of the early Romantic school of landscape in Germany, Johan Christian Dahl, was a Norwegian. Many artists of note of the French school have been natives of Sweden. We may mention Hall, Laureince, Roslin, among earlier men; Höckert himself; and, lately, Salmson and Wahlberg, who may be said to represent the transition to the modern group of national painters.

At first the younger Swedes of this group did not show many tokens of "nationality." Zorn, an independent of the first water, was practising his self-taught art of water-color painting in Spain and London, after having left the Academy in disgust. The others had accepted the teaching, enjoying the camaraderie, and hoping for the scholarships, and then flocked to Paris, where they threw themselves into the coterie life of Montmartre and Grèz-sur-Loing with true Swedish zest and love of pleasure. They were young, too, when Naturalism was young, when the Gospel of the Open Air, of the figure in its natural setting, of seeing things as they were and as they belonged together, was filling us all with unbounded enthusiasm. They were strong, too, artistically, and soon made themselves felt in Paris as "fresh blood." Only one or two, but especially Ernst Josephson, felt the fevered pulse of color at the heart of the movement. The others swore by Bastien, and were dubbed at home "the gray school of Grèz." Exquisite grays some of them were, such as Larsson's garden-plots at Grèz, or Kreuger's French hillsides and waysides. But the French critics and Norwegian painters were right in characterizing them as acquisitions to the French school, not as an independent school. Even the portraits of this period are more skilful assimilations of French teaching than anything else. As for Swedish landscape, "the North could not be painted;" it was "too thin, too cold, too intangible." Meanwhile, discontent with the Academy was seething, because it withheld the scholarships from those who felt that they had a right to them; because it sluggishly or aristocratically refused to give ear to the clamor for exhibitions, and because it was full of abuses generally. Matters were complicated by the fact that one of the leaders of the Academy, Count Georges von Rosen, is a conservative, accomplished and talented painter (mainly of Belgian training). But the discontent was so general that when a protest, proposing reforms, was drawn up, it found 86 signers among the artists in Paris, Düsseldorf, Sweden, and elsewhere. At the same time some of the "Parisians" then in Stockholm arranged an exhibition of their works, fitly called "from the Banks of the Seine." The only reply to the protest was a curt refusal to discuss any of the reforms proposed. The "opponents" thereupon declared war. They solemnly bound themselves not to accept any distinctions or salaries from the Academy; they determined to arrange their own exhibitions in the future. The first semi-official exhibition of this kind was held in the autumn of the same year: it was only the first of a whole series of brilliant exhibitions—triumphant vindications of the vitality of the new movement. Very soon, too, the painters struck a deep Swedish note that won many over completely, who had been in the habit of keeping their love of beauty in art separate from their love of beauty in (Swedish) nature. The fact was that the painters discovered, when they, too, had been caught by the homeward trend, that the beauties of Sweden were not "unpaintable"—only very difficult. Yet, one by one, they have all come home and tackled them, sticking manfully to their resolution not to have anything to do with Academy salaries or Academy protection. They have fared badly and fought bravely; they would have fared worse still, if one enlightened art-lover, Mr. Pontus Fürstenberg, of Gottenburg, had not from the outset understood the importance of the group, helped them in more ways than one, and instigated others to buy by the convincing charm of his now famous gallery. But even so, the painters have had all the stimulus of suffering for a cause. Taken all in all, the inner history of the movement is one of the most interesting chapters of the history of modern art.

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Painted by Gerhard Munthe.

Norwegian Cottages.

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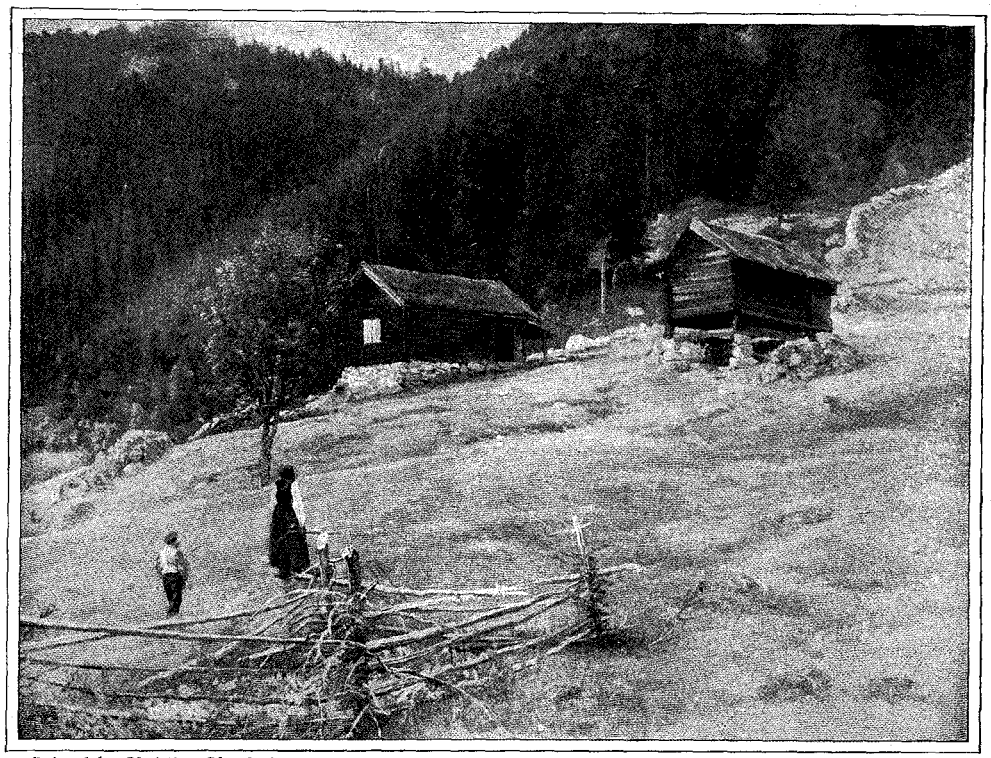

Painted by Christian Skredsvig.

A Norwegian Hillside.
National Gallery, Christiania.

Sweden is a country of lakes and hills, forest and stream, less heroic and dramatic than Norway, and infinitely more lyrical —with a poetry made visible in the deep amber of rushing waters, in the dreamy silver of mirroring lakes, in a magic atmosphere, clear and yet veiled, still and yet suggestive, full of longing and resignation —and oh, so full of music. I do not mean to imply that the painters try to paint this; they are all eminently painters' painters, with a fine scorn of mixing up literature with art. But the same beauty that has slowly inspired and moulded the saddest and tenderest folk-songs in the world has crept on to some of their canvases, even when they, as in the case of Zorn's "At Midnight," represent a peasant girl in pink gingham, rowing home in the after-glow at midnight; or when they first of all aim at giving—as in the case of Nordström's "Easter Eve"—only the *visual* impressions of an early spring evening, with the Easter fires lit on the hill-tops.

But Nordström feels nature so deeply and sternly that every one of his canvases is one of the best of poems, in splendid pictorial language. Nils Kreuger's note is more tenderly lyrical. He has a vein of sympathetic humor and delicate observation that is especially delightful in his pictures of sleepy, country-town streets, or horses at grass in the stone-walled long shore meadow. His eye for delicate values is keen, and he has been as happy in his pursuit of the quivering quality of sea-side air as of harmony of light-and-dark. Nordström and Kreuger are both "Parisians." Bruno Liljefors, one of the most talented of this talented group, is as self-taught as a man can be nowadays. He knows the work of his Scandinavian friends, and has visited the Salon once or twice, that is all. And yet his best work can bear comparison with any for technic and power. His theme is the woods and waters, with the animals that live in them; he portrays them with an insight and a grasp that have grown, instead of rusting, from his country life, till he has become a true interpreter of the whole life of nature in the woods.

I must now be summary in my mention of the men whom we have been able to represent by fairly adequate illustrations.

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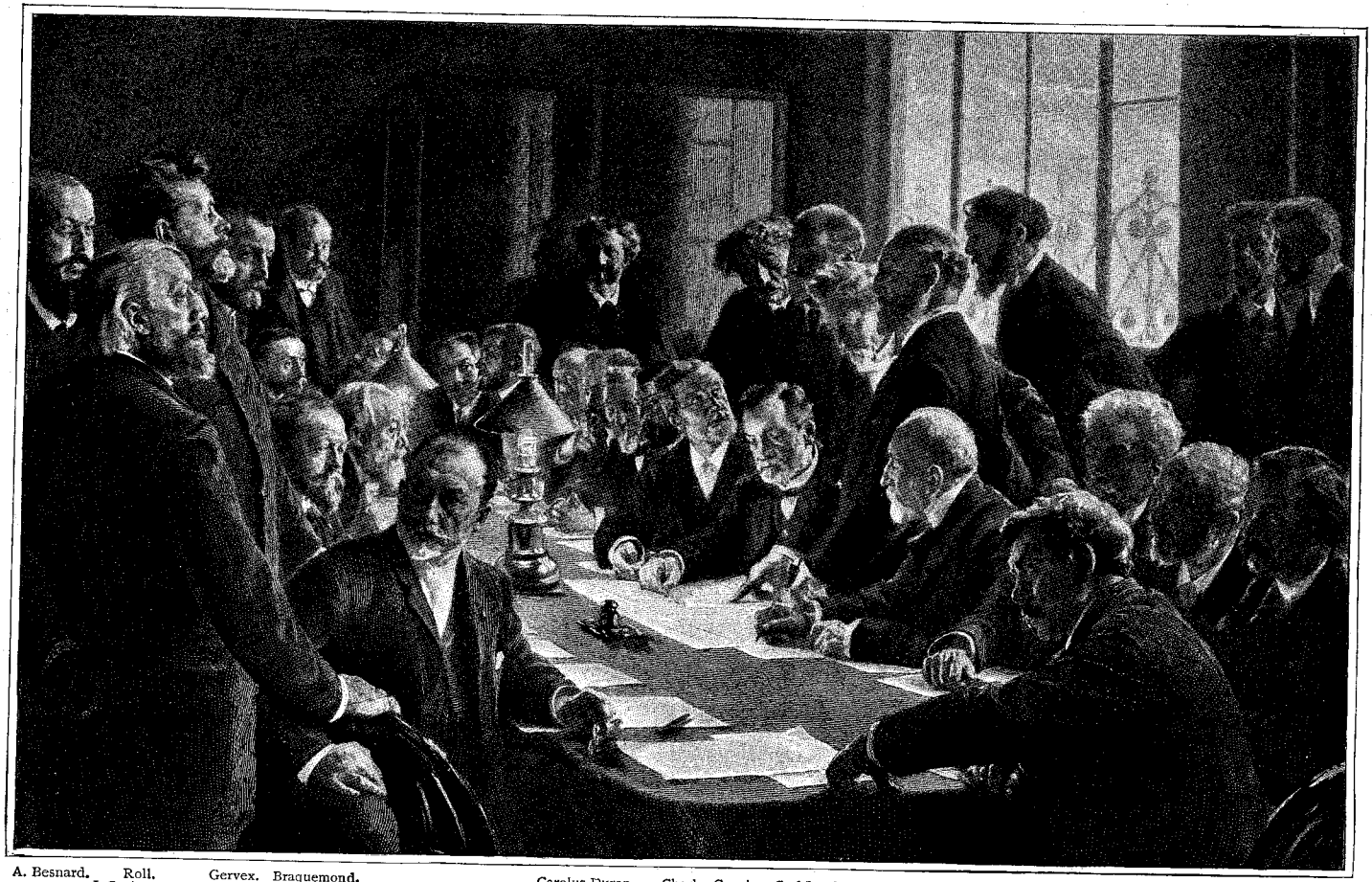

A. Besnard. Roll. J. Cazin. Gervex. Braquemond. F. Cormon. Georges Petit. Roger Ballu. Carolus Duran. Charles Garnier. Carl Jacobsen. Antonin Proust. Magne. Tuxen. Kröyer. Delaplanche. Lisch. L. Bonnat. Armand Dayot. Roty. Gautherin. Chapu. A. Mercié. P. Dubois. V. Klein. L. Gérôme. E. L. Barrias. Chaplin. L. Pasteur. Puvis de Chavannes. Falguière.

Painted in Denmark by P. S. Kröyer.

The Art-Congress held in Denmark, 1888.

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Painted by H. Heyerdahl.

The Two Sisters.

Zorn's "Mona" [frontispiece] has been chosen as illustrative of his earlier manner, when his limpid and serious water-colors first drew attention to the measure of his talent. His eminent art as a portrait painter does not need comment in America. He spends his summers at home, painting out of doors, always pursuing some new aspect of nature and life with an ardor all his own, and yet eminently Northern. Richard Bergh shares his distinction as a portraitist, with a differing temperament—more reflective and imaginative—in some cases, perhaps, even hampering. At least he would have painted more, if he had not dreamed and read and written so much. But who knows what this remarkable union of imagination and quick responsive painter's vision may bring forth in the end? Apart from his portraiture, which speaks for itself in our illustration, [p. 644] his *plein-air* motives have always had the distinction of poetry and shown a charming feeling for significant color and expressive line. He is now developing into a symboliste, who aims largely at combining illusion with line-synthesis and color, poetry inspired by nature with pictorial suggestiveness. There are at least four Karl Larssons in one; all important, all full of exuberant vitality. There is Larsson, the illustrator; Larsson, the brilliant water-colorist of the French school; Larsson, the painter of the delightful portraits in a spirited wash-and-outline style of his own; Larsson, the fresco painter, whose monumental work in Gottenburg and Stockholm every student of decorative art should include in his tour of travel and comparison.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I have been careful to understate rather than overrate the importance of these, my countrymen, as judged by contemporary French standards. I can only regret that I have not space to discuss the art of Prince Eugène of Sweden, so charming in its personality of Ernst Josephson, the colorist and portraitist, poet and visionary, whose career has been cut short by illness; of P. Erkström, the lyrist; G. Pauli, the fresco painter; Mrs. H. Hirsch-Pauli, Eva Bonnier, Eugène Yansson, and others, middle-aged and young, that help to represent worthily this interesting school.

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Third United States Artillery Acting as Infantry Advancing Beyond La Loma.*

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCK-HOUSES

THE WAR WITH THE INSURGENTS AT MANILA

By Percy G. McDonnell

WE all knew that it was coming as sure as fate; that sooner or later the climax would be reached and hostilities commenced. The Commission would have no cause for worry, as at the rate affairs were progressing, in all probability the whole question would be settled before their arrival. A member of the local commission treating with the Filipino delegates told some of his officers, who inquired about the regiment's return, that fighting was a certainty, and that if Christmas dinners were enjoyed at home, they might consider themselves lucky.

For six long months, ever since the 13th of August, there were constant friction, weekly bickerings, and nightly alarms that frightened the people, worried the soldiers, and kept Colonel Thompson, the press censor, at his wits' ends suppressing reports more or less sensational, escaping over the cable to the papers of the world.

History teaches that when two armies with the numbers and power of the American and Filipino forces exist for purposes not exactly similar in such close proximity, they cannot be disbanded without a trial of strength; that one side will not grant concessions necessarily demanded by the other, and that war is the inevitable result.

A thousand times more certain are these conditions when there exists an inequality of civilization, where one army towers over the other in what the world pleases to call modern advancement; and I am not so sure but the greater part of the blame—call it responsibility, if you wish—rests with the superior force.

The unusual circumstances surrounding the relations between the Americans and Filipinos have demanded the most delicate handling, in accordance with the conciliatory policy adopted, but a dozen times hostilities have been on the verge of precipitation. Ever since the native sentries on Paco Bridge threatened Lieutenant-Colonel Duboce of the First California Volunteers, and demanded the return of an American soldier who had been advanced a few feet beyond the usual beat, there has been more or less ill-feeling all along the line. Then came the killing of an insurgent captain in the streets of Manila, by a soldier whose command to halt had been disobeyed, and this seemed to stir up the entire native population. Threats of burnings and uprisings were so common that when people wakened in the morning they were thankful that their servants had not murdered them during the night, and many officers placed soldiers on guard at their quarters. One outpost in particular was the object of nightly annoyance; it was patrolled by men of the Nebraska regiment and was located

* This and the following illustrations are from photographs by Lieutenant C. F. O'Keefe, Photograph Department, Office of Military Information, Eighth Army Corps.

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close to block-house No. 7, just beyond Santa Mesa, where there was a village of hard characters. On the memorable night of February 4th, a little before dusk, the soldiers noticed several natives armed with bolas, running the lines. Once inside, they jeered at the guards in drunken taunts and then skipped back into their own lines again. These uncomfortable threats were taken good-naturedly, but as they continued the sentry remonstrated, and finally called the corporal of the guard. The corporal took the challenging upon himself and ordered that, in the event of further approaches, if the third command to halt was not obeyed, they fire to kill. About 8.45 P.M., three men, armed with rifles, were seen coming toward the post from the insurgent lines. Once, twice, three times the command halt was given, and then a shot rang out, quickly followed by two others—a native lieutenant and private lay dead, and the sentry had received a bullet through his hat. The reports were plainly heard in the Nebraska camp on the hill, some nine hundred yards to the right, and in five minutes the whole regiment was astir, guards were posted, and advance pickets thrown out. The news was telegraphed in to General Otis, and flashed around the long ten miles of American intrenchments. For a full half-hour everything was peaceful, and no sound was heard except the hurried commands of the officers locating their men. Less than a mile in the direct front were the head-quarters of Colonel Antonio Montenegro, and as the insurgent bugles gently sounded, the waiting soldiers remarked upon the beauty of the cadence, which is quick and high, ending in a long pure tone. What went on in the insurgent lines will never be known, but suddenly, in the midst of the deep quiet, from the large water-main running diagonally across the front, came a volley of Mausers popping and singing, and dozens of the boys ducked low, only to rise shame-facedly, and answer the challenge, almost with the rapidity of an echo. Scarcely had the first shots been exchanged when the firing began on the left with the Colorado men, quickly spreading still leftward to the South Dakota and Pennsylvania regiments, but here it stopped for a few minutes. On the Nebraska right, which marked the centre point of the whole two-thirds of the circle, firing had not yet begun.

In the city, long before the heavy firing commenced, the alarm spread, a general call to quarters was sounded, and patrols thrown out through the streets. An excitable orderly rushed into the circus where several hundred soldiers and civilians were seated, and between gasps howled the California men to quarters; the place was in an uproar in a second, and as the men rushed over the flimsy structures through the rings, the people followed suit, and clowns and trained horses were forgotten in the general rush to the doors. A number of officers were present who attempted to restore order, but the delay cost them their carriages; for when they reached the street they found their horses had been taken by soldiers in their anxiety to get to barracks. The Spanish and foreign population deserted the drives and theatres, and rushed to their homes, locking the doors and extinguishing the lights. In half an hour the city was deserted, with the exception of the soldiers everywhere on guard or hurrying to the front in quick, measured steps that rang through the empty streets. The walled city was the refuge of many people who had deserted their houses and sought safety in the churches, as they feared their own servants. Companies from the First Oregon, the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers, and Twenty-third United States Infantry, under direction of General Hughes, the Provost-Marshal, maintained the best of order; and as all the residents bolted their houses as though to resist a siege of the old days, this part of the city was easily controlled. In the new city beyond the walls and in the outlying districts several attacks were made on individuals. Lieutenant-Colonel Colton was driving to Santa Mesa to join his regiment when a native, a mere boy, rushed at him with a sword, and only the blunt edge prevented a wound. Failing the first thrust he returned to the attack, and it took three shots from the Colonel's revolver to silence him.

To return again to the firing-line, which was still most active near the water-main, and on a hill overlooking a gently sloping valley, rising slightly some 2,500 yards

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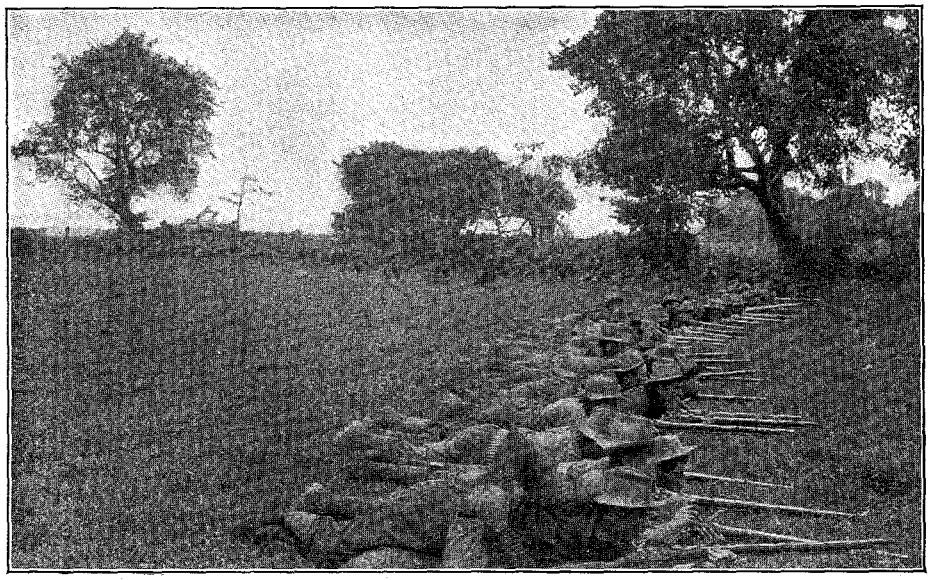

North Dakota Troops During the Advance Over the Rice-fields at Malate.

beyond where the barracks of the natives were located; at this point it was becoming hotter every minute as the Filipinos were receiving hastily called reinforcements, and the boys in blue were pumping away volleys on the old Springfields until many a shoulder ached. As the moon had not yet risen and the night was pitch dark, no other aim could be taken than the flash of the rifles, and the mortality was necessarily low, though the hospital corps were soon busy bringing in the wounded. A picket standing upon a stone wall, so that he might get better aim, suddenly went down in a heap, crying out, "Boys, I've got it;" but he was up again in a minute hopping about on one leg, and shouted, "I'll be damned if I care; I am not a rookie any more." He had been shot through the ankle. The "Rookies" is a term applied to the recruits who came to Manila after the fighting, and they have always been joshed and shut out of discussion among soldiers with some such slighting remark as, "What can a rookie know? he wasn't here for the scrap." Well, there are no more rookies in Manila to-day.

On the right the country was quiet; Brigadier-Generals King and Ovenshine were out on the lines inspecting the positions of their men, but as yet no firing had taken place; the gunboat Laguna de Bay, commanded by Captain Randolph, of the Third Artillery, came up the river and passed a short distance beyond the lines, where she lay to, awaiting some signs of the enemy, but perforce remained inactive. About half-past nine Colonel Stotsenburg of the Nebraska regiment, finding the opposition so strong, sent in a mounted messenger asking for reinforcements; but before they were under way another horseman dashed in, reporting that the ground could be held.

On the left of the line were the South Dakota, Pennsylvania, Third United States Artillery (acting as infantry), Montana, and Kansas regiments, with two guns of the Utah Light Artillery, and before ten o'clock a large part of this wing, commanded by Brigadier-Generals Hale and H. G. Otis, was engaged repelling a vigorous attack by the insurgents quartered in the block-houses and bamboo jungles between Manila and Caloocan, the first station on the railway, some three miles north of the city. The firing began so close in that many of the bullets lodged in the Oriente Hotel and other buildings in the Binondo district. At Caloocan, two old Spanish smooth-bore guns were mounted, but their fire was ineffective. These are relics of the days when Aguinaldo was given arms, ammunition, barges, and many other things from the Cavité Arsenal, and are now somewhere up the railroad, whence they were taken when Caloocan fell. The

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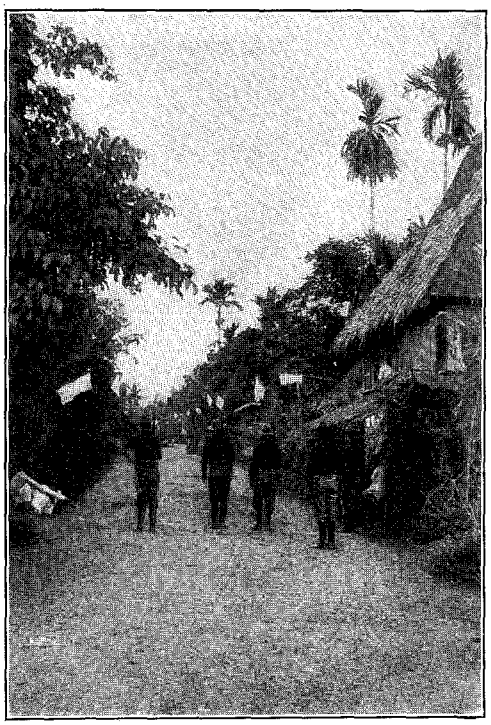
natives were cunning enough to rush all the rolling-stock up the road, and practically have possession of all the locomotives in their country to-day.

It was an utter impossibility for one man to follow the action at all points of the miles of firing-line, so after taking a hasty survey of the situation on the left wing, I returned to Santa Mesa—where the attack originated, and was being sustained most vigorously—and from there passed on to Santa Ana, Paco, and Malate, at which places the fighting was most spectacular and the official returns show that the mortality was greatest.



A White Rag of Some Description was Dangling.—Page 665.

A word of explanation may give an idea of the country and the situation of the various towns and regiments. The defences of Manila consist of fourteen block-houses and a number of trenches arranged in a somewhat irregular two-thirds of a circle, extending from south of Caloocan on the north and left wing, to Malate, the south and right wing. These block-houses, all of which should have been held by the Americans, were nearly all in the hands of the insurgents, as were most of the trenches; the American troops occupied connected lines, strengthened a little at each place, where a native guard was maintained, and the artillery was mounted at various points of vantage. The forces were divided into two divisions: the first commanded by Major-General T. M. Anderson, and the second by Major-General Arthur MacArthur. Each division was made up of two brigades—in the first were the commands of Brigadier-Generals Samuel Ovenshine and King; in the second, Hale and Harrison G. Otis, in the order named. Thus it was in General Hale's brigade that the fight commenced, then spread to General Otis, and later reached King and Ovenshine.

As soon as communication was established with the navy, Admiral Dewey ordered the Charleston to shell Caloocan, and the Monadnock the insurgent trenches at Malate; and early in the fight the former's great guns were adding their terrifying explosions to the horrors of the night.

It was still too dark for the artillery to take part, but about two o'clock it became possible to make out the surrounding country; and in the clear pale light of the waning moon two guns of the Utah Battery opened fire from Santa Mesa Hill. Occasionally shrapnel was dropped into the bamboo sheltering the natives until about three o'clock, when there was a lull along a large portion of the line. The men were resting, cleaning their hot-barrelled guns and wondering whether the insurgents would retire with the coming of the morning, as they usually did; messages had come ordering the men back from the firing-line, and they were grumbling at having to leave the field to the enemy, when Assistant Adjutant Brooks, of General Hale's brigade, rode up bearing orders to "hold the line until released." A cheer was started that ran all down the line, and men howled who had no idea why they were doing it. The insurgents took this to be the signal for a charge, and they answered with yells and bullets without yielding an inch. For a few minutes the row flared up and threatened to be-

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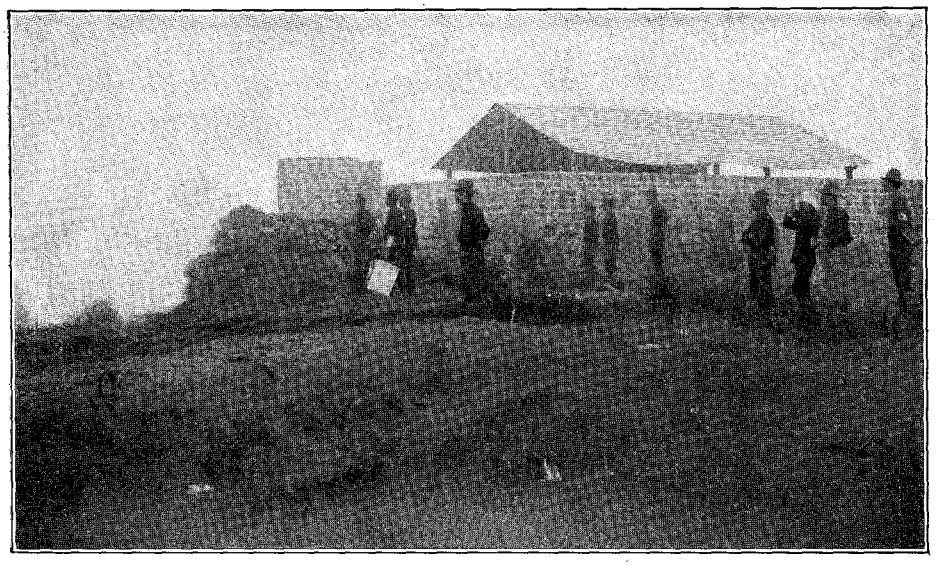

Spanish Block-house near General MacArthur's Head-quarters at La Loma.
Captain Grant's Battery firing on native trenches. An officer of the English Marines is on the right in white helmet.

come general, but quiet was restored with only the occasional boom of a Springfield or ps-ss-e's of a Mauser telling of vigilant sniping on both sides.

Between 3 and 4 A.M. the insurgents, having communicated with General Noriel and Colonel Montenegro, opened fire near Santa Ana and Paco, and in short order the California, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming men were engaged almost through the Fourth United States Cavalry and North Dakota to the Fourteenth United States Infantry, where the regulars were pouring in steady volleys with the exactness of a machine.

Dawn found three companies of the Nebraska men charging down over the rice-fields, covered by the fire of the 3.2-inch Utah guns. The position of the natives was almost untenable, but for more than half an hour they withstood the heavy fire of the artillery and the cross-fires of the encroaching rifle-men. Every time a shell burst a line of white hats and feathered heads would leap in the air and yell "*Viva, Viva, Filipina!*" and then settle down and pour volleys, accompanied by arrows, into the American lines across the San Juan River. It was a wonderful exhibition of bravery, recklessness—perhaps fanaticism—but utterly useless against the overwhelming force of their enemies. Slowly, slowly they were forced back up the hill to the head-quarters and barracks, where an effort was made to rally, then it was turned into a rout, and, leaving their dead, whom they had been faithfully carrying away slung over bamboo-poles, they took to the woods and fields, firing whenever a chance was offered.

In the meantime Santa Ana and Paco were seeing bloody work—in fact, a general advance had been made all around the line as soon as possible after daybreak, and every foot of ground was contested with a determination that called forth exclamations from old Spanish soldiers who visited the firing-lines, and they ought to know something about it. Colonel J. F. Smith, of the First California Volunteers, had been assigned to the protection of the city outside of the walled town; but the situation became so grave that General Anderson decided to relieve him, and accordingly the regiment was ordered to the front, and the Colonel was placed in command of the right wing of General King's brigade. The first shots in this division were fired at Paco, near block-house No. 11, into the California, Washington, and Idaho men, about twenty minutes to four, and for the next two hours the fiercest kind of street-fighting was carried on, during which the ambulances and hospital corps were repeatedly fired upon from behind stone-walls and nipa huts. Orders had

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Captain Dyer's Battery, Sixth Light Artillery (Regulars).

been issued to light fires as the troops advanced, so that the rising smoke might indicate the American position. Seeing the town so strongly defended, the troops started fires in several places, and before the rapid burning and dense smoke of the nipa houses the natives retreated to the rice-fields on the south side. The Paco Cathedral, whose solid old walls formed a veritable fort, contained a body of insurgents who could not be dislodged by infantry fire. Colonel Duboce, of the First California, sent in for artillery, and was reinforced by Captain Dyer with the guns of the Sixth United States Light Artillery, which were soon battering away at the walls; but so well constructed was the old Spanish masonry that many of the shells failed to penetrate. The defenders took refuge in the tower, leaving the rear unprotected, and a number of men rushed in and set fire to the south wing. In a few moments the beautiful old edifice, with its carvings, paintings, and rich altar furnishings, was a mass of seething flame. The nuns in the convent of the Sisters of Charity, a quarter of a mile beyond, wept at the destruction of their patron institution. Though a shell crashed through their chapel and bullets repeatedly tore through the windows, the same devoted women did noble work for wounded Americans and Filipinos alike, exposing themselves in the performance of their duty all through the awful day.

Next morning a soldier, rummaging about in the débris of the altar, picked up a mass of gold as large as a child's fist, probably the remains of a chalice. A peculiar circumstance is connected with this old cathedral. When the fire began a number of natives were shot in attempting to escape, but from the smoke-wreathed tower bullets kept falling among the soldiers below for half an hour; then all was quiet and it was supposed the gritty occupants had been suffocated. Hours later, when the fire had subsided, a number of men narrowly escaped being shot by rifle-men in the tower. As soon as it was possible a man scaled the walls with the aid of bamboos and reported seeing one gun and a heap of empty shells, but no bodies. To this day no communication has been discovered between the church and the tower, and the disappearance of the natives remains a mystery.

In the rice-fields on the south side, for hundreds of yards in all directions, the country appeared as flat as a billiard-table, and over this unprotected stretch the California, Washington, Idaho, and Fourth United States Cavalry men fought their way foot by foot, advancing in short rushes of ten to fifteen yards, dropping down to fire and then running forward

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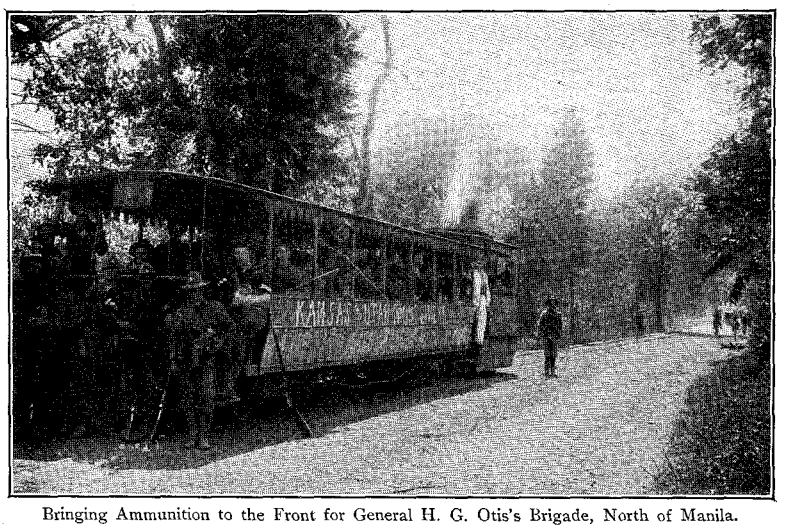
again. In many respects this place formed an ideal battle-field; it is entirely without brush and affords no protection for a man standing or kneeling—thus the men were forced to lie flat on their stomachs, with only their heads above the little ridges to sight the guns; many worked their way from ridge to ridge like snakes, but they were always getting nearer and always forcing the natives back. For an hour and a half there was desperate fighting at short range; in some places less than fifty yards separated them, as was attested by the hundreds of spots of closely burned grass—grass that was green the day before, surrounded by cast-off blanket-rolls, haversacks, belts, heaps of empty shells, and ownerless rifles telling of the heat of the struggle. When the boys swept over the fields to Santa Ana, two hundred Filipinos were left for the burying parties, and the hospital corps filled the convent, given by the nuns as a temporary hospital, with wounded men of both nations. Pandacan, though close to the theatre of action, saw practically none of it, but, as sometimes happens, these are the very places credited with the heaviest fighting. Through some mistake, word reached town that there had been a heavy loss at Pandacan and that ambulances were most urgently needed. A surgeon-major in one of the fighting regiments heard the news, and immediately impressed every vehicle he came across, regardless of description, and drove like a South-Side funeral party returning from a wake, until he drew up in the town square and found the place half-deserted. While considering what was to be done with the assortment, a baby was discovered in one of the empty traps that had probably been forgotten in the hasty exit of the occupants; but, nothing daunted, he shipped the outfit, baby and all, to Santa Mesa, where the transportation was appreciated.

About ten o'clock a gun-boat went up the river and shelled Santa Ana, where the main body of insurgents had retreated, while General King's brigade attacked on land. It was during this action that Major McConville was mortally wounded.

Fire was again resorted to and the native quarters were razed, several foreign houses suffering with the others. One earthwork, defended by about a hundred men, defied all attempts at capture and held back the advance; the Washington men, who were nearest, seeing their comrades falling on all sides, charged the work at the point of the bayonet amid the cheers of loyal supporters. Sixty-three dead were found behind the earthen wall. One of the foremost of the attackers came upon a wounded native, who begged for mercy, and as the soldier reached forward to take the surrendered rifle, he rose on his elbow and shot him through the heart. In a second the murderer was running to the



Bringing Ammunition to the Front for General H. G. Otis's Brigade, North of Manila.

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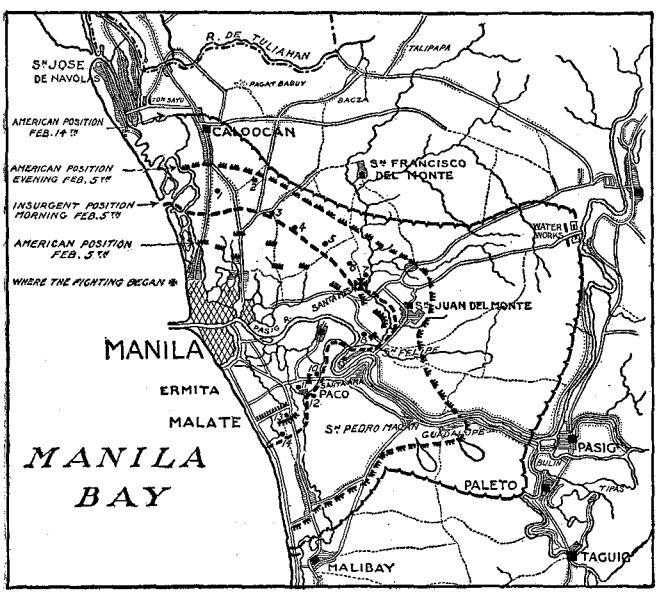
river; but the run was short, for he fell pierced by a dozen leaden avengers.

From Santa Ana the fight, now a chase, led to San Pedro Macati, a short distance to the south and east. Captain W. G. Haan, with Company A, Engineers (unattached), who had been fighting their way along the line, came up with Colonel Smith leading a squad of fifteen men, and these two composed the advance of the small numbers, who, keeping on a run, caught up with the natives and drove them pell-mell through the town of San Pedro Macati and into the bamboo jungles beyond. General King communicated with General Ovenshine and established his headquarters at Santa Ana, from which place he was able to reach headquarters by land and river.

Since seven o'clock in the morning the Monadnock had been thundering away with her ten-inch guns, followed by whole broadsides of the smaller batteries, which showered into the insurgent trenches below Malate at a range of less than a mile; and later in the day the Charleston came down from her work at Caloocan and took a hand. The guns of the Sixth Light Artillery on the fort, commanded by Lieutenant Fleming, added to the bombardment, along with those of Lieutenant Hawthorn, a little to the east on the line. The trenches at this point are particularly well constructed, completely preventing attempts at enfilading, so successfully carried out in other places. From the heights of the old Spanish fort which Dewey knocked out last August, the big navy shells could be seen bursting apparently in the midst of the insurgents; but they produced very little sign of weakening in the continuous shower of Mausers and Remingtons, several of which found their way out to the Monadnock. It is impossible to estimate the loss, as a large number of the dead and wounded were carried away by their comrades; but in these miniature volcanoes of earth and dust many a misguided native gave up his life for his "*libertad*."

The regiment which suffered the heaviest loss was the Fourteenth United States Infantry, which occupied the ground south of Malate in conjunction with the North Dakota Volunteers and Fourth United States Cavalry. The natural defences of cane-brake and swamp, found so formidable by the Astor Battery, Thirteenth Minnesota, and Eighteenth United States Infantry on August 13th, at the taking of Manila, were improved upon by skilfully planned, well-constructed trenches, and every native house was a small fort in itself, banked up with two to six feet of earth about the foundations. In spite of the terrific shelling of the combined army and navy, the native force under General Noriel showed no signs of retreating, but the repeated charges of the Fourteenth regulars and North Dakota men gradually advanced the infantry. Companies E, I, and M of the Fourteenth pressed along the road some two hundred yards before striking into the rice-fields, where an arm of



The City of Manila and Vicinity.

Showing the American and insurgent positions on the morning of February 5th and the advance of the American lines on the evening of the same day. Arranged by W. G. Haan, commanding Company A, Engineers.

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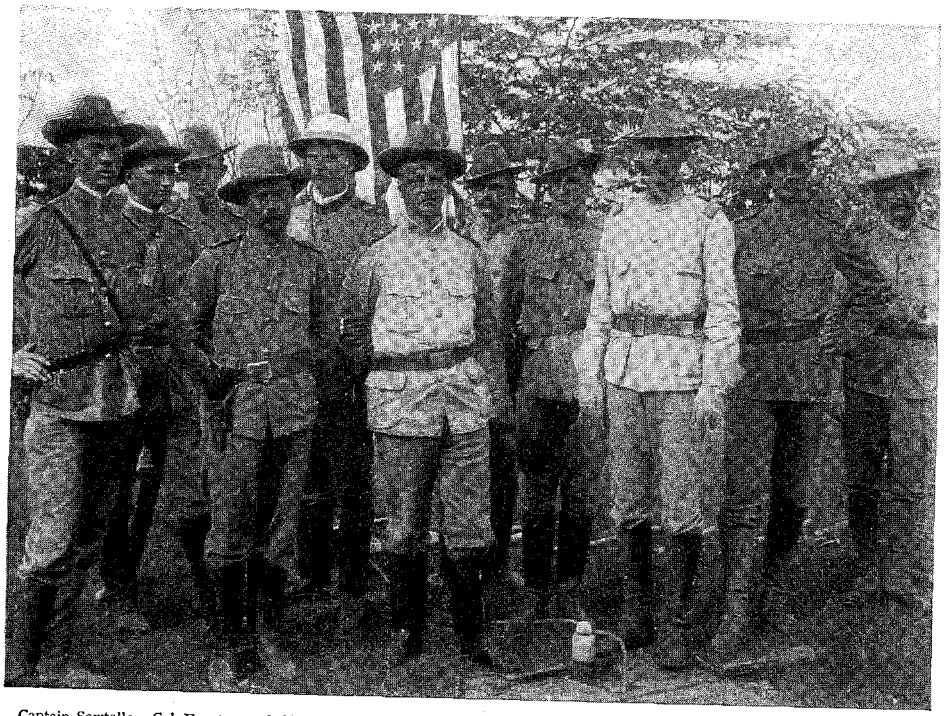

Captain Sawtelle. Col. Funston, 20th Kansas. General MacArthur. Major Strong. Major Mallory.
General Arthur MacArthur, Officers of his Staff, and Colonel Funston, near Caloocan, North of Manila.

the creek caused them to separate. From every house along this road a white rag of some description was dangling, until it looked like a tenement-yard on wash-day, but from the same houses the boys were potted as they came back. E Company went on ahead, while M and I made a slight detour to the east. Suddenly fire opened from all sides at close range, and before the men could withdraw over the ground just passed, they found themselves under a cross-fire from the beach, the east trenches, and the block-house on the front. The situation was fast becoming desperate when Lieutenant Miles of E Company called for volunteers and charged on the block-house with only five men at his heels, but quickly followed by the rest of the company. It was a gallant stroke, and had the natives known that only one company was behind that yelling, shooting crowd of Americans, it is doubtful if there would have been a handful left to receive the congratulations of General Anderson.

As it was, the insurgents deserted the block-house and broke for the woods; those found in the trenches were dead to a man. For the second time in seven months the Stars and Stripes went up on block-house No. 14, whose capture on both occasions cost the lives of several Americans. Why it should have been allowed to pass into the hands of the insurgents after the fall of Manila is hard to understand, and the same might be reasonably said of all the others.

Throughout the entire engagement the work of the artillery was a privilege to witness. Captain Dyer's battery and the Utah guns were distributed among the different commands wherever their services were most needed, and the accuracy of fire and rapidity with which the guns were moved from place to place reflects the highest credit on the men and commanders. The infantry soon learned their value and, loosening the leather straps, they threw their own guns over their shoulders and, grabbing the ropes with the artillerymen, snaked the cannon along together. During the heat of the action at the north of the city, several English officers from the war-ships in the harbor visited the head-quarters of General MacArthur, and with some members of the staff the party moved out on the lines near Captain Grant's battery of Utah Artillery. Attracted by the little congregation, the rebels began to send in a lively shower of Mauser bullets, several of which struck the

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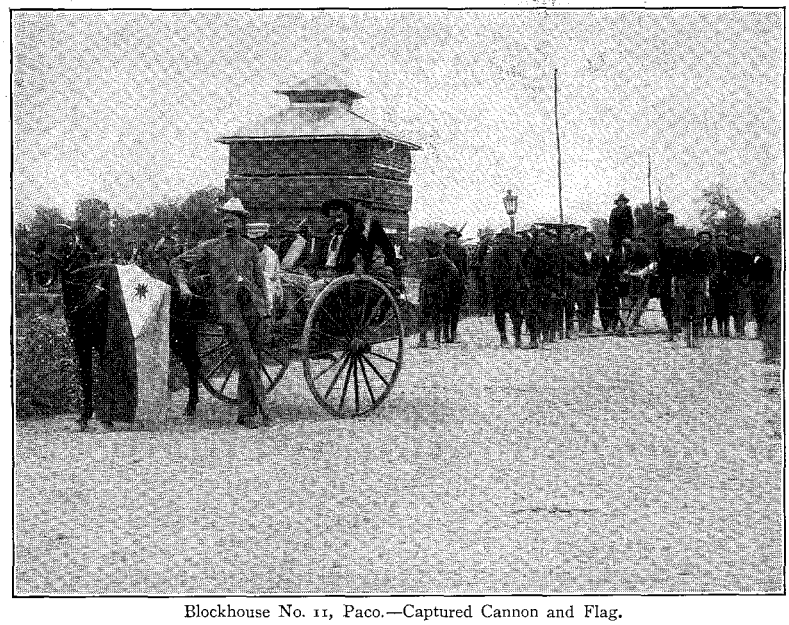
sides of the cannon. In his conservative manner one of the Englishmen said, "General, don't you think that you are rather exposing yourself at this point?" "Oh, yes, a little; but just watch that shot off there at the end of the brush," and McArthur, in his immaculate uniform and shining top-boots, continued the conversation, entertaining his visitors as though his quick eye and occasional commands were merely directing a dress-parade.

In the unusual character of the firing-line, its length, the varying opposition and the



Blockhouse No. 11, Paco.—Captured Cannon and Flag.

number of different regiments that were actually on the front, there were many opportunities for the exhibition of individual bravery. Opposite the right wing of Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, was one of the strongest positions held by the natives. It is called La Loma, and contains an old chapel and two burial-grounds, the Spanish and Chinese. The ground rises a little in the form of a gigantic cross, in which the Chinese graves form the lower length and left arm, which the right and upper line are made by the Spanish chapel and cemetery. The numerous tombstones and long concrete mounds, after the fashion of the Chinese, gave the strongest kind of a position, in addition to the trees, out of which the sharp-shooters were frequently tumbled like squirrels. For more than two hours the natives held this position against the Third United States Artillery; Montana, Pennsylvania, and part of the South Dakota men, with two guns of the Utah Light Artillery of Grant's battery. Pennsylvania and Montana were in the centre, with the Third United States Artillery and South Dakota on the wings. As the charge was sounded Major Bierer, Tenth Pennsylvania, was wounded; but as he was being carried off the field Major Bell (Bureau of Information), who had been viewing the progress of the battle, ran to the head of the line, shouting, "Men, follow me!" and at the front of the wounded Major's battalion he charged up the hill, over the gravestones, through fences and high grass, almost to the gate of the chapel, before a halt was made. The force and speed of the rushing body of men completely overwhelmed the natives, who fled from all directions, toward Caloocan. In this case, as in many of the others, supreme good-nature and buoyancy of spirits had much to do with the success of the operations. "They are off!" yelled a private, as he jammed home a big Springfield shell—"in a cloud of dust"—sang out his neighbor. "Ding, ding, ding! false start; come back!" cautioned the sergeant; but, as it happened, they were off in earnest, and, false start or not, they con-

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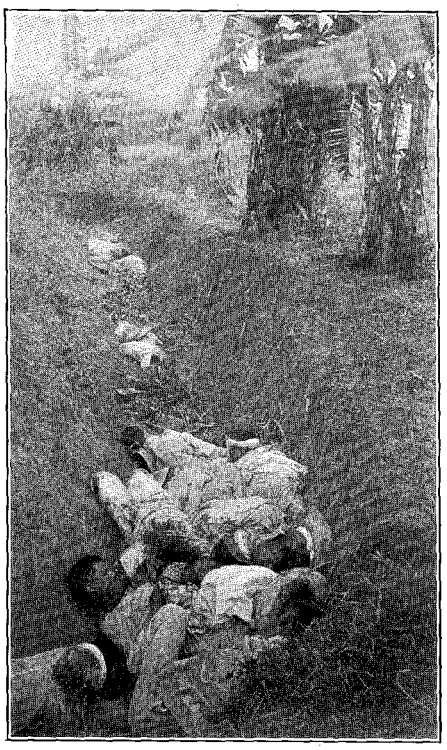
tinued; and it became a foot-race with hurdles and obstacles, in which Montana and Pennsylvania made a close finish at the church-wall.

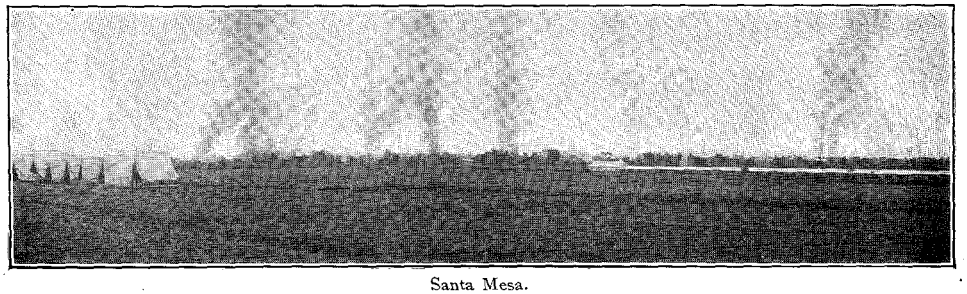
When evening fell, the American lines had been advanced, on an average, in all directions about a mile and a half, though in some places, notably where the Tennessee men had passed, smoke was visible two miles beyond.



Dead Insurgents in the trench at Santa Ana.

These Tennessee men are an odd lot, and show excellent judgment in taking advantage of all opportunities. Once started they continued advancing, burning and clearing out the country around the Aqua Deposits, or reservoir, until evening, when messengers were despatched to bring them back. As one company passed the last advance post, the guard asked, "Which way are you going, boys?" "To the other side of the island," was the answer; and apparently they meant it, for as they travelled they gathered in chickens, pigs, horses, and anything that would be handy in a campaign. Night fell at last and quiet reigned, except for occasional shots, marking the presence of distant snipers. All through the fields, before and behind the men, innumerable columns of smoke were slowly rising; and here and there the bright blazes and rapid crackings indicated the position of a doomed native village or group of nipa houses. Hundreds of fires flared up in the distance, scarcely larger than the rifle's flash of the previous night, but around each one was a group of tired, hungry fellows hastily eating their dinners, before turning in for sleep.

"It was like hunting squirrels to get them niggers out of the brush," said a tall, lank corporal—"yes, or shootin' bally landlords in old Ireland," came from the region of the water-buckets, amid general laughter. But it was not so easy as the men would sometimes have you believe. All day Aguinaldo's men fought against the combined attacks of the navy, artillery, and infantry. Scarcely a foot of ground was yielded until a charge was resorted to, or the position fired, and experience shows that the Filipinos cannot stand charges. Dozens of places were defended until the men rushed the works at the point of the bayonet, and then they found the trench piled with the dead. As a fighting-machine the Filipino has gone up several pegs in the estimation of the American soldier.



Santa Mesa.

Fires indicating advance of left wing of General Anderson's Division, under command of Brigadier-General King.

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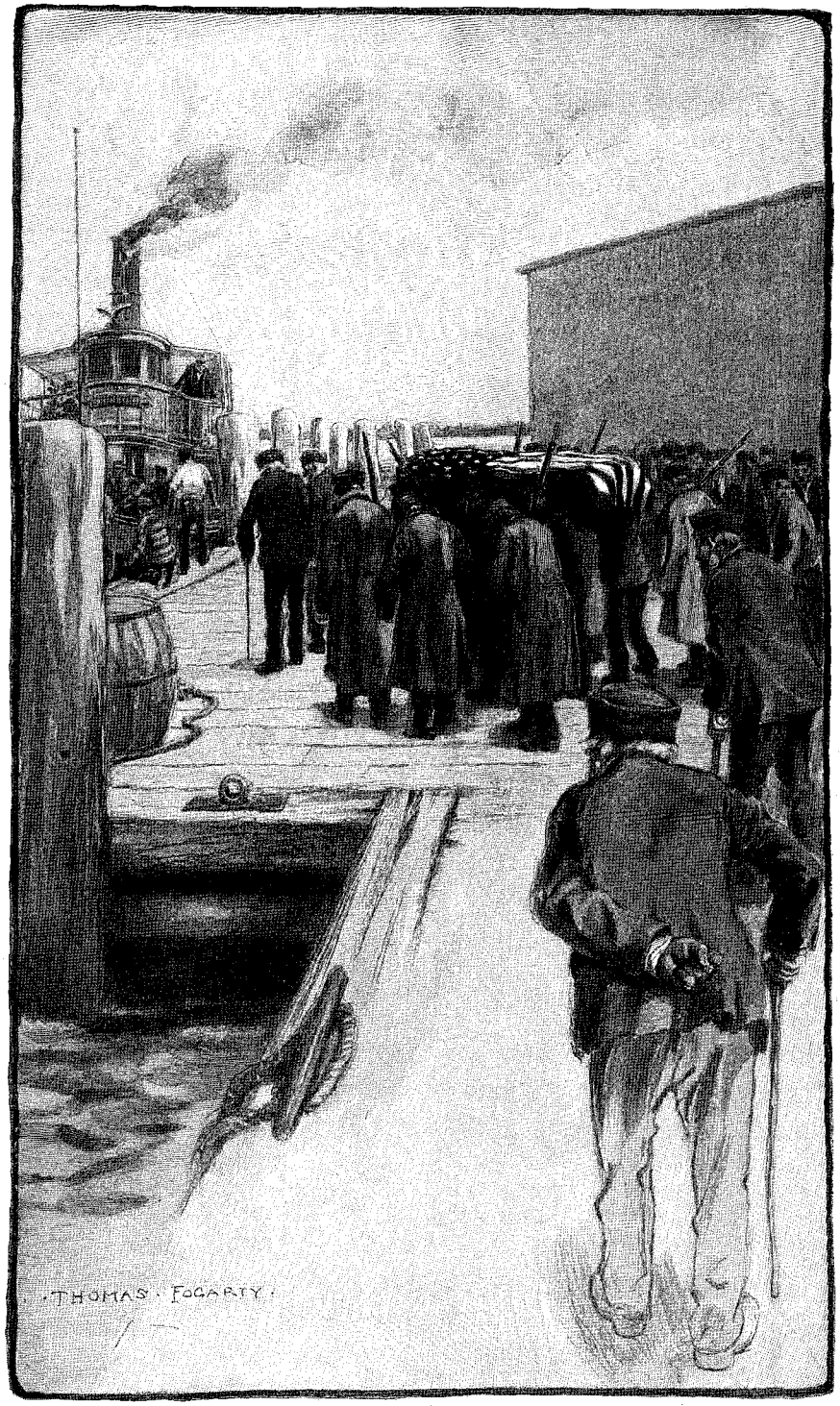

Drawn by T. J. Fogarty.

It was with a cowed and humbled air that the veterans reached the dock.—Page 675.

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A BURIAL BY FRIENDLESS POST

By Robert Shackleton

LEMUEL HALL, exhausted and almost unconscious, lay alone in his little room on the top floor of a rear tenement on Ludlow Street. His landlord, going to collect his pittance of rent, found him huddled in a corner, with the late rays of the afternoon sun shining upon him with dark obscurity through the dustily opaque glass of the small window.

The ambulance surgeon said that he was suffering from lack of food, and invigorated him with stimulants. Then Hall explained that he had been unable to earn any money for several weeks, as he was so feeble and so bent with rheumatism that nobody would employ him. He said that he had not tasted food for two days, and added, simply, that he had hoped death would come without his plight being discovered, as the thought of receiving charity was almost unbearable.

The landlord summoned a policeman and had Hall taken into custody on a charge of vagrancy. He told the officer that the man was penniless and downhearted, and that he feared he would commit suicide. When taken the next morning to Essex Market Court, Hall weakly waited with the crowd of prisoners in the unventilated "pen," and when his name was called, he staggered out in front of the bar.

"Is that man drunk?" asked the magistrate, sharply.

Tried . . . to stand erect and save his pride.

"No, Your Honor, but I understand he's starving."

A hush fell upon the crowded, stuffy little court-room as the magistrate leaned over his desk and looked down at Hall, who tried, with pitiable ineffectuality, to stand erect and save his pride.

"He was arrested yesterday, after the adjournment of court, and there's no appropriation, you know, for the feeding of prisoners till they've been arraigned and formally remanded," continued the officer. "I didn't hear of his case until a few minutes ago. I understand that the ambulance surgeon gave him stimulants, but that he hasn't had anything since."

"What is your business? Have you any family or friends?" said the magistrate, looking at Hall with kindly scrutiny.

"I—I used to be a machinist—but I can't get work at—at anything. I'm willing to sweep or shovel—but I'm rheumatic and stiff. I've no friends——"

The judge handed some money to one of the court officers. "Take this, and go out and get something strong and nourishing for the man," he said, with a brusqueness that was intended to hide the unjudicial character of the act. And at that a ragged fellow, who had just been fined a dollar for drunkenness, and who had stood, after paying his fine, to watch the man who had been found starving, stepped back to the bar and said:

"Judge, Your Honor, it wuz two dol-

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lars as I wuz expectin' to be foined, an' me woife sint in to me that same, an' now I'll take it koindly if you'll let me give this extry dollar to——"

But Hall interrupted him, hurriedly. "No, no. I thank you—but I can't take your money." And a woman in a faded shawl and gown, and of an appearance that showed years of toil and hardship, pushed her way to the front, and with a look of set determination seized the would-be generous man by the arm, took the dollar from his hand, and pushed him unresistingly toward the door.

"Hall, I don't want to commit you to the Workhouse as a vagrant," said the magistrate, kindly. "I feel a sympathy with a man in your condition, for you are evidently intelligent, and you impress me as one who has done his best to make a living. I shall send you where you will be given medical care if you need it, and where you will always be warm and have plenty to eat. I shall see that you are temporarily strengthened before you leave this building, and then you will be taken to the Almshouse.

"Don't, don't make a pauper of me!" cried Hall. "Let me just creep away somewhere and die!" But the judge briefly ordered the next case to be called, and two officers removed the limp form of Hall to an ante-room. In the afternoon he was taken to Blackwell's Island and entered as an inmate of the Almshouse.

From the first, in his new home, he was reserved and reticent. The garrulous curiosity of the old men who crept and hobbled about him and plied him with cunningly contrived questions as to his past, resulted in very little, for of his past he would not speak, further than to say that he had once been fairly prosperous, and had had a family, but that now he had no money and his family were all dead. His comrades grumbled at his balking of their curiosity.

"What can we talk of, over here, if new-comers won't tell us all about themselves?" was the burden of their complaint. Yet, in spite of this, Hall soon made himself well liked.

Inflammatory rheumatism, complicated with complaints that had come through neglect and insufficient food, kept Hall a prisoner within his ward for a considerable part of the time, and frequently caused him excruciating pain, but he was always eager to be out as much as possible. Wearily walking, one day, toward a sunny spot overlooking the East River and its swirling tide, he saw a couple of others hobbling toward the same spot, and, reaching it, he found a score of crippled and palsied and feeble men holding what seemed to be a meeting, with a blind man acting as chairman. Several of the men had but an arm apiece; others had lost a leg; all were weak or disabled. Dressed in the almshouse suits, with cap and jacket and trousers of the same cheap cloth, which was neither a gray nor a brown, but an indistinguishable mixture of both, according as the wind and sun had weather-stained them, the men had anything but a military aspect; and yet there was something about them that told Hall that they were meeting as old soldiers.

He hobbled away, feeling that he ought not to intrude upon a private meeting, but his curiosity was great in regard to what he had seen, and he soon learned that he had come upon a meeting of Friendless Post, which met, in some part of the grounds or in a corner of one of the buildings, almost daily. Most frequently, they met at the spot where he had come upon them. He was pained to learn that, among the twenty-eight hundred inmates of the pauper institution, were thus a score or so of men who had helped to fight the battles of their country.

The men were not a part of the Grand Army of the Republic. It never occurred to them that they could be admitted, and, indeed, they would have shrunk from asking for recognition as a pauper Post. The name of Friendless Post had been given them by a newspaper man, and had been at once adopted by the veterans themselves and all on the island. They once a year elected a leader, and William Morrison, a blind man, was now serving his second term.

Gradually, Hall became acquainted with a few of the members; and, introducing the subject of their war experiences, found that with the slightest encouragement, they became interminably garrulous. By showing himself a good listener he aroused a strong friendship in the breasts of the withered old fellows; and so, one day, as he

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Went slowly away, with not a single voice to call him back.—Page 672.

again went by apparent chance near the spot where the veterans were meeting, he was greeted with shrill and crackly cries of welcome.

"Come over here! Sit down and talk with us! We'll tell you all about the war!"

Hall limped over to them and, after punctiliously formal introductions, got down, with squirms of pain—for his rheumatism was quite bad that day—on one of the planks beside them. Three of the most helpless, who had been carried to the spot by their comrades, occupied a bench together. A couple of other benches, for the more feeble, served—with a few planks and the grass itself—for seats for the rest of the Post. The men were vying with each other in tales of various campaigns, and although the stories had been told dozens of times they were listened to attentively, for each man knew that the only way to secure attention for himself, when he came to tell his own oft-repeated tales of camp and march and battle, was to show interest in the adventures of the others.

Frequently, after that, did Hall join the garrulous gathering, and he always listened with close attention. Sometimes the old fellows condoled with him that he had not been able to be a soldier himself, and he always responded that it would indeed have been something to be proud of. And one day, when old Jube Marriott was telling a prosing tale, he could not recollect the name of the river just north of Allatoona Pass, and stammeringly hesitated in his story.

"The Etowah," said Hall. "The river that Johnston didn't want to cross till he could fight Sherman's left wing at Cassville, you know."

A silence fell upon the group, and Marriott was too much taken by surprise to continue his tale. "I didn't know you'd ever been in Georgia," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Hall, looking with embarrassment over the water, while he felt, rather than saw, the glances of amazement that the men exchanged. Within a few minutes he said that he would have to be going, and the others were still too surprised to make more than a half-hearted effort to detain him. Then they held a council of war, as they termed it, and after a deal of discussion and solemn supposition Aleck Hanny said:

"Comrades, there ain't but one explanation. This man Hall was a Confedrit, a Rebel, an' that's why he knows about these things, an' its why he was always so blame careful not to let us think he knowed a thing."

"Yes," said the others. "Hall was a Confederate."

"But," said Blind Morrison, gently, "we must remember, comrades, that the

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war is over, and that each side thought itself right. Don't let any of us treat him any different. We must have him meet with us just as he's been doing. And we must not let him think we have discovered his secret, for that would probably keep him away from us, and I am sure, from the sound of his voice when I have heard him speak, that he has enjoyed being with us. Let us be brave soldiers, and do nothing that would seem to be still fighting him."

Blind Morrison.

It was not only that the veterans always listened to their blind leader with respect, but that in this case his words also appealed to their rough sense of chivalry, and so, when Hall absented himself for several days from the meetings, Hanny and Marriott sought him out, told him they all missed him, and the three hobbled and limped together to the meeting-place. There, however, although the veterans, by dint of intense self-control, refrained from asking direct questions as to Hall's army life, they could not keep from hovering on the verge of the forbidden ground, by forming inquiries in regard to distances, places, and campaigns in the South, and whenever Hall answered the questions, which they put to him with a labored effort to be natural, they furtively exchanged glances of intelligence. "I have been in the South, and of course know a good deal about it," he said, lamely.

For a week the old soldiers were able to keep from letting Hall know of their discovery, but they made up for their self-denial by prosing endlessly on the subject in their own wards and when Hall was not with them. And one day slow-witted Fred Ohlens blurted out, but from ignorance rather than design:

"Don't you Rebs feel that it was best, after all, for us Unions to have whipped you?"

"What!" exclaimed Hall. "Did you take me for a Confederate?" He gasped, and looked around the group, and saw that every man was indeed of that opinion. "I was not a Confederate! No! I was—" But he stopped, twisted himself as nearly erect as his rheumatism, which had of late been growing worse, would permit, and went slowly away, with not a single voice to call him back.

"Then he must have been a deserter!" That was the stern verdict rendered against him, and not even Blind Morrison had a word to say in his defence.

Hall did not reappear at the meetings, nor did any member of Friendless Post suggest that he be sent for. He was often spoken of, and, taking their tone from Morrison, the men gradually came to refer to him with pity, although not one would have consented that he again meet with them. For two weeks, none saw him, for his ward was at quite a distance from those of the members of the Post, and there was nothing strange, amid the great population and the various buildings of the institution, that a man should for many days chance not to be seen. But one day Marriott had news.

"Lemuel Hall's in the hospital ward. He hasn't been out of bed for a week, and the doctor says he's dying." A silence fell upon the group. "Comrade Hanny," said Morrison, at length, "will you please lead me to the sick ward?"

Hanny was semi-paralyzed and had but one leg, but he had long been a close friend of Morrison's, and was almost always the one who acted as the blind man's guide. Friendless Post watched in silence as the

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two companions started, arm in arm, toward the building to which the sick man had been taken. The door-keeper allowed them to pass, and they went haltingly down the cot-lined aisle, with hollow-eyed men intently watching them. Lemuel Hall saw them coming, and a light of eagerness came into his eyes.

"Comrade—for you were our comrade once," said Morrison, "is there anything we can do for you?"

"No. But it is good of you to come. Otherwise, I should have died without a friend to speak to me." He was very feeble, and his words came with difficulty.

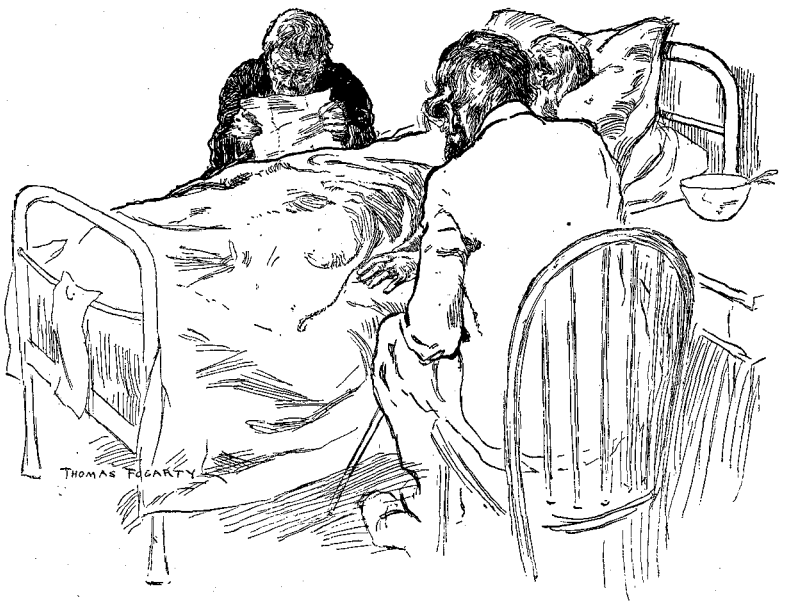
"And I wanted you to know," went on Morrison, clumsily striving to ease the dying man's mind, "that all of us feel sure that, whatever your reason was for—for leaving the army as you did, you must have had some very strong temptation—I mean that all of us think you were an honest soldier at heart, and wouldn't act so again if you had it to do over—and if another old soldier, who gave his own eyesight for his country, can do or say anything that will help you, he wants to do it."

Hall's face grew very white. "They think me a deserter," he whispered, but more to himself than to them. Then he feebly tried, but in vain, to get his stiffened hand into his bosom.

"There's a paper there; take it," he gasped. "I had thought that I would die with it, and ask the nurse to tell no one about it, but—just—have it buried with me. I—I—it was my pride. I was too proud to say, when I was a pauper, that I had been a soldier. It—was a mistake—but I didn't want to—disgrace—the old flag."

He choked, and seemed very weary. Morrison gently felt in his bosom, and drew forth a folded paper. He knew what it must be, but he passed it to Hanny to read. And Hanny, with his old eyes watery from emotion as well as from age, spelled slowly out, word by word, in an awed and hushed tone, while Hall lay very silent and with a look of serene peace upon his face, the document that formally certified that Lemuel Hall had been a member of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, from the outbreak of the Civil War until his honorable discharge at its very close.

He concluded, but Hall still lay very still, and with that same look of peaceful serenity upon his face. "Comrade, we misunderstood you," said Morrison. "You were a brave man."



Spelled slowly out, word by word, in an awed and hushed tone.

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Hall did not reply. His expression did not change. Hanny cleared his misty eyes and, looking closely at the still face, uttered a low cry. Morrison bent swiftly forward and laid his hand on Lemuel Hall's heart, but there was no responsive beat. A nurse was summoned, and she gently laid a white cloth over the dead man's face.

The next day a group of men, gray and withered, dodderingly stumbled from the Protestant chapel, bearing between them a cheap coffin, covered with an American flag. The faces of the men were solemn with importance, and also from a sense of pride in the burden that they bore. One of the Almshouse clerks stepped forward to save the coffin from a threatened fall, but they refused his aid as if he had tried to steady the Ark of the Covenant. The bearers were six, and all had the stooping, halting listlessness, that comes from weakness, and from day after day of nothing for the hands to do and almost nothing to occupy the mind.

Behind them came the firing squad; six more men, each of whom carried a gun, and each of whom wore a long blue overcoat, such as were worn by inmates sent on errands, in winter-time; and which, on occasions like the present, were privileged to answer for military coats. Behind the firing squad, who awkwardly formed on either side of the bearers in the little sunny spot beside the chapel, came another shrivelled and wrinkled few, rubbing their feeble eyes as they emerged from the gloom of the interior into the bright sunlight.

It was a proud privilege of the handful of old soldiers to bury, with military ceremony, such of their number as died on the island, and thus it was that Lemuel Hall was to be honored in death so far as Friendless Post could honor him.

"Attention!" cried William Morrison who, most erect of the entire group, stood with bared head and shoulders thrown back, and a look of grave earnestness upon his face. He knew that the men were ready, for the shambling, stumbling shuffle of the veterans had ceased, the guns had been awkwardly dropped at rest, and he had heard the butts strike the ground, while a little chorus of coughing and of clearing of throats, which was quite involuntary on the part of the old fellows, bore testimony to their self-consciousness and also to the fact that they were waiting for the start.

"Forward, march!" cried Morrison, and away from the chapel and down the roadway, shaded from the heat of the sun by overhanging branches, the shambling, quavering procession went. Beside them the swift tide swept and gurgled, and upon the surface of the roughened East River, the sunlight refulgently glistened.

Profoundly wrapped up in the sense of playing an important part, the veterans were oblivious to the fact that the ceremony they were performing was attracting but little appreciative attention. Groups of Almshouse inmates stood and watched them pass; some, indeed, with admiration at so brave a show, but most with careless indifference. A few employees and guards also watched them, and some even smiled at the poor old fellows' clumsiness, while on the faces of but very few was there any expression of interest or sympathy.

Blind Morrison marched bravely at the head of the desolate group, with Aleck Hanny awkwardly stumping along beside him, and now and then guiding him by a word or touch. The firing-squad, proudest and most self-conscious of the party, strutted pitifully, stiff with wounds and feebleness and rheumatism, holding their guns in erratically varied positions, and unconsciously shifting them, to ease their hands and shoulders, as they marched, and thus pointing the muzzles in eccentrically new directions. But the guns were not loaded. The blank cartridges that were to be fired were not to be put in till the squad should stand beside the grave, for otherwise there would have been six individual salutes, accidentally fired at startlingly unexpected intervals, before the firing-party had gotten a hundred yards from the chapel.

The coffin-bearers grew red in the face and staggered weakly, but none asked to be relieved of the burden of which all were so proud. A few of the old soldiers, too crippled or feeble to accompany the funeral party, looked after the little procession with wistful longing. Some, too, of the regular Almshouse inmates, in addition to those who stood in groups along the roadway, looked lazily after the veter-

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ans from the windows of their wards or from doorways, but the majority of the hundreds of men and women who made their home there, were absolutely uninterested and sat unmoved upon the benches, or lay sprawled upon the grass, sluggishly gazing, as was their occupation for hour after hour and day after day, at the hurrying tide and the passing boats, in dormant apathy.

A few of the old soldiers . . . looked after the little procession.—Page 674.

At the storehouse dock lay the steamer that had just unloaded its morning cargo of criminals, paupers, and sick, for the public hospitals, the Almshouse, and the penal institutions of that island of varied misery. The captain was impatient, for he saw that the shambling old fellows were proceeding very slowly. They were not only desirous to prolong the glory of their march, but hoped also that they would not reach the dock with their dead comrade till the criminals had been marched away. Yet they did not dare actually to loiter, for they knew, from previous experience, how harshly they would be berated for such temerity. They had once been told, indeed, that they ought to have the privilege of soldiers' funerals taken away from them for actually presuming to compel the boat to wait four minutes. To-day they had underestimated, a little, the time within which the boat would be ready for them.

"Hurry up there! What are you so slow about?" cried the captain, roughly, and Blind Morrison, in his eagerness to respond, tripped over a stone and would have fallen had not Hanny quickly caught him. The entire party then increased their pace, while the mate, obedient to the captain's command, ran out to meet them and hurry them along. It was with a cowed and humbled air that the veterans reached the dock, and shuffled, without order, aboard the steamer. A line of Workhouse prisoners, about to march off in custody of their guards, forgot their own plight and jeered at the discomfited men, while the fifteen convicts, who formed the crew of the steamer, grinned appreciatively in return.

"Step lively there! Just take that up in front with the other bodies!"

Friendless Post went to the forward end of the boat, bearing the body with them, but they did not put it down beside the other coffins that were there piled up, for the others held pauper bodies from the Morgue, that were to be given burial in Potter's Field, while it was the pride of Friendless Post that the soldier dead escaped that fate, one of the G. A. R. Posts, of New York, having purchased a plot of ground on Hart's Island, near, indeed, to the Potter's Field, yet entirely separate from it, and given it to the veterans of the Almshouse for use as a soldiers' cemetery.

To that dreary island, in Long Island

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Sound, where New York City annually buries over two thousand pauper or unknown dead, the steamer puffed its leisurely way, and the soldiers were hurried ashore with their burden. At the little plot of land where, though paupers in life, they could at least lie in free soil in death, the company took on an aspect of curious dignity, and even the mate, who had gone after them to hurry their proceedings, took off his hat as he neared them and stood silent as he watched.

A friendly keeper, who had accompanied the party, loaded the muskets, the tottering firing squad lined up beside the open grave, and the service for the dead was slowly monotoned. Blind Morrison, whose arm was held tight by Hanny to keep him from stumbling into the open grave, stood sombrely bowed and tears crept down his wrinkled cheeks. The chaplain concluded the brief service. The firing-squad, with a reawakening of self-conscious glory, braced themselves with tense importance, and Hanny whispered to Morrison, when all was ready.

"Fire!" said Morrison, loudly.

There came a scattering response, for the old and palsied fingers were too much affected by the nervousness of the supreme moment to give a concerted volley. Pointed down, or up, or toward either side, the guns flashed out their salute over the grave of the dead soldier, and Morrison stood in stiff rigidity till the sixth shot had sounded. Then, spurred on by the mate, and without semblance of order, Friendless Post shambled stragglingly back to the boat.

THE PILGRIM

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

WHERE is the haunt of Peace,
The place of all release—
Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet repose?

"Night's dusky tent is spread
For tired heart and head,
And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close."

What of the soundless deep,
Those shining plains of Sleep
Whence the adventurer returns no more?

"Sleep is a golden sea,
With billows great and free,
But still they bear the swimmer back to shore."

Nay, tell me farther yet,
Where no swift waters fret,
Where rose and violet
Engarland not, nor ever blooms the May—
Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way.

"Death's black pavilion stands
In the Unshapen Lands,
And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray."

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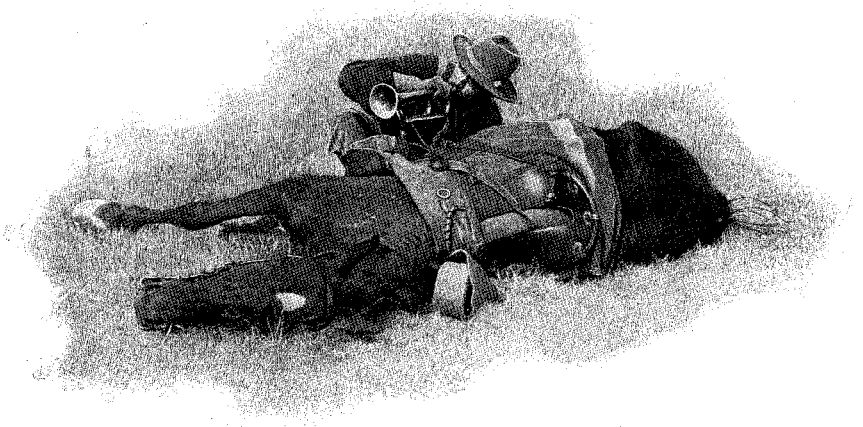

The Bugler and his Well-trained Horse.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry

THE RETURN HOME

The Bronze "Bronco-buster" Presented to Colonel Roosevelt by his Regiment.

Modelled and copyrighted by Frederic Remington.

TWO or three days after the surrender the cavalry division was marched back to the foothills west of Caney, and there went into camp, together with the artillery. It was a most beautiful spot beside a stream of clear water, but it was not healthy. In fact no ground in the neighborhood was healthy. For the tropics the climate was not bad, and I have no question but that a man who was able to take good care of himself could live there all the year round with comparative impunity; but the case was entirely different with an army which was obliged to suffer great exposure, and to live under conditions which almost insured being attacked by the severe malarial fever of the country. My own men were already suffering badly from fever, and they got worse rather than better in the new camp. The same was true of the other regiments in the cavalry division. A curious feature was that the colored troops seemed to suffer as heavily as the white. From week to week there were slight relative changes, but on the average all the six cavalry regiments, the Rough Riders, the white regulars, and the colored regulars seemed to suffer about alike, and we were all very much weakened; about as much as the regular infantry, although naturally not as much as the volunteer infantry.

Yet even under such circumstances adventurous spirits managed to make their way out to us. In the fortnight following the last bombardment of the city I enlisted no less than nine such recruits, six being from Harvard, Yale, or Princeton; and Bull, the former Harvard oar, who had been back to the States crippled after the first fight, actually got back to us as a stowaway on one of the transports, bound to share the luck of the regiment, even if it meant yellow fever.

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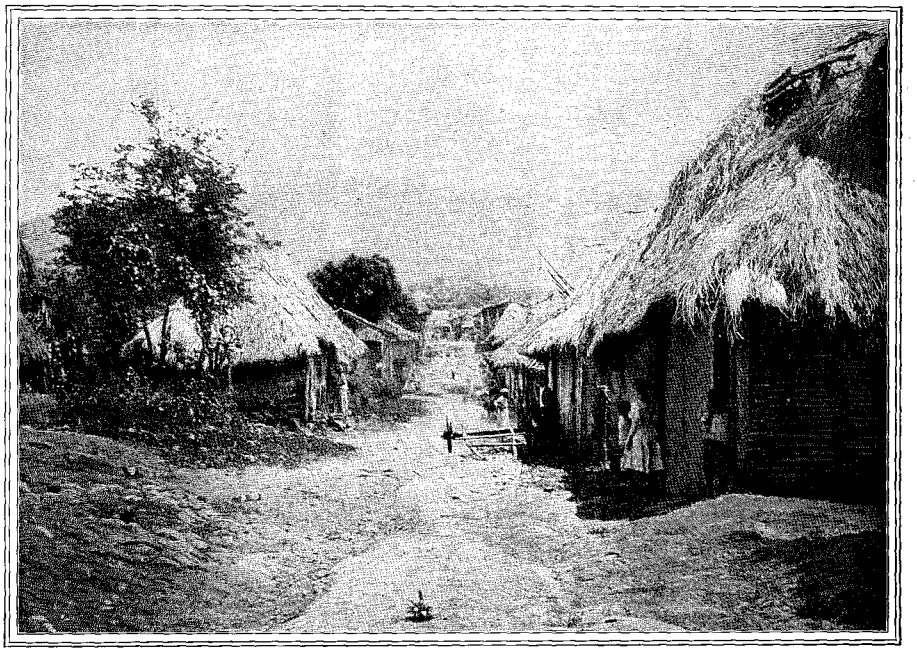

A Street in El Caney.

There were but twelve ambulances with the army, and these were quite inadequate for their work; but the conditions in the large field hospitals were so bad, that as long as possible we kept all of our sick men in the regimental hospital at the front. Dr. Church did splendid work, although he himself was suffering much more than half the time from fever. Several of the men from the ranks did equally well, especially a young doctor from New York, Harry Thorpe, who had enlisted as a trooper, but who was now made acting assistant-surgeon. It was with the greatest difficulty that Church and Thorpe were able to get proper medicine for the sick, and it was almost the last day of our stay before we were able to get cots for them. Up to that time they lay on the ground. No food was issued suitable for them, or for the half-sick men who were not on the doctor's list; the two classes by this time included the bulk of the command. Occasionally we got hold of a wagon or of some Cuban carts, and at other times I used my improvised pack-train (the animals of which, however, were continually being taken away from us by our superiors) and went or sent back to the sea-coast at Siboney or into Santiago itself to get rice, flour, corn-meal, oat-meal, condensed milk, potatoes, and canned vegetables. The rice I bought in Santiago; the best of the other stuff I got from the Red Cross through Mr. George Kennan and Miss Clara Barton and Dr. Lesser; but some of it I got from our own transports. Colonel Weston, the Commissary-General, as always, rendered us every service in his power. This additional and varied food was of the utmost service, not merely to the sick but in preventing the well from becoming sick. Throughout the campaign the Division Inspector-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Garlington, and Lieutenants West and Dickman, the acting division quartermaster and commissary, had done everything in their power to keep us supplied with food; but where there were so few mules and wagons even such able and zealous officers could not do the impossible.

We had the camp policed thoroughly, and I made the men build little bunks of poles to sleep on. By July 23d, when we had been ashore a month, we were able to get fresh meat, and from that time on we fared well; but the men were already sickening. The chief trouble was the malarial fever, which was recurrent. For a few days the man would be very sick indeed;

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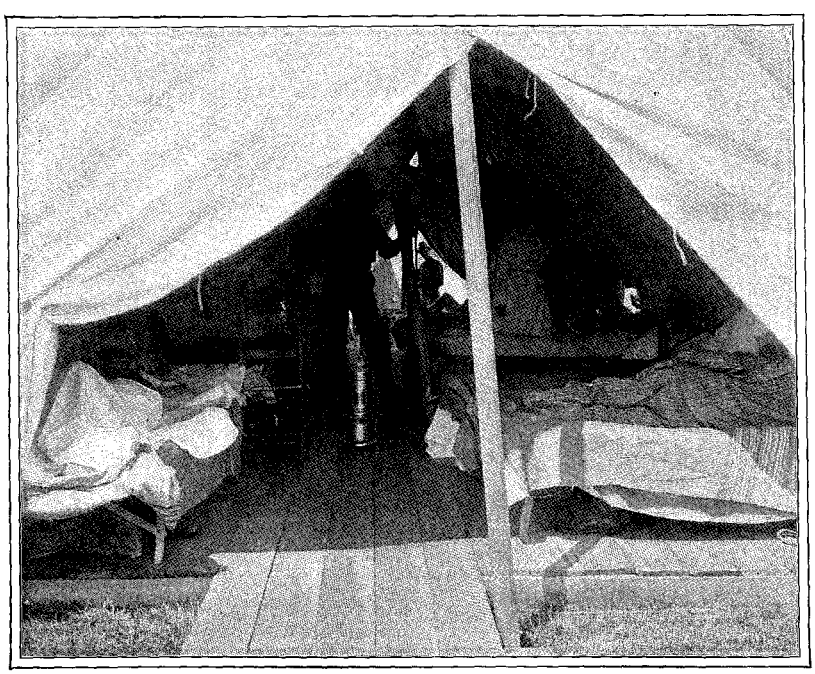
then he would partially recover, and be able to go back to work; but after a little time he would be again struck down. Every officer other than myself except one was down with sickness at one time or another. Even Greenway and Goodrich succumbed to the fever and were knocked out for a few days. Very few of the men indeed retained their strength and energy, and though the percentage actually on the sick list never got over twenty, there were less than fifty per cent. who were fit for any kind of work. All the clothes were in rags; even the officers had neither socks nor underwear. The lithe college athletes had lost their spring; the tall, gaunt hunters and cow-punchers lounged listlessly in their dog-tents, which were steaming morasses during the torrential rains, and then ovens when the sun blazed down; but there were no complaints.

Through some blunder our march from the intrenchments to the camp on the foothills, after the surrender, was made during the heat of the day; and though it was only some five miles or thereabouts, very nearly half the men of the cavalry division dropped out. Captain Llewellen had come back, and led his troop on the march. He carried a pick and shovel for one of his sick men, and after we reached camp walked back with a mule to get another trooper who had fallen out from heat exhaustion. The result was that the captain himself went down and became exceedingly sick. We at last succeeded in sending him to the States. I never thought he would live, but he did, and when I met him again at Montauk Point he had practically entirely recovered. My orderly, Henry Bardshar, was struck down, and though he ultimately recovered, he was a mere skeleton, having lost over eighty pounds.

Yellow fever also broke out in the rear, chiefly among the Cubans. It never became epidemic, but it caused a perfect panic among some of our own doctors, and especially in the minds of one or two generals and of the home authorities. We found that whenever we sent a man to the rear he was decreed to have yellow fever, whereas, if we kept him at the front, it always turned out that he had malarial fever, and after a few days he was back at work again. I doubt if there were ever more than a dozen genuine cases of yellow fever in the whole cavalry division; but the authorities at Washington, misled by the reports they received from one or two of their military and



In the Regimental Hospital, Camp Wikoff.

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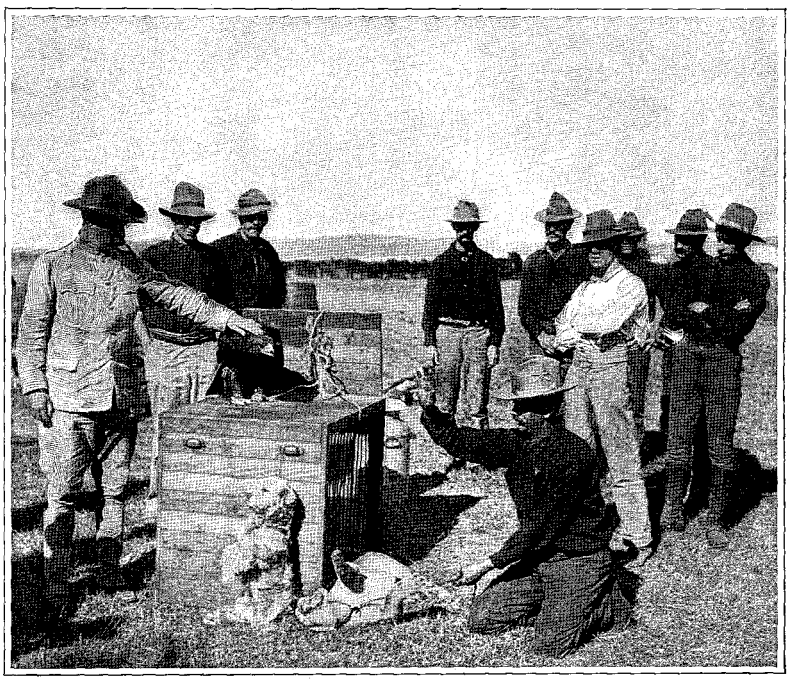
medical advisers at the front, became panic-struck, and under the influence of their fears hesitated to bring the army home, lest it might import yellow fever into the United States. Their panic was absolutely groundless, as shown by the fact that when brought home not a single case of yellow fever developed upon American soil. Our real foe was not the yellow fever at all, but malarial fever, which was not infectious, but which was certain, if the troops were left throughout the summer in Cuba, to destroy them, either killing them outright, or weakening them so that they would have fallen victims to any disease that attacked them.



Colonel Roosevelt and the Three Mascots, "Teddy," "Cuba," and "Josephine" at Camp Wikoff.

However, for a time our prospects were gloomy, as the Washington authorities seemed determined that we should stay in Cuba. They unfortunately knew nothing of the country nor of the circumstances of the army, and the plans that were from time to time formulated in the Department (and even by an occasional general or surgeon at the front) for the management of the army would have been comic if they had not possessed such tragic possibilities. Thus, at one period it was proposed that we should shift camp every two or three days. Now, our transportation, as I have pointed out before, was utterly inadequate. In theory, under the regulations of the War Department, each regiment should have had at least twenty-five wagons. As a matter of fact our regiment often had none, sometimes one, rarely two, and never three; yet it was better off than any other in the cavalry division. In consequence it was impossible to carry much of anything save what the men had on their backs, and half of the men were too weak to walk three miles with their packs. Whenever we shifted camp the exertion among the half-sick caused our sick-roll to double next morning, and it took at least three days, even when the shift was for but a short distance, before we were able to bring up the officers' luggage, the hospital spare food, the ammunition, etc. Meanwhile the officers slept wherever they could, and those men who had not been able to carry their own bedding, slept as the officers did. In the weak condition of the men the labor of pitching camp was severe and told heavily upon them. In short, the scheme of continually shifting

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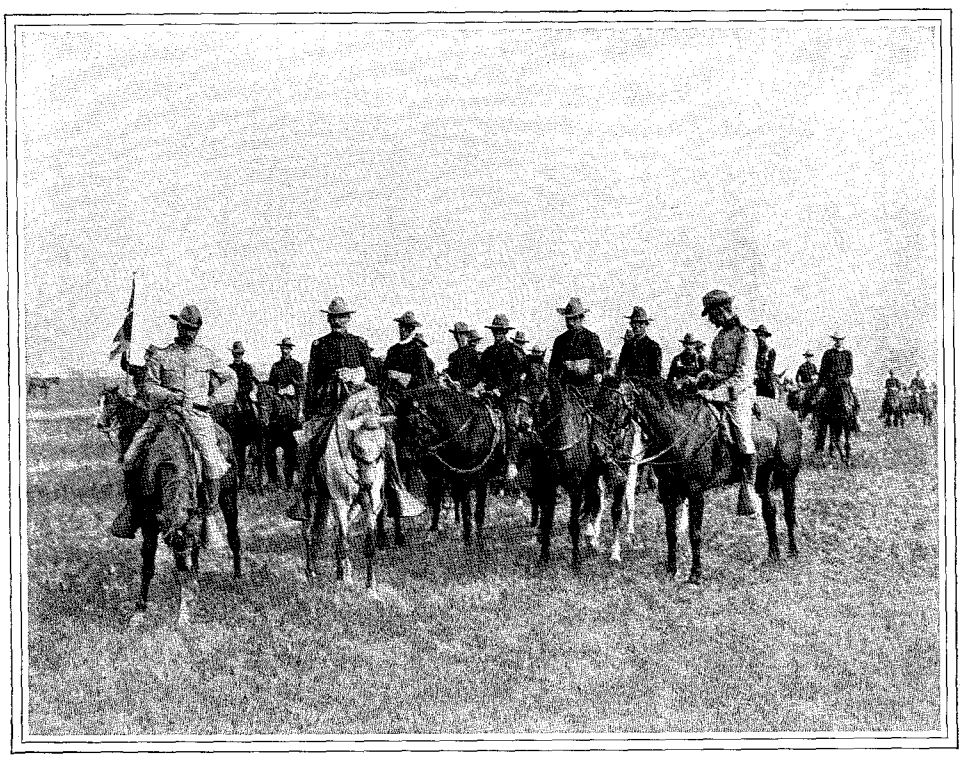

Colonel Roosevelt. Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie. Surgeon Church.

Group of Officers on the Parade Ground at Camp Wikoff.

camp was impossible of fulfilment. It would merely have resulted in the early destruction of the army.

Again, it was proposed that we should go up the mountains and make our camps there. The palm and the bamboo grew to the summits of the mountains, and the soil along their sides was deep and soft, while the rains were very heavy, much more so than immediately on the coast—every mile or two inland bringing with it a great increase in the rainfall. We could, with much difficulty, have got our regiments up the mountains, but not half the men could have got up with their belongings; and once there it would have been an impossibility to feed them. It was all that could be done, with the limited number of wagons and mule-trains on hand, to feed the men in the existing camps, for the travel and the rain gradually rendered each road in succession wholly impassable. To have gone up the mountains would have meant early starvation.

The third plan of the Department was even more objectionable than either of the others. There was, some twenty-five miles in the interior, what was called a high interior plateau, and at one period we were informed that we were to be marched thither. As a matter of fact, this so-called high plateau was the sugar-cane country, where, during the summer, the rainfall was prodigious. It was a rich, deep soil, covered with a rank tropic growth, the guinea-grass being higher than the head of a man on horseback. It was a perfect hotbed of malaria, and there was no dry ground whatever in which to camp. To have sent the troops there would have been simple butchery.

Under these circumstances the alternative to leaving the country altogether was to stay where we were, with the hope that half the men would live through to the cool season. We did everything possible to keep up the spirits of the men, but it was exceedingly difficult because there was nothing for them to do. They were weak and languid, and in the wet heat they had lost energy, so that it was not possible for them to indulge in sports or

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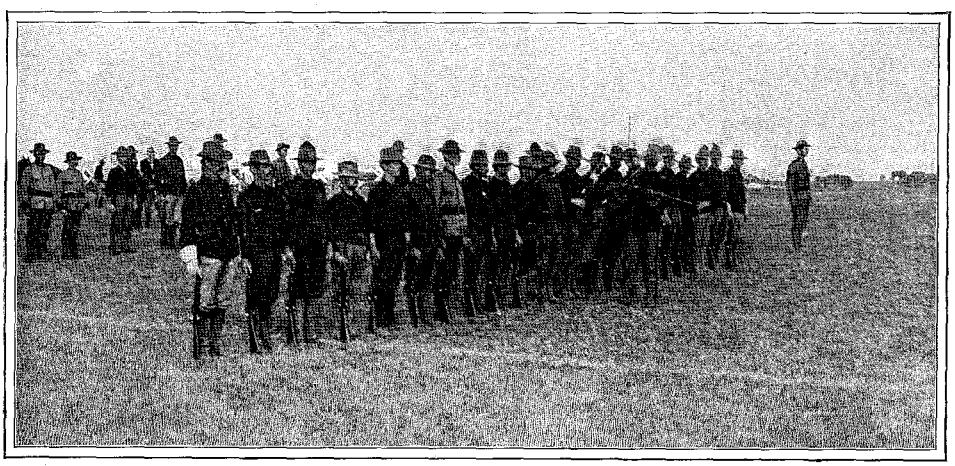
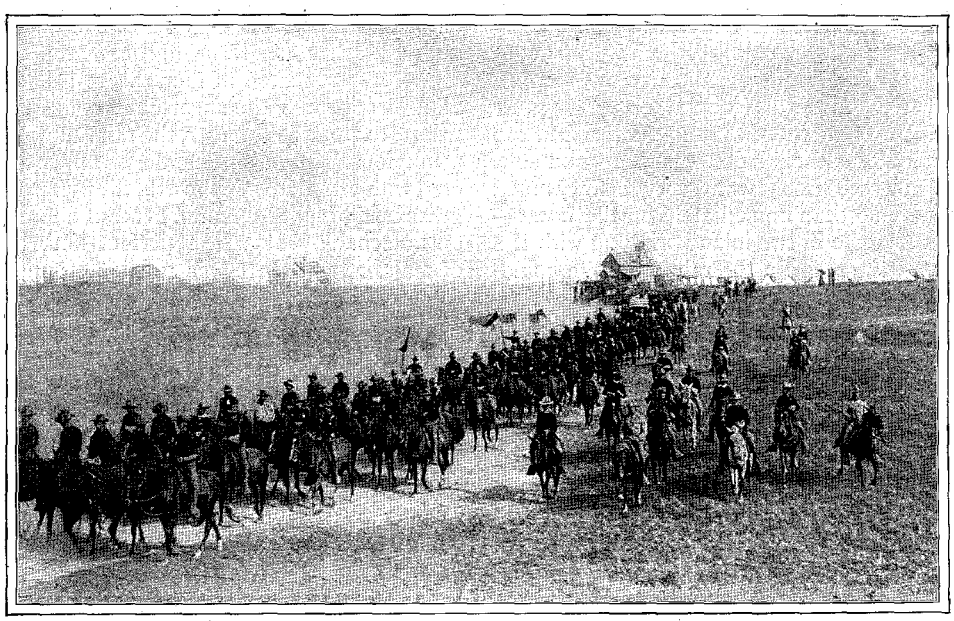


Rough Riders' Guard Mount at Camp Wikoff.

pastimes. There were exceptions; but the average man who went off to shoot guinea-hens or tried some vigorous game always felt much the worse for his exertions. Once or twice I took some of my comrades with me, and climbed up one or another of the surrounding mountains, but the result generally was that half of the party were down with some kind of sickness next day. It was impossible to take heavy exercise in the heat of the day; the evening usually saw a rain-storm which made the country a quagmire; and in the early morning the drenching dew and wet, slimy soil made walking but little pleasure. Chaplain Brown held service every Sunday under a low tree outside my tent; and we always had a congregation of a few score troopers, lying or sitting round, their strong hard faces turned toward the preacher. I let a few of the men visit Santiago, but the long walk in and out was very tiring, and, moreover, wise restrictions had been put as to either officers or men coming in.

In any event there was very little to do in the quaint, dirty old Spanish city, though



Rough Riders at Camp Wikoff.

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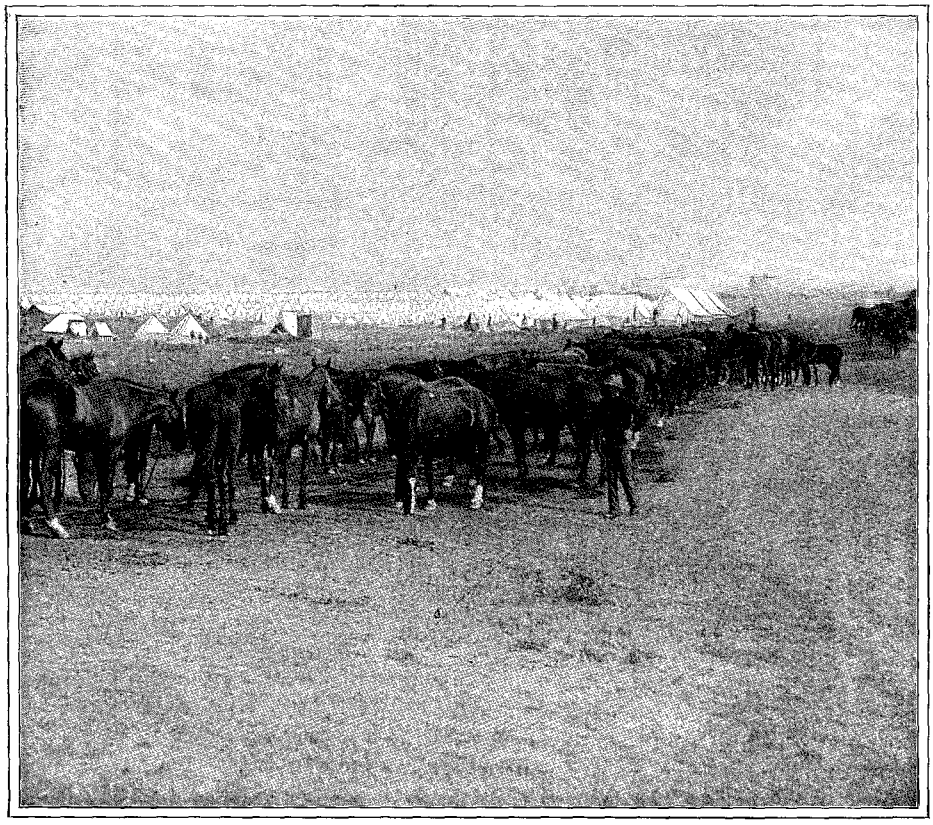
it was interesting to go in once or twice, and wander through the narrow streets with their curious little shops and low houses of stained stucco, with elaborately wrought iron trellises to the windows, and curiously carved balconies; or to sit in the central plaza where the cathedral was, and the clubs, and the Café Venus, and the low, bare, rambling building which



Picketed Cavalry Horses at Camp Wikoff.

was called the Governor's Palace. In this palace Wood had now been established as military governor, and Luna, and two or three of my other officers from the Mexican border, who knew Spanish, were sent in to do duty under him. A great many of my men knew Spanish, and some of the New Mexicans were of Spanish origin, although they behaved precisely like the other members of the regiment.

We should probably have spent the summer in our sick camps, losing half the men and hopelessly shattering the health of the remainder, if General Shafter had not summoned a council of officers, hoping by united action of a more or less public character to wake up the Washington authorities to the actual condition of things. As all the Spanish forces in the province of Santiago had surrendered, and as so-called immune regiments were coming to garrison the conquered territory, there was literally not one thing of any kind whatsoever for the army to do, and no purpose to serve by keeping it at Santiago. We did not suppose that peace was at hand, being ignorant of the negotiations. We were anxious to take part in the Porto Rico campaign, and would have been more than willing to suffer any amount of sickness, if by so doing we could get into action. But if we were not to take part in the Porto Rico campaign, then we knew it was absolutely indispensable to get our commands north immediately, if they were to be in trim for the great campaign against Havana, which would surely be the main

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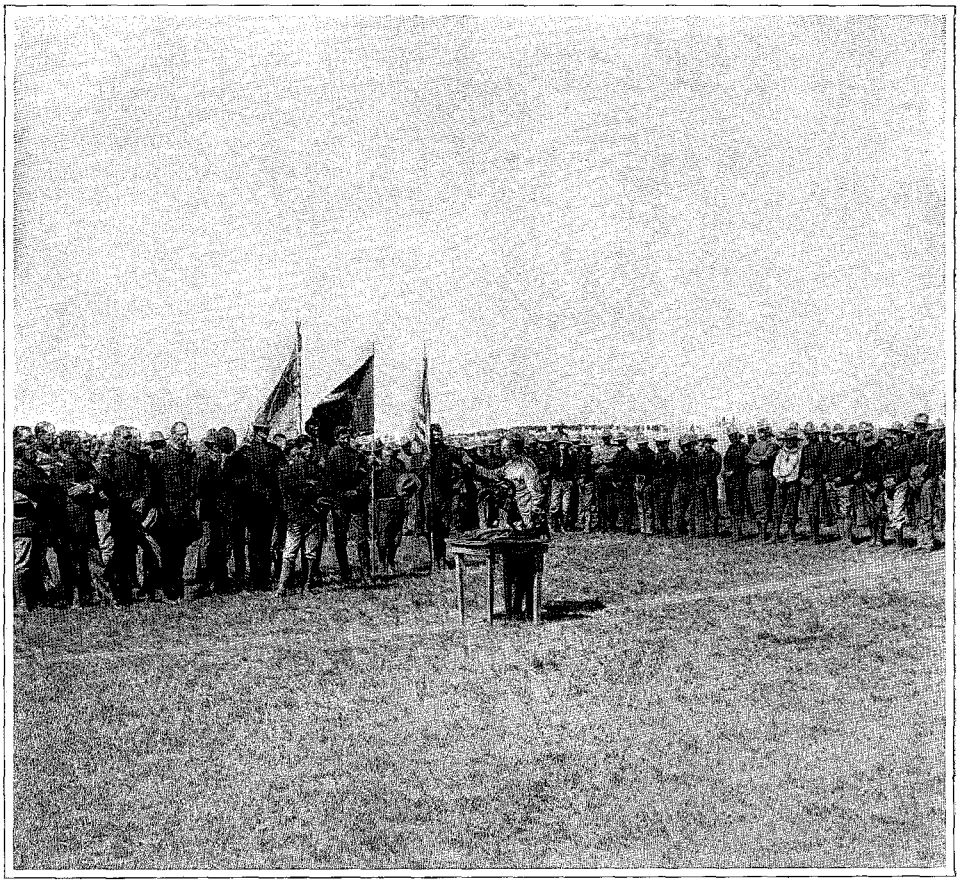

Colonel Roosevelt Thanking his Officers and Men upon the Presentation to him of the Bronze Bronco-buster.

event of the winter if peace were not declared in advance.

Our army included the great majority of the regulars, and was, therefore, the flower of the American force. It was on every account imperative to keep it in good trim; and to keep it in Santiago, meant its entirely purposeless destruction. As soon as the surrender was an accomplished fact, the taking away of the army to the north should have begun.

Every officer, from the highest to the lowest, especially among the regulars, realized all of this, and about the last day of July, General Shafter called a conference, in the palace, of all the division and brigade commanders. By this time, owing to Wood's having been made Governor-General, I was in command of my brigade, so I went to the conference too, riding in with Generals Sumner and Wheeler, who were the other representatives of the cavalry division. Besides the line officers all the chief medical officers were present at the conference. The telegrams from the Secretary stating the position of himself and the Surgeon-General were read, and then almost every line and medical officer present expressed his views in turn. They were almost all regulars and had been brought up to life-long habits of obedience without protest. They were ready to obey still, but they felt, quite rightly, that it was their duty to protest rather than to see the flower of the United States forces destroyed as the culminating act of a campaign in which the blunders that had been committed had been retrieved only by the valor and splendid soldierly qualities of the officers and enlisted men of the infantry and dismounted cavalry. There was not a dissenting voice; for there could not be. There was but one side to the question. To talk of continually shifting camp or of

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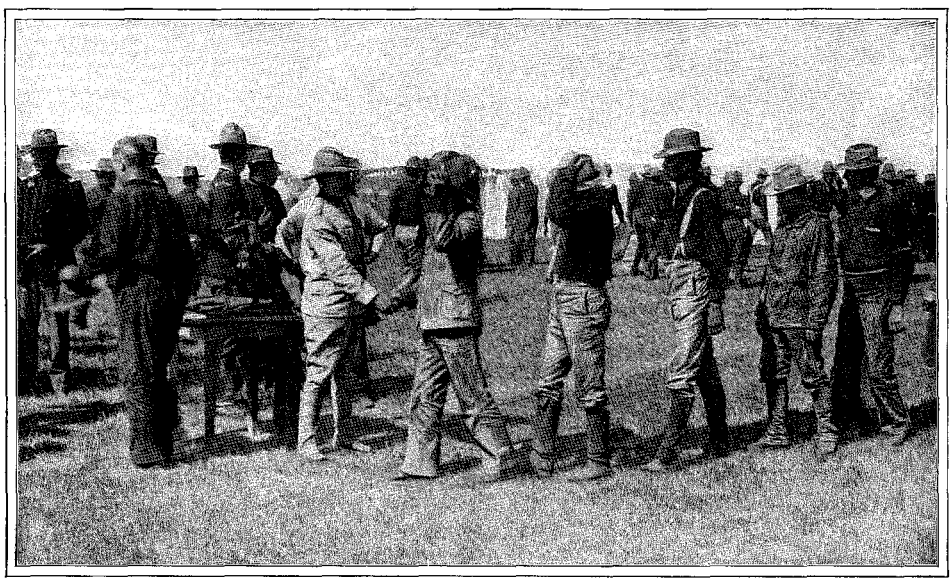
moving up the mountains or of moving into the interior was idle, for not one of the plans could be carried out with our utterly insufficient transportation, and at that season and in that climate they would merely have resulted in aggravating the sickliness of the soldiers. It was deemed best to make some record of our opinion, in the shape of a letter or report, which would show that to keep the army in Santiago meant its absolute and objectless ruin, and that it should at once be recalled. At first there was naturally some hesitation on the part of the regular officers to take the initiative, for their entire future career might be sacrificed. So I wrote a letter to General Shafter, reading over the rough draft to the various Generals and adopting their corrections. Before I had finished making these corrections it was determined that we should send a circular letter on behalf of all of us to General Shafter, and when I returned from presenting him mine, I found this circular letter already prepared and we all of us signed it. Both letters were made public. The result was immediate. Within three days the army was ordered to be ready to sail for home.

As soon as it was known that we were to sail for home the spirits of the men changed for the better. In my regiment the officers began to plan methods of drilling the men on horseback, so as to fit them for use against the Spanish cavalry, if we should go against Havana in December. We had, all of us, eyed the captured Spanish cavalry with particular interest. The men were small, and the horses, though well trained and well built, were diminutive ponies, very much smaller than cow ponies. We were certain that if we ever got a chance to try shock tactics against them they would go down like nine-pins, provided only that our men could be trained to charge in any kind of line, and we made up our minds to devote our time to this. Dismounted work with the rifle we already felt thoroughly competent to perform.

My time was still much occupied with looking after the health of my brigade, but the fact that we were going home, where I knew that their health would improve, lightened my mind, and I was able thoroughly to enjoy the beauty of the country, and even of the storms, which hitherto I had regarded purely as enemies.



Colonel Roosevelt's Farewell to the Rough Riders.

The surroundings of the city of Santiago are very grand. The circling mountains rise sheer and high. The plains are threaded by rapid winding brooks and are dotted here and there with quaint villages, curiously picturesque from their combin-

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ing traces of an outworn Old-world civilization with new and raw barbarism. The tall, graceful, feathery bamboos rise by the water's edge, and elsewhere, even on the mountain-crests, where the soil is wet and rank enough; and the splendid royal palms and cocoanut palms tower high above the matted green jungle.

Generally the thunder-storms came in the afternoon, but once I saw one at sunrise, driving down the high mountain valleys toward us. It was a very beautiful and almost terrible sight; for the sun rose behind the storm, and shone through the gusty rifts, lighting the mountain-crests here and there, while the plain below lay shrouded in the lingering night. The angry, level rays edged the dark clouds with crimson, and turned the downpour into sheets of golden rain; in the valleys the glimmering mists were tinted every wild hue; and the remotest heavens were lit with flaming glory.

S. I. Wilkinson Mounting Running Horse.

One day General Lawton, General Wood and I, with Ferguson and poor Tiffany, went down the bay to visit Morro Castle. The shores were beautiful, especially where there were groves of palms and of the scarlet-flower tree, and the castle itself, on a jutting headland overlooking the sea and guarding the deep, narrow entrance to the bay, showed just what it was, the splendid relic of a vanished power and a vanished age. We wandered all through it, among the castellated battlements, and in the dungeons, where we found hideous rusty implements of torture; and looked at the guns, some modern and some very old. It had been little hurt by the bombardment of the ships. Afterward I had a swim, not trusting much to the shark stories. We passed by the sunken hulks of the Merrimac and the Reina Mercedes, lying just outside the main channel. Our own people had tried to sink the first and the Spaniards had tried to sink the second, so as to block the entrance. Neither attempt was successful.

On August 6th we were ordered to embark, and next morning we sailed on the transport Miami. General Wheeler was with us and a squadron of the Third Cavalry under Major Jackson. The General put the policing and management of the ship into my hands, and I had great aid from Captain McCormick, who had been acting with me as adjutant-general of the brigade. I had profited by my experience coming down, and as Dr. Church knew his work well, although he was very sick, we kept the ship in such good sanitary condition, that we were one of the very few organizations allowed to land at Montauk immediately upon our arrival.

Soon after leaving port the captain of the ship notified me that his stokers and engineers were insubordinate and drunken, due, he thought, to liquor which my men had given them. I at once started a search of the ship, explaining to the men that they could not keep the liquor; that if they surrendered whatever they had to me I should return it to them when we went ashore; and that meanwhile I would allow the sick to drink when they really needed it; but that if they did not give the liquor to me of their own accord I would throw it overboard. About seventy flasks and bottles were handed to me, and I found and threw overboard about twenty. This at once put a stop to all drunkenness. The stokers and engineers were sullen and half mutinous, so I sent a detail of my men down to watch them and see that they did their work under the orders of the chief engineer; and we reduced them to obedience in

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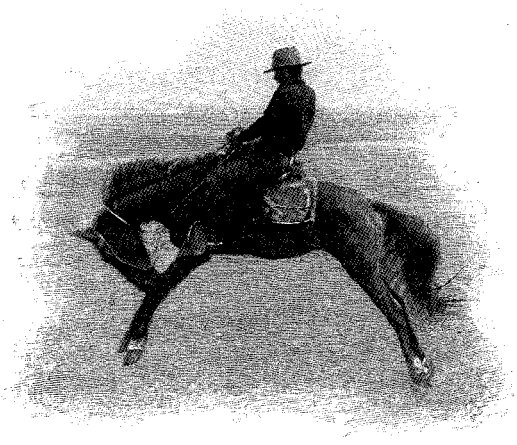
short order. I could easily have drawn from the regiment sufficient skilled men to fill every position in the entire ship's crew, from captain to stoker.



McGinty on a Bronco.

We were very much crowded on board the ship, but rather better off than on the Yucatan, so far as the men were concerned, which was the important point. All the officers, except General Wheeler, slept in a kind of improvised shed, not unlike a chicken coop with bunks, on the aftermost part of the upper deck. The water was bad—some of it very bad. There was no ice. The canned beef proved practically uneatable, as we knew would be the case. There were not enough vegetables. We did not have enough disinfectants, and there was no provision whatever for a hospital or for isolating the sick; we simply put them on one portion of one deck. If, as so many of the high authorities had insisted, there had really been a yellow-fever epidemic, and if it had broken out on shipboard, the condition would have been frightful; but there was no yellow-fever epidemic.

Sergeant Darnell Rides the Third Cavalry Bucker.

Three of our men had been kept behind as suspects, all three suffering simply from malarial fever. One of them, Lutz, a particularly good soldier, died; another, who was simply a malingerer and had nothing the matter with him whatever, of course recovered; the third was Tiffany who, I believe, would have lived had we been allowed to take him with us, but who was sent home later and died soon after landing.

I was very anxious to keep the men amused, and as the quarters were so crowded that it was out of the question for them to have any physical exercise, I did not interfere with their playing games of chance so long as no disorder followed. On shore this was not allowed; but in the particular emergency which we were meeting, the loss of a month's salary was as nothing compared to keeping the men thoroughly interested and diverted.

By care and diligence we succeeded in preventing any serious sickness. One man died, however. He had been suffering from dysentery ever since we landed, owing purely to his own fault, for on the very first night ashore he obtained a lot of fiery liquor from some of the Cubans, got very drunk, and had to march next day through the hot sun before he was entirely sober. He never recovered, and was useless from that time on. On board ship he died, and we gave him sea burial. Wrapped in a hammock, he was placed opposite a port, and the American flag thrown over him. The engine was stilled, and the great ship rocked on the waves unshaken by the screw, while the war-worn troopers clustered around with bare heads, to listen to Chaplain Brown read the funeral service, and to the band of the Third Cavalry as it played the funeral dirge. Then the port was knocked free, the flag withdrawn, and the shotted ham-

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mock plunged heavily over the side, rushing down through the dark water to lie, till the Judgment Day, in the ooze that holds the timbers of so many gallant ships, and the bones of so many fearless adventurers.

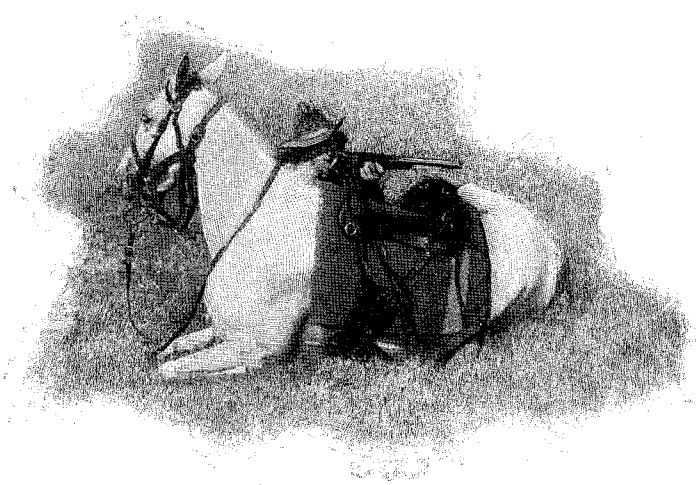
We were favored by good weather during our nine days' voyage, and much of the time when there was little to do we simply sat together and talked, each man contributing from the fund of his own experiences. Voyages around Cape Horn, yacht races for the America's cup, experiences on foot-ball teams which are famous in the annals of college sport; more serious feats of desperate prowess in Indian fighting and in breaking up gangs of white outlaws; adventures in hunting big game, in breaking wild horses, in tending great herds of cattle, and in wandering winter and summer among the mountains and across the lonely plains—the men who told the tales could draw upon countless memories such as these of the things they had done and the things they had seen others do. Sometimes General Wheeler joined us and told us about the great war, compared with which ours was such a small war—far-reaching in their importance though its effects were destined to be. When we had become convinced that we would escape an epidemic of sickness the homeward voyage became very pleasant.

On the eve of leaving Santiago I had received from Mr. Laffan of the *Sun*, a cable with the single word "Peace," and we speculated much on this, as the clumsy transport steamed slowly northward across the trade wind and then into the Gulf Stream. At last we sighted the low, sandy bluffs of the Long Island coast, and late on the afternoon of the 14th we steamed through the still waters of the Sound and cast anchor off Montauk. A gun-boat of the Mosquito fleet came out to greet us and to inform us that peace negotiations had begun.

Next morning we were marched on shore. Many of the men were very sick indeed. Of the three or four who had been closest to me among the enlisted men, Color-Sergeant Wright was the only one in good health. Henry Bardshar was a wreck, literally at death's door. I was myself in first-class health, all the better for having lost twenty pounds. Faithful Marshall, my colored body-servant, was so sick as to be nearly helpless.

Bob Wrenn nearly died. He had joined us very late, and we could not get him a Krag carbine; so I had given him my Winchester, which carried the government cartridge; and when he was mustered out he carried it home in triumph, to the envy of his fellows, who themselves had to surrender their beloved rifles.

For the first few days there was great confusion and some want even after we got to Montauk. The men in hospitals suffered from lack of almost everything, even cots. But after these few days we were very well cared for and had abundance of all we needed, except that on several occasions



A Rough Rider at Skirmish Drill.

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there was a shortage of food for the horses, which I should have regarded as even more serious than a shortage for the men, had it not been that we were about to be disbanded. The men lived high, with milk, eggs, oranges, and any amount of tobacco, the lack of which during portions of the Cuban campaign had been felt as seriously as any lack of food. One of the distressing features of the malarial fever which had been ravaging the troops was that it was recurrent and persistent. Some of my men died after reaching home, and many were very sick. We owed much to the kindness not only of the New York hospitals and the Red Cross and kindred societies; but of individuals, notably Mr. Bayard Cutting and Mrs. Armitage, who took many of our men to their beautiful Long Island homes.

On the whole, however, the month we spent at Montauk before we disbanded was very pleasant. It was good to meet the rest of the regiment. They all felt dreadfully at not having been in Cuba. It was a sore trial to men who had given up much to go to the war, and who rebelled at nothing in the way of hardship or suffering, but who did bitterly feel the fact that their sacrifices seemed to have been useless. Of course those who stayed had done their duty precisely as did those who went, for the question of glory was not to be considered in comparison to the faithful performance of whatever was ordered; and no distinction of any kind was allowed in the regiment between those whose good fortune it had been to go and those whose harder fate it had been to remain. Nevertheless the latter could not be entirely comforted.

The regiment had three mascots; the two most characteristic—a young mountain lion brought by the Arizona troops, and a war eagle brought by the New Mexicans—we had been forced to leave behind in Tampa. The third, a rather disreputable but exceedingly knowing little dog named Cuba, had accompanied us through all the vicissitudes of the campaign. The mountain lion, Josephine, possessed an infernal temper; whereas both Cuba and the eagle, which have been named in my honor, were extremely good-humored. Josephine was kept tied up. She sometimes escaped. One cool night in early September she wandered off and, entering the tent of a Third Cavalry man, got into bed with him; whereupon he fled into the darkness with yells, much more unnerved than he would have been by the arrival of any number of Spaniards. The eagle was let loose and not only walked at will up and down the company streets, but also at times flew wherever he wished. He was a young bird, having been taken out of his nest when a fledgling. Josephine hated him and was always trying to make a meal of him, especially when we endeavored to take their photographs together. The eagle, though good-natured, was an entirely competent individual and ready at any moment to beat Josephine off. Cuba was also oppressed at times by Josephine, and was of course no match for her, but was frequently able to overawe by simple decision of character.

In addition to the animal mascots, we had two or three small boys who had also been adopted by the regiment. One, from Tennessee, was named Dabney Royster. When we embarked at Tampa he smuggled himself on board the transport with a 22-calibre rifle and three boxes of cartridges, and wept bitterly when sent ashore. The squadron which remained behind adopted him, got him a little Rough Rider's uniform, and made him practically one of the regiment.

The men who had remained at Tampa, like ourselves, had suffered much from fever, and the horses were in bad shape. So many of the men were sick that none of the regiments began to drill for some time after reaching Montauk. There was a great deal of paper-work to be done; but as I still had charge of the brigade only a little of it fell on my shoulders. Of this I was sincerely glad, for I knew as little of the paper-work as my men had originally known of drill. We had all of us learned how to fight and march; but the exact limits of our rights and duties in other respects were not very clearly defined in our minds; and as for myself, as I had not had the time to learn exactly what they were, I had assumed a large authority in giving rewards and punishments. In particular I had looked on court-martials much as Peter Bell looked on primroses — they were court-martials and nothing more, whether resting on the

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authority of a lieutenant-colonel or of a major-general. The mustering-out officer, a thorough soldier, found to his horror that I had used the widest discretion both in imposing heavy sentences which I had no power to impose on men who shirked their duties, and, where men atoned for misconduct by marked gallantry, in blandly remitting sentences approved by my chief of division. However, I had done substantial, even though somewhat rude and irregular, justice—and no harm could result, as we were just about to be mustered out.

My chief duties were to see that the camps of the three regiments were thoroughly policed and kept in first-class sanitary condition. This took up some time, of course, and there were other matters in connection with the mustering out which had to be attended to; but I could always get two or three hours a day free from work. Then I would summon a number of the officers, Kane, Greenway, Goodrich, Church, Ferguson, McIlhenny, Frantz, Ballard and others, and we would gallop down to the beach and bathe in the surf, or else go for long rides over the beautiful rolling plains, thickly studded with pools which were white with water-lilies. Sometimes I went off alone with my orderly, young Gordon Johnston, one of the best men in the regiment; he was a nephew of the Governor of Alabama, and when at Princeton had played on the eleven. We had plenty of horses, and these rides were most enjoyable. Galloping over the open, rolling country, through the cool fall evenings, made us feel as if we were out on the great Western plains and might at any moment start deer from the brush, or see antelope stand and gaze, far away, or rouse a band of mighty elk and hear their horns clatter as they fled.

An old friend, Baron von Sternberg, of the German Embassy, spent a week in camp with me. He had served, when only seventeen, in the Franco-Prussian War as a hussar, and was a noted sharpshooter—being "the little baron" who is the hero of Archibald Forbes's true story of "The Pig-dog." He and I had for years talked over the possibilities of just such a regiment as the one I was commanding, and he was greatly interested in it. Indeed I had vainly sought permission from the German ambassador to take him with the regiment to Santiago.

One Sunday before the regiment disbanded I supplemented Chaplain Brown's address to the men by a short sermon of a rather hortatory character. I told them how proud I was of them, but warned them not to think that they could now go back and rest on their laurels, bidding them remember that though for ten days or so the world would be willing to treat them as heroes, yet after that time they would find they had to get down to hard work just like everyone else, unless they were willing to be regarded as worthless do-nothings. They took the sermon in good part, and I hope that some of them profited by it. At any rate, they repaid me by a very much more tangible expression of affection. One afternoon, to my genuine surprise, I was asked out of my tent by Lieutenant-Colonel Brodie (the gallant old boy had rejoined us), and found the whole regiment formed in hollow square, with the officers and color-sergeant in the middle. When I went in, one of the troopers came forward and on behalf of the regiment presented me with Remington's fine bronze, "The Bronco-buster." There could have been no more appropriate gift from such a regiment, and I was not only pleased with it, but very deeply touched with the feeling which made them join in giving it. Afterward they all filed past and I shook the hands of each to say good-by.

Most of them looked upon the bronze with the critical eyes of professionals. I doubt if there was any regiment in the world which contained so large a number of men able to ride the wildest and most dangerous horses. One day while at Montauk Point some of the troopers of the Third Cavalry were getting ready for mounted drill when one of their horses escaped, having thrown his rider. This attracted the attention of some of our men and they strolled around to see the trooper remount. He was instantly thrown again, the horse, a huge, vicious sorrel, being one of the worst buckers I ever saw; and none of his comrades were willing to ride the animal. Our men, of course, jeered and mocked at them, and in response were dared to ride the horse themselves. The challenge was instantly ac-

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cepted, the only question being as to which of a dozen noted bronco-busters who were in the ranks should undertake the task. They finally settled on a man named Darnell. It was agreed that the experiment should take place next day when the horse would be fresh, and accordingly next day the majority of both regiments turned out on a big open flat in front of my tent—brigade head-quarters. The result was that, after as fine a bit of rough riding as one would care to see, in which one scarcely knew whether most to wonder at the extraordinary viciousness and agile strength of the horse or at the horsemanship and courage of the rider, Darnell came off victorious, his seat never having been shaken. After this almost every day we had exhibitions of bronco-busting, in which all the crack riders of the regiment vied with one another, riding not only all of our own bad horses but any horse which was deemed bad in any of the other regiments.

Darnell, McGinty, Wood, Smoky Moore, and a score of others took part in these exhibitions, which included not merely feats in mastering vicious horses, but also feats of broken horses which the riders had trained to lie down at command, and upon which they could mount while at full speed.

Toward the end of the time we also had mounted drill on two or three occasions; and when the President visited the camp we turned out mounted to receive him as did the rest of the cavalry. The last night before we were mustered out was spent in noisy, but entirely harmless hilarity, which I ignored. Every form of celebration took place in the ranks. A former Populist candidate for Attorney-General in Colorado delivered a fervent oration in favor of free silver; a number of the college boys sang; but most of the men gave vent to their feelings by improvised dances. In these the Indians took the lead, pure bloods and half-breeds alike, the cowboys and miners cheerfully joining in and forming part of the howling, grunting rings, that went bounding around the great fires they had kindled.

Next morning Sergeant Wright took down the colors, and Sergeant Guitilias the standard, for the last time; the horses, the rifles, and the rest of the regimental property had been turned in; officers and men shook hands and said good-by to one another, and then they scattered to their homes in the North and the South, the few going back to the great cities of the East, the many turning again toward the plains, the mountains, and the deserts of the West and the strange Southwest. This was on September 15th, the day which marked the close of the four months' life of a regiment of as gallant fighters as ever wore the United States uniform.

The regiment was a wholly exceptional volunteer organization, and its career cannot be taken as in any way a justification for the belief that the average volunteer regiment approaches the average regular regiment in point of efficiency until it has had many months of active service. In the first place, though the regular regiments may differ markedly among themselves, yet the range of variation among them is nothing like so wide as that among volunteer regiments, where at first there is no common standard at all; the very best being, perhaps, up to the level of the regulars (as has recently been shown at Manila), while the very worst are no better than mobs, and the great bulk come in between.* The average regular regiment is superior to the average volunteer regiment in the physique of the enlisted men, who have been very carefully selected, who have been trained to life in the open, and who know how to cook and take care of themselves generally.

Now, in all these respects, and in others like them, the Roughs Riders were the equals of the regulars. They were hardy, self-reliant, accustomed to shift for themselves in the open under very adverse circumstances. The two all-important qualifications for a cavalryman are riding and shooting—the modern cavalryman being so often used dismounted, as an infantryman. The average recruit requires a couple of years before he becomes proficient in horsemanship and marksmanship; but my men were already good shots and first-class riders when they came into the regiment. The difference as regards officers and non-commissioned officers, between regulars and volunteers, is usually

* For sound common-sense about the volunteers see Parker's excellent little book, "The Gatlings at Santiago."

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very great; but in my regiment (keeping in view the material we had to handle), it was easy to develop non-commissioned officers out of men who had been round-up foremen, ranch foremen, mining bosses, and the like. These men were intelligent and resolute; they knew they had a great deal to learn, and they set to work to learn it; while they were already accustomed to managing considerable interests, to obeying orders, and to taking care of others as well as themselves.

As for the officers, the great point in our favor was the anxiety they showed to learn from those among their number who, like Capron, had already served in the regular army; and the fact that we had chosen a regular army man as Colonel. If a volunteer organization consists of good material, and is eager to learn, it can readily do so if it has one or two first-class regular officers to teach it. Moreover, most of our captains and lieutenants were men who had seen much of wild life, who were accustomed to handling and commanding other men, and who had usually already been under fire as sheriffs, marshals, and the like. As for the second in command, myself, I had served three years as captain in the National Guard; I had been deputy sheriff in the cow country, where the position was not a sinecure; I was accustomed to big game hunting and to work on a cow ranch, so that I was thoroughly familiar with the use both of horse and rifle, and knew how to handle cowboys, hunters, and miners; finally, I had studied much in the literature of war, and especially the literature of the great modern wars, like our own Civil War, the Franco-German War, the Turco-Russian War; and I was especially familiar with the deeds, the successes and failures alike, of the frontier horse riflemen who had fought at King's Mountain and the Thames, and on the Mexican border. Finally, and most important of all, officers and men alike were eager for fighting, and resolute to do well and behave properly, to encounter hardship and privation, and the irksome monotony of camp routine, without grumbling or complaining; they had counted the cost before they went in, and were delighted to pay the penalties inevitably attendant upon the career of a fighting regiment; and from the moment when the regiment began to gather, the higher officers kept instilling into those under them the spirit of eagerness for action and of stern determination to grasp at death rather than forfeit honor.

The self-reliant spirit of the men was well shown after they left the regiment. Of course, there were a few weaklings among them; and there were others, entirely brave and normally self-sufficient, who, from wounds or fevers, were so reduced that they had to apply for aid—or at least, who deserved aid, even though they often could only be persuaded with the greatest difficulty to accept it. The widows and orphans had to be taken care of. There were a few light-hearted individuals, who were entirely ready to fight in time of war, but in time of peace felt that somebody ought to take care of them; and there were others who, never having seen any aggregation of buildings larger than an ordinary cow-town, fell a victim to the fascinations of New York. But, as a whole, they scattered out to their homes on the disbandment of the regiment; gaunter than when they had enlisted, sometimes weakened by fever or wounds, but just as full as ever of sullen, sturdy capacity for self-help; scorning to ask for aid save what was entirely legitimate in the way of one comrade giving help to another. A number of the examining surgeons, at the muster-out, spoke to me with admiration of the contrast offered by our regiment to so many others, in the fact that our men always belittled their own bodily injuries and sufferings; so that whereas the surgeons ordinarily had to be on the look-out lest a man who was not really disabled should claim to be so, in our case they had to adopt exactly the opposite attitude and guard the future interests of the men, by insisting upon putting upon their certificates of discharge whatever disease they had contracted or wound they had received in line of duty. Major J. H. Calef, who had more than any other one man to do with seeing to the proper discharge papers of our men, and who took a most generous interest in them, wrote me as follows: "I also wish to bring to your notice the fortitude displayed by the men of your regiment, who have come before me to be mustered out

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of service, in making their personal declarations as to their physical conditions. Men who bore on their faces and in their forms the traces of long days of illness, indicating wrecked constitutions, declared that nothing was the matter with them, at the same time disclaiming any intention of applying for a pension. It was exceptionally heroic."

When we were mustered out, many of the men had lost their jobs and were too weak to go to work at once, while there were helpless dependents of the dead to care for. Certain of my friends, August Belmont, Stanley and Richard Mortimer, Major Austin Wadsworth—himself fresh from the Manila campaign—Belmont Tiffany, and others, gave me sums of money to be used for helping these men. In some instances, by the exercise of a good deal of tact and by treating the gift as a memorial of poor young Lieutenant Tiffany, we got the men to accept something; and, of course, there were a number who, quite rightly, made no difficulty about accepting. But most of the men would accept no help whatever. In the first chapter, I spoke of a lady, a teacher in an academy in the Indian Territory, three or four of whose pupils had come into my regiment, and who had sent with them a letter of introduction to me. When the regiment disbanded, I wrote to her to ask if she could not use a little money among the Rough Riders, white, Indian, and half-breed, that she might, personally know. I did not hear from her for some time, and then she wrote as follows:

"MUSCOGEE, IND. TER., Dec. 19, 1898.

"MY DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT: I did not at once reply to your letter of September 23d, because I waited for a time to see if there should be need among any of our Rough Riders, of the money you so kindly offered. Some of the boys are poor, and in one or two cases they seemed to me really needy, but they all said no. More than once I saw the tears come to their eyes, at thought of your care for them, as I told them of your letter. Did you hear any echoes of our Indian war-whoops over your election? They were pretty loud. I was particularly exultant, because my father was a New Yorker and I was educated in New York, even if I was born here. So far as I can learn, the boys are taking up the dropped threads of their lives, as though they had never been away. Our two Rough Rider students, Meagher and Gilmore, are doing well in their college work.

"I am sorry to tell you of the death of one of your most devoted troopers, Bert Holderman, who was here serving on the Grand Jury. He was stricken with meningitis in the jury-room, and died after three days of delirium. His father, who was twice wounded, four times taken prisoner, and fought in thirty-two battles of the civil war, now old and feeble, survives him, and it was indeed pathetic to see his grief. Bert's mother, who is a Cherokee, was raised in my grandfather's family. The words of commendation which you wrote upon Bert's discharge are the greatest comfort to his friends. They wanted you to know of his death, because he loved you so.

"I am planning to entertain all the Rough Riders in this vicinity some evening during my holiday vacation. I mean to have no other guests, but only give them an opportunity for reminiscences. I regret that Bert's death makes one less. I had hoped to have them sooner, but our struggling young college salaries are necessarily small and duties arduous. I make a home for my widowed mother and an adopted Indian daughter, who is in school; and as I do the cooking for a family of five, I have found it impossible to do many things I would like to.

"Pardon me for burdening you with these details, but I suppose I am like your boys, who say, 'The Colonel was always as ready to listen to a private as to a major-general.'

"Wishing you and yours the very best gifts the season can bring, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"ALICE M. ROBERTSON."

Is it any wonder that I loved my regiment?

THE END.

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THE CHRONICLES OF AUNT MINERVY ANN

By Joel Chandler Harris

Illustrated by A. B. Frost

MAJOR PERDUE'S BARGAIN

WHEN next I had an opportunity to talk with Aunt Minervy Ann, she indulged in a hearty laugh before saying a word, and it was some time before she found her voice.

"What is so funny to-day?" I inquired.

"Me, suh — nothin' 'tall but me, an' 'taint only ter-day, nudder. Hit's eve'y day sence I been big 'nuff fer to see myse'f in de spring branch. I laughed den, an' I laugh now eve'y time I see myse'f in my min'— ef I' got any min'. I wuz talkin' ter Hamp las' night an' tellin' 'im how I start in ter tell you sump'n 'bout Marse Paul Conant' shoulder, an' den eend up by tellin' you eve'ything else I know but dat.

"Hamp 'low, he did, 'Dat ain't nothin', bekaze when I ax you ter marry me, you start in an' tell me 'bout a nigger gal' cross dar in Jasper County, which she make promise fer ter marry a man an' she crossed her heart; an' den when de time come she stood up an' marry 'im an' fin' out 'taint de same man, but somebody what she ain't never see' befo'.'

"I speck dat so, suh, bekaze dey wuz sump'n like dat happen in Jasper County. You know de Waters fambly—dey kep' race-hosses. Well, suh, 'twuz right on der plantation. Warren Waters tol' me 'bout dat hisse'f. He wuz de hoss-trainer, an' he 'uz right dar on de groun'. When de gal done married, she look up an' holler, 'You ain't my husban', bekaze I ain't make no promise fer ter marry you.' De man he laugh, an' say, 'Don't need no promise atter you done married.'

"Well, suh, dey say dat gal wus skeer'd —skeer'd fer true. She sot an' look in de fire. De man sot an' look at 'er. She try ter slip out de do', an' he slipped wid 'er. She walked to'rds de big house, an' he walk' wid 'er. She come back, an' he come wid 'er. She run an' he run wid 'er. She cry an' he laugh at 'er. She dun'ner what to do. Bimeby she tuck a notion dat de man mought be de Ol' Boy hisse'f, an' she drapped down on her knees an' 'gun ter pray. Dis make de man restless; look like he frettin'. Den he 'gun ter shake like he havin' chill. Den he slip down out'n de cheer. Den he got on his all-fours. Den his cloze drapped off, an', bless gracious! dar he wuz, a great big black shaggy dog wid a short chain roun' his neck. Some un um flung a chunk of fire at 'im, an' he run out howlin'.

"Dat 'uz de last dey seed un 'im, suh. Dey flung his cloze in de fire, an' dey make a blaze dat come plum out'n de top er de chimbley stack. Dat what make me tell Hamp 'bout it, suh. He ax me fer ter marry 'im, an' I wan't so mighty sho' dat he wan't de Ol' Boy."

"Well, that is queer, if true," said I, "but how about Mr. Conant's crippled shoulder?"

"Oh, it's de trufe, suh. Warren Waters tol' me dat out'n his own mouf, an' he wuz right dar. I dunno but what de gal wuz some er his kinnery. I don't min' tellin' you dat 'bout Marse Paul, suh, but you mustn't let on 'bout it, bekaze Marse Tumlin an' Miss Vallie des' ez tetchous 'bout dat ez dey kin be. I'd never git der fergivunce ef dey know'd I was settin' down here tellin' 'bout dat.

"You know how 'twuz in dem days. De folks what wuz de richest wuz de wussest off when de army come home from battlin'. I done tol' you 'bout Marse Tumlin. He ain't had nothin' in de roun' worl' but a whole passel er lan', an' me an' Miss Vallie. I don't count Hamp, bekaze Hamp 'fuse ter b'lieve he's free twel he ramble 'roun' an' fin' out de patterollers ain't gwine ter take 'im up. Dat how come I had ter sell ginger-cakes an'

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chicken pies dat time. De money I made at dat ain't last' long, bekaze Marse Tumlin, he been use' ter rich vittles an' he went right down-town an' got a bottle er chow-chow, an' some olives, an' some sardines, an' some cheese, an' you know yo'se'f, suh, dat money ain't gwine ter las' when you buy dat kin' er doin's.

"Well, suh, we done mighty well whiles de money helt out, but 'tain't court-week all de time, an' when dat de case, money got ter come fum some'rs else 'sides sellin' cakes an' pies. Bimeby, Hamp, he got work at de liberty stable, whar dey hire out hosses an' board um. I call it a hoss tavern, suh, but Hamp, he 'low its a liberty stable. Anyhow, he got work dar, an' dat sorter he'p out. Sometimes he'd growl bekaze I tuck his money fer ter he'p out my white folks, but when he got right mad I'd gi' Miss Vallie de wink, an' she'd say: 'Hampton, how'd you like ter have a little dram ter-night? You look like youer tired.' I could a-hugged 'er fer de way she done it, she 'uz dat cute. An' den Hamp, he'd grin an' 'low, 'I ain't honin' fer it, Miss Vallie, but 'twont do me no harm, an' it may do me good.'

"An' den, suh, he'd set down an' atter he got sorter warmed up wid de dram, he'd kinder roll his eye and 'low, 'Miss Vallie, she is a fine white 'oman!' Well, suh, 'tain't long 'fo' we had dat nigger man trained—done trained, bless yo' soul! One day Miss Vallie had ter go 'cross town, an' she went by de liberty stable whar Hamp wuz at, leastways, he seed 'er some'rs; an' he come home dat night lookin' like he wuz feelin' bad. He 'fuze ter talk. Bimeby, atter he had his supper, he say, 'I seed Miss Vallie down-town ter-day. She wuz wid Miss Irene, an' dat 'ar frock she had on look mighty shabby.' I 'low, 'Well, it de bes' she got. She ain't got money like de Chippendales, an' Miss Irene don't keer how folks' cloze look. She too much quality fer dat.' Hamp say, 'Whyn't you take some er yo' money an' make Miss Vallie git er nice frock?' I 'low, 'Whar I got any money?' Hamp he hit his pocket an' say, 'You got it right here.'

"An' sho nuff, suh, dat nigger man had a roll er money — mos' twenty dollars. Some hoss drovers had come 'long an' Hamp made dat money by trimmin' up de ol' mules dey had an' makin' um look yeung. He's got de art er dat, suh, an' dey paid 'im well. Dar wuz de money, but how wuz I gwine ter git it in Miss Vallie's han'? I kin buy vittles an' she not know whar dey come fum, but when it come ter buyin' frocks—well, suh, hit stumped me. Dey wan't but one way ter do it, an' I done it. I make like I wuz mad. I tuck de money an' went in de house dar whar Miss Vallie wuz sewin' an' mendin'. I went stompin' in, I did, an' when I got in I started my tune.

"I 'low, 'Ef de Perdues gwine ter go scandalizin' deyse'f by trottin' down town in broad daylight wid all kinder frocks on der back, I'm gwine 'way fum here; an' I dun'ner but what I'll go anyhow. 'Tain't bekaze dey's any lack er money, fer here de money right here.' Wid dat I slammed it down on de table. 'Dar! take dat an' git you a frock dat'll make you look like sump'n when you git outside er dis house. An' whiles you er gittin', git sump'n for ter put on yo' head!'"

Whether it was by reason of a certain dramatic faculty inherent in her race that she was able to summon emotions at will, or whether it was mere unconscious reproduction, I am not prepared to say. But certain it is that, in voice and gesture, in tone and attitude, and in a certain passionate earnestness of expression, Aunt Minervy Ann built up the whole scene before my eyes with such power that I seemed to have been present when it occurred. I felt as if she had conveyed me bodily into the room to become a witness of the episode. She went on, still with a frown on her face and a certain violence of tone and manner:

"I whipped 'roun' de room a time er two, pickin' up de cheers an' slammin' um down ag'in, an' knockin' things 'roun' like I wuz mad. Miss Vallie put her sewin' down an' lay her han' on de money. She 'low, 'What's dis, Aunt Minervy Ann?' I say, 'Hit's money, dat what 'tis—nothin' but nasty, stinkin' money! I wish dey wan't none in de worl' less'n I had a bairlful.' She sorter fumble at de money wid 'er fingers. You dunno, suh, how white an' purty an' weak her han' look ter me dat night. She 'low, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, I can't take dis.' I blaze' out at 'er, 'You don't haf'ter take it; you

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done got it! An' ef you don't keep it, I'll rake up eve'y rag an' scrap I got an' leave dis place. Now you des' try me!'"

Again Aunt Minervy Ann summoned to her aid the passion of a moment that had passed away, and again I had the queer experience of seeming to witness the whole scene. She continued:

"Wid dat, I whipt out er de room an' out er de house an' went an' sot down out dar in my house whar Hamp was at. Hamp, he 'low, 'What she say?' I say, 'She ain't had time ter say nothin'—I come 'way fum dar.' He 'low, 'You ain't brung dat money back, is you?' I say: 'Does you think I'm a start naked fool?' He 'low: 'Kaze ef you is, I'll put it right spang in de fire here.'

"Well, suh, I sot dar some little time, but eve'ything wuz so still in de house, bein's Marse Tumlin done gone down town, dat I crope back an' crope in fer ter see what Miss Vallie doin'. Well, suh, she wuz cryin'—settin' dar cryin'. I 'low, 'Honey, is I say anything fer ter hurt yo' feelin's?' She blubber' out, 'You know you aint!' an' den she cry good-fashion.

"Des 'bout dat time, who should come in but Marse Tumlin. He look at Miss Vallie an' den he look at me. He say, 'Valentine, what de matter?' I say, 'It's me! I'm de one! I made 'er cry. I done sump'n ter hurt 'er feelin's'. She 'low, ''Taint so, an' you know it. I'm des cryin' bekaze you too good ter me.'

"Well, suh, I had ter git out er dar fer ter keep fum chokin'. Marse Tumlin foller me out, an' right here on de porch, he 'low, 'Minervy Ann, nex' time don't be so dam good to 'er.' I wuz doin' some snifflin' myse'f 'bout dat time, an' I ain't keerin' what I say, so I stop an' flung back at 'im, '*I'll be des ez dam good ter 'er ez I please—I'm free!*' Well, suh, stidder hittin' me, Marse Tumlin bust out laughin', an' long atter dat, he'd laugh eve'y time he look at me, des like sump'n wuz ticklin' 'im mighthy nigh ter death.

"I speck he must er tol' 'bout dat cussin' part, bekaze folks 'roun' here done got de idee dat I'm a sassy an' bad-tempered 'oman. Ef I had ter work fer my livin', suh, I boun' you I'd be a long time findin' a place. Atter dat, Hamp, he got in de legislatur', an' it sho wuz a money-makin' place. Den we had eve'ything we wanted, an' mo' too, but bimeby de legislatur' gun out, an' den dar we wuz, flat ez flounders, an' de white folks don't want ter hire Hamp des kaze he been ter de legislatur', but he got back in de liberty stable atter so long a time. Yit 'twant what you may call livin'.

"All dat time, I hear Marse Tumlin talkin' ter Miss Vallie 'bout what he call his wil' lan'. He say he got two thousan' acres down dar in de wiregrass, an' ef he kin sell it, he be mighty glad ter do so. Well, suh, one day, long to'rds night, a two-hoss waggin driv' in at de side gate an' come in de back-yard. Ol' Ben Sadler wuz drivin', an' he 'low, 'Heyo, Minervy Ann, whar you want deze goods drapped at?' I say, 'Hello yo'se'f, ef you wanter hello. What you got dar an' who do it b'long ter?' He 'low, 'Hit's goods fer Major Tumlin Perdue, an' whar does you want um drapped at?' Well, suh, I aint know what ter say, but I run'd an' ax'd Miss Vallie, an' she say put um out anywheres 'roun' dar, kaze she dun'ner nothin' 'bout um. So ol' Ben Sadler, he put um out, an' when I come ter look at um, dey wuz a bairl er sump'n, an' a kaig er sump'n, an' a box er sump'n. De bairl shuck like it mought be 'lasses, an' de kaig shuck like it mought be dram, an' de box hefted like it mought be terbarker. An', sho nuff, dat what dey wuz—a bairl er sorghum syr'p, an' a kaig er peach brandy, an' a box er plug terbarker.

"I say right den, an' Miss Vallie 'll tell you de same, dat Marse Tumlin done gone an' swap off all his wil' lan', but Miss Vallie, she say no; he won't never think er sech a thing; but, bless yo' soul, suh, she wan't nothin' but a school-gal, you may say, an' she aint know no mo' 'bout men folks dan what a weasel do. An den, right 'pon top er dat, here come a nigger boy leadin' a bob-tail hoss. When I see dat, I dez good ez know'd dat de wil' lan' done been swap off, bekaze Marse Tumlin ain't got nothin' fer ter buy all dem things wid, an' I tell you right now, suh, I wuz rank mad, kaze what we want wid any ol' bob-tail hoss? De sorghum mought do, an' de dram kin be put up wid, an' de terbarker got some comfort in it, but what de name er goodness we gwine ter to wid dat ol' hoss, when we ain't got hardly nuff vittles fer ter feed ourse'f wid? Dat what I ax

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Miss Vallie, an' she say right pine-blank she dunno.

"Well, suh, it's de Lord's trufe, I wuz dat mad I dunner what I say, an' I want keerin' nudder, bekaze I know how we had ter pinch an' squeeze fer ter git 'long in dis house. But I went 'bout gittin' supper, an' bimeby, Hamp, he come, an' I tol' him 'bout de ol' bob-tail hoss, an' he went out an' look at 'im. Atter while, here he come back laughin'. I say, 'You well ter laugh at dat ol' hoss.' He 'low, 'I aint laughin' at de hoss. I'm laughin' at you. Gal, dat de finest hoss what ever put foot on de groun' in dis town. Dat's Marse Paul Conant's trottin' hoss. He'll fetch fi' hunder'd dollars any day. What he doin' here?' I up an' tol' 'im all I know'd, an' he shuck his head, he 'low, 'Gal, you lay low. Dey's sump'n n'er behime all dat.'

"What Hamp say sorter make me put on my studyin'-cap; but when you come ter look at it, suh, dey wan't nothin' 'tall fer me ter study 'bout. All I had ter do was ter try ter fin' out what wuz behime it, an' let it go at dat. When Marse Tumlin come home ter supper, I know'd sump'n wuz de matter wid 'im. I know'd it by his looks, suh. It's sorter wid folks like 'tis wid chillun. Ef you keer sump'n 'bout um you'll watch der motions, and ef you watch der motions dey don't hatter tell you when sump'n de matter. He come in so easy, suh, dat Miss Vallie aint hear 'im, but I hear de do' screak, an' I know'd 'twuz him. We wuz talkin' an' gwine on at a mighty rate, an' I know'd he done stop ter lis'n.

"Miss Vallie, she 'low she speck somebody made 'im a present er dem ar things. I say, 'Uh-uh, honey! don't you fool yo'se'f. Nobody ain't gwine ter do dat. Our folks ain't no mo' like dey used ter wuz, dan crab apples is like plums. Dey done come ter dat pass dat whatsomever dey gits their han's on dey 'fuse ter turn it loose. All un um 'cep' Marse Tumlin Perdue. Dey ain't no tellin' what he gun fer all dat trash. *Trash!* Hit's wuss'n trash! I wish you'd go out dar an' look at dat ol' bob-tail hoss. Why dat ol' hoss wuz stove up long 'fo' de war. By rights he ought ter be in de bone-yard dis ve'y minnit. He won't be here two whole days 'fo' you'll see de buzzards lined up out dar on de back fence waitin', an' dey won't hatter wait long nudder. Ef dey sen' any corn here fer

"Dat money ain't gwine ter las' when you buy dat kin' er doin's."—Page 695.

ter feed dat bag er bones wid, I'll parch it an' eat it myse'f 'fo' he shall have it. Ef anybody speck I'm gwine ter ten' ter dat ol' frame, deyer speckin' wid de wrong specks. I tell you dat right now.'

"All dis time Marse Tumlin wuz stan'in' out in de hall lis'nin'. Miss Vallie talk mighty sweet 'bout it. She say, 'Ef dey aint nobody else ter ten' de hoss, reckin I kin do it.' I low, 'My life er me, honey! de nex' news you know you'll be hirin' out ter de liberty stable.'

"Well, suh, my talk 'gun ter git so hot dat Marse Tumlin des' had ter make a fuss. He fumbled wid de do' knob, an' den come walkin' down de hall, an' by dat time I was in de dinin'-room. I walk

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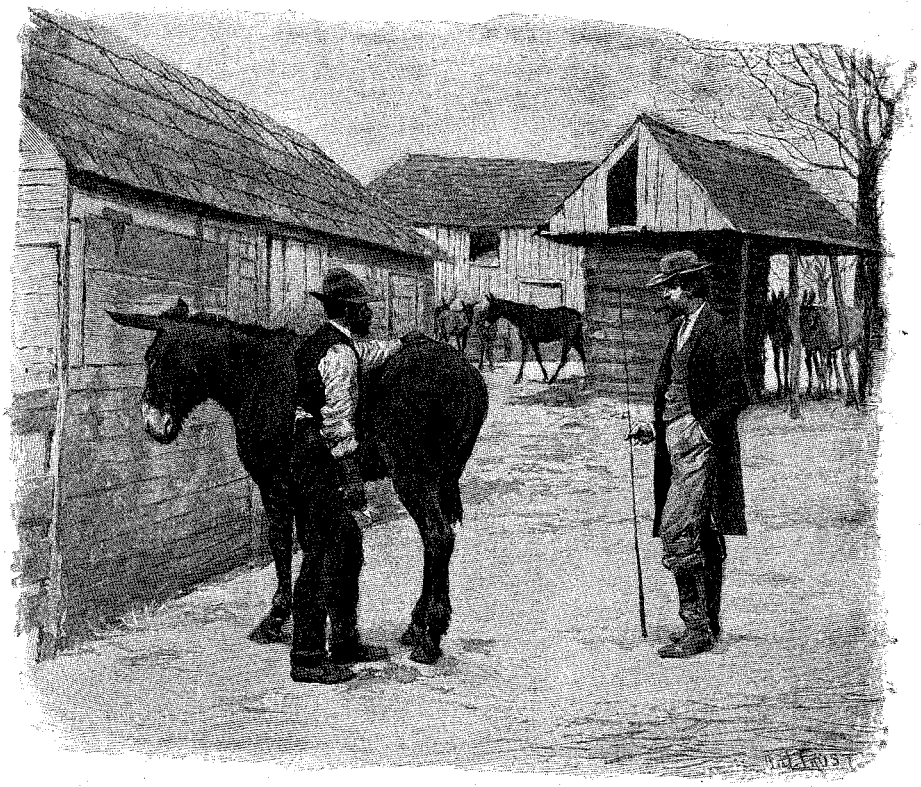

Trimmin' Up de Ol' Mules.—Page 695.

mighty light, bekaze ef he say anything I want ter hear it. You can't call it eave-drappin', suh; hit look like ter me dat 'twuz ez much my business ez 'twuz dern, an' I aint never got dat idee out'n my head down ter dis day.

"But Marse Tumlin ain't say nothin', 'cep' fer ter ax Miss Vallie ef she feelin' well, an' how eve'ything wuz, but de minnit I hear 'im open his mouf I know'd he had trouble on his min'. I can't tell you how I know'd it, suh, but dar 'twuz. Look like he tried to hide it, bekaze he tol' a whole lot of funny tales 'bout folks, an' 'twant long befo' he had Miss Vallie laughin' fit ter kill. But he ain't fool me, suh.

"Bimeby, Miss Vallie, she come in de dinin'-room fer ter look atter settin' de table, bekaze fum a little gal she allers like ter have de dishes fix des so. She wuz sorter hummin' a chune, like she ain't want' ter talk, but I ain't let dat stan' in my way.

"I 'low, 'I wish eve'ybody wuz like dat Mr. Paul Conant. I bet you right now he been down-town dar all day makin' money han' over fist, des ez fast ez he can rake it in. I know it, kaze I does his washin' and cleans up his room fer 'im.'

"Miss Vallie say, 'Well what uv it? Money don't make 'im no better'n anybody else.' I 'low, 'Hit don't make 'im no wuss; an' den, 'sides dat, he ain't gwine to let nobody swindle 'im.'

"By dat time, I hatter go out an' fetch supper in, an' 'taint take me no time, bekaze I wuz des' achin' fer ter hear how Marse Tumlin come by dem ar contraptions an' contrivances. An' I stayed in dar ter wait on de table, which it ain't need no waitin' on.

"Atter while, I 'low, 'Marse Tumlin, I like ter forgot ter tell you—yo' things done come.' He say, 'What things, Minervy Ann?' I 'low, 'Dem ar contraptions, an dat ar bob-tail hoss. He look mighty lean an' hongry, de hoss do, but Hamp he say dat's bekaze he's a high-bred hoss. He say dem ar high-bred hosses won't take on no fat, no matter how much you feed um.'

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"Marse Tumlin sorter drum on de table. Atter while he 'low, 'Dey done come, is dey, Minervy Ann?' I say, 'Yasser, dey er here right now. Hamp puts it down dat dat ar hoss one er de gayliest creatures what ever make a track in dis town.'

"Well, suh, 'taint no use ter tell you what else wuz said, kaze 'twant much. I seed dat Marse Tumlin want gwine ter talk 'bout it, on account er bein' 'fear'd he'd hurt Miss Vallie's feelin's ef he tol' 'er dat he done swap off all dat wil' lan' fer dem ar things an' dat ar bob-tail hoss. Dat what he done. Yasser! I hear 'im sesso atterwards. He swap it off ter Marse Paul Conant.

"I thank my Lord it come out all right, but it come mighty nigh bein' de ruination er de fambly."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"Dat what I'm gwine ter tell you, suh. Right after supper dat night, Marse Tumlin say he got ter go down town fer ter see a man on some business, an' he ax me ef I won't stay in de house dar wid Miss Vallie. 'Taint no trouble ter me, bekaze I'd 'a' been on de place anyhow, an' so when I got de kitchen cleaned up an' de things put away, I went back in de house whar Miss Vallie wuz at. Marse Tumlin wuz done gone.

"Miss Vallie, she sot at de table doin' some kind er rufflin', an' I sot back ag'in de wall in one er dem ar high-back cheers. What we said I'll never tell you, suh, bekaze I'm one er deze kinder folks what ain't no sooner set down an' git still dan day goes ter noddin'. Dat's me. Set me down in a cheer, high-back er low-back, an' I'm done gone! I kin set here on de step an' keep des ez wide-'wake ez a skeer'd rabbit, but set me down in a cheer—well, suh, I'd like ter see anybody keep me 'wake when dat's de case.

"Dar I sot in dat ar high-back cheer, Miss Vallie rufflin' an' flutin' sump'n, an' tryin' ter make me talk, an' my head rollin' 'roun' like my neck done broke. Bimeby, *blam! blam!* come on de do'. We got one er dem ar jinglin' bells now, suh, but in dem times we had a knocker, an' it soun' like de roof fallin' in. I like ter jumped out'n my skin. Miss Vallie draped her conflutements an' 'low, 'What in de worl'! Aunt Minervy Ann, go ter de do'.'

"Well, suh, I went, but I ain't had no heart in it, bekaze I ain't know who it mought be, an' whar dey come fum, an' what dey want. But I went. 'Twuz me er Miss Vallie, an' I want gwine ter let dat chile go, not dat time er night, dough 'twant so mighty late.

"I open de do' on de crack, I did, an' 'low, 'Who dat?' Somebody make answer, 'Is de Major in, Aunt Minervy Ann?' an' I know'd right den it wuz Marse Paul Conant. An' it come over me dat he had sump'n ter do wid sendin' er dem con-

"She wuz cryin'—settin' dar cryin'."—Page 696.

traptions, mo' speshually dat ar bob-tail hoss. An' den, too, suh, lots quicker'n I kin tell it, hit come over me dat he been axin' me lots 'bout Miss Vallie. All come 'cross my min', suh, whiles I pullin' de do' open.

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"I low, I did, 'No, suh; Marse Tumlin gone down-town fer ter look atter some business, but he sho ter come back terreckly. Won't you come in, suh, an' wait fer 'im?' He sorter flung his head back an' laugh, saft like an' say, 'I don't keer ef I do, Aunt Minervy Ann.'

"I 'low 'Walk right in de parlor, suh, an' I'll make a light mos' 'fo' you kin turn 'roun'.' He come in, he did, an' I lit de lamp, an' time I lit 'er she 'gun ter smoke. Well, suh, he tuck dat lamp, run de wick up an' down a time er two, an' dar she wuz, bright ez day.

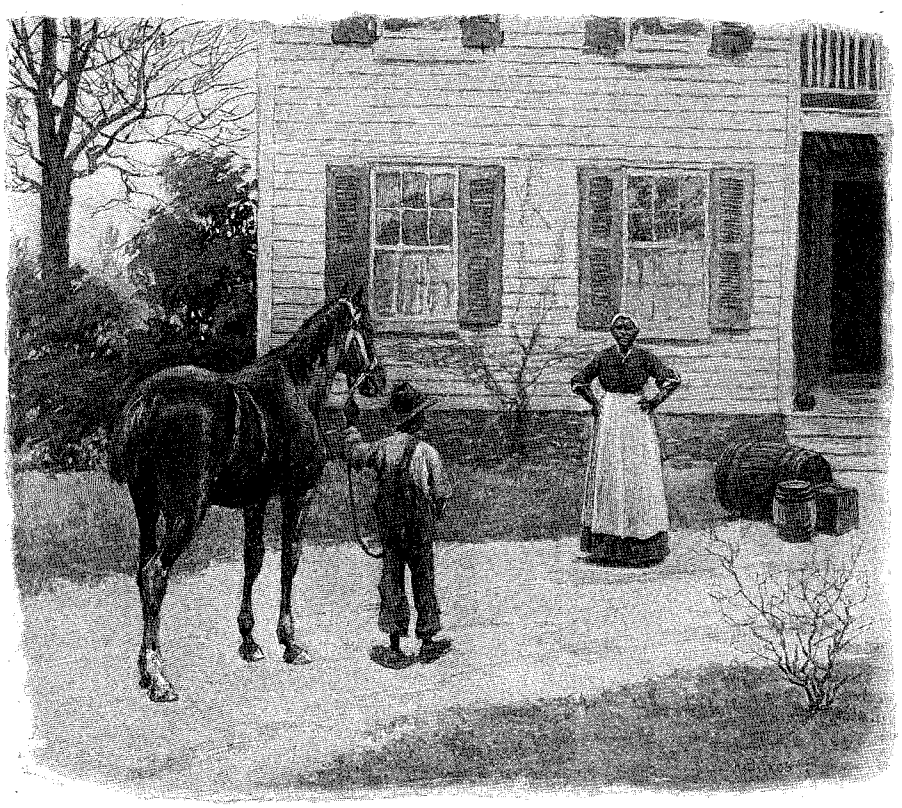
"When I went back in de room whar Miss Vallie wuz at, she wuz stan'in' dar lookin' skeer'd. She say, 'Who dat?' I 'low, 'Hit's Marse Paul Conant, dat's who 'tis.' She say, 'What he want?' I 'low, 'Nothin' much; he des come a-courtin'. Better jump up an' not keep 'im waitin'.'

"Well, suh, you could 'a' knock'd 'er down wid a fedder. She stood dar wid' 'er han' on 'er th'oat takin' short breffs des like a little bird does when it flies in de winder an' dunner how ter fly out ag'in.

"Bimeby, she say, 'Aunt Minervy Ann, you ought ter be 'shame or yo'se'f! I know dat man when I see 'im, an' dats all.' I 'low, 'Honey, you know mighty well he ain't come callin'. But he wanter see Marse Tumlin, an' dey ain't nothin' fer ter hender you fum gwine in dar an' makin' 'im feel at home whiles he waitin'.' She sorter study awhile, an' den she blush up. She say, 'I dunno whedder I ought ter.'

"Well, suh, dat settled it. I know'd by de way she look an' talk dat she don't need no mo' 'swadin'. I say, 'All right, honey, do ez you please; but it's yo' house; you er de mist'iss; an' it'll look mighty funny ef dat young man got ter set in dar by hisse'f an' look at de wall whiles he waitin' fer Marse Tumlin. I dunner what he'll say, kaze I ain't never hear 'im talk 'bout nobody; but I know mighty well he'll do a heap er thinkin'.'

"Des like I tell you, suh—she skipped



"Here come a nigger boy leadin' a bob-tail hoss."—Page 696.

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"He been axin' me lots 'bout Miss Vallie."—Page 699.

'round' dar, an' flung on 'er Sunday frock, shuck out 'er curls, an' sorter fumble' 'roun' wid some ribbons, an' dar she wuz, lookin' des ez fine ez a fiddle, ef not finer. Den she swep' inter de parlor, an', you mayn't b'lieve it, suh, but she mighty nigh tuck de man's breff 'way. Mon, she wuz purty, an' she aint do no mo' like deze eve'y-day gals dan nothin'. When she start 'way fum me, she wuz a gal. By de time she walk up de hall an' sweep in dat parlor, she wuz a grown 'oman. De blush what she had on at fust stayed wid 'er an' look like 't wuz er natchual color, an' her eyes shine, suh, like she had fire in um. I peeped at 'er, suh, fum behime de curtains in de settin'-room, an' I know what I'm talkin' 'bout. It's de Lord's trufe, suh, ef de men folks could tote derse'f like de wimmen, an' do one way whiles dey feelin' annuder way, dey wouldn't be no livin' in de worl'. You take a school gal, suh, an' she kin fool de smartest man what ever trod shoe leather. He may talk wid 'er all day an' half de night, an' he never is ter fin' out what she thinkin' 'bout. Sometimes de gals fools deyse'f, suh, but dat's mighty seldom.

"I dunner what all dey say, kaze I ain't been in dar so mighty long fo' I wuz noddin', but I did hear Marse Paul say he des drapt in fer 'pollygize 'bout a little joke he played on Marse Tumlin. Miss Vallie ax what wuz de joke, an' he 'low dat Marse Tumlin wuz banterin' folks fer ter buy his wil' lan'; and Marse Paul ax 'im what he take fer it, an' Marse Tumlin 'low he'll take anything what he can chaw, sop, er drink. Dem wuz de words—chaw, sop, er drink. Wid dat, Marse Paul say he'd gi' 'im a box er terbarker, a bairl er syr'p, an' a kaig er peach brandy an' th'ow in his buggy-hoss fer good medjer. Marse Tumlin say 'done' an' dey shuck han's on it. Dat what Marse Paul tol' Miss Vallie, an he 'low he des done it fer fun, kaze he done looked inter dat wil' lan', an' he low she's wuff a pile er money.

"Well, suh, 'bout dat time, I 'gun ter nod, an' de fus news I knew'd Miss Vallie wuz whackin' 'way on de peanner, an' it look like ter me she wuz des tryin' 'erse'f. By dat time, dey wuz gettin' right chummy, an' so I des curl up on de flo', an' dream dat de peanner chunes wuz comin' out'n a bairl des like 'lasses.

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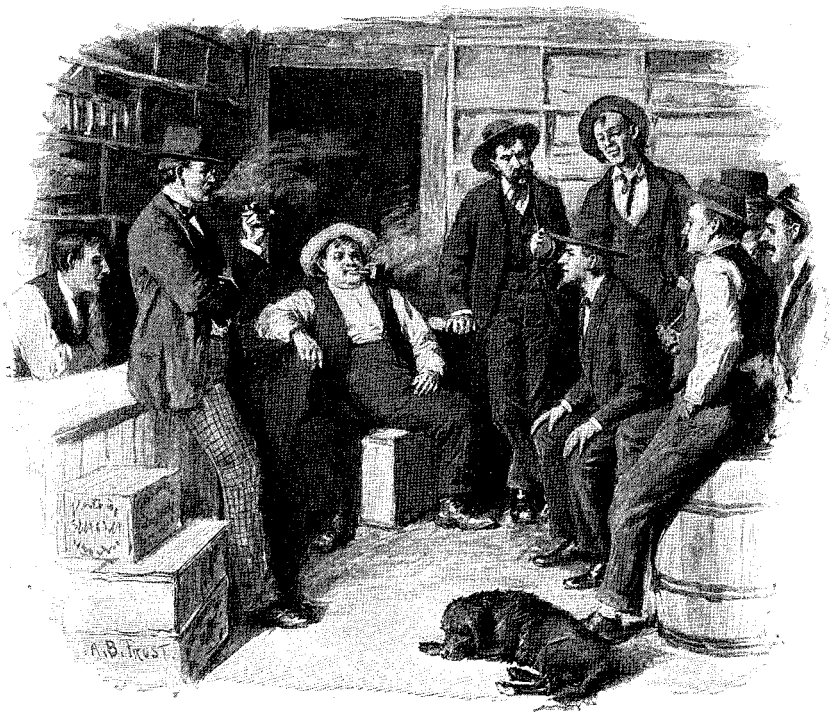

"Marse Tumlin 'low he'll take anything what he can chaw, sop, er drink."—Page 701.

"When I waked up, Marse Paul Conant done gone, an' Marse Tumlin ain't come, an' Miss Vallie wuz settin' dar in de parlor lookin' up at de ceilin' like she got some mighty long thoughts. Her color wuz still up. I look at 'er an' laugh, an' she made a mouf at me, an' I say ter myse'f, 'Hey! sump'n de matter here, sho,' but I say out loud 'Marse Paul Conant sho gwine ter ax me ef you ain't had a dram.' She laugh an' say, 'What answer you gwine ter make?' I 'low, 'I'll bow an' say, 'No, suh; I'm de one dat drinks all de dram fer de fambly.'

"Well, suh, dat chile sot in ter laughin', an' she laugh an' laugh twel she went inter highsterics. She wuz keyed up too high, ez you mought say, an' dat's de way she come down ag'in. Bimeby, Marse Tumlin come, an' Miss Vallie, she tol' 'm 'bout how Marse Paul done been dar; an' he sot dar, he did, an' hummed an' haw'd, an' done so funny dat, bimeby, I 'low, 'Well, folks, I'll hatter tell you good-night,' an' wid dat I went out."

At this point Aunt Minervy leaned forward, clasped her hands over her knees, and shook her head. When she took up the thread of her narrative, if it can be called such, the tone of her voice was more subdued, almost confidential in fact.

"Nex' mornin' wuz my wash-day, suh, an' 'bout ten o'clock, when I got ready, dey want no bluin' in de house an' mighty little soap. I hunted high an' I hunted low, but no bluin' kin I fin'. An' dat make me mad, bekaze ef I hatter go down-town atter de bluin', my wash-day'll be broke inter. But 'taint no good fer ter git mad, bekaze I wuz bleedz ter go atter de bluin'. So I tighten up my head-hankcher, an' flung a cape on my shoulders an' put out.

"I speck you know how 'tis, suh. You can't go down-town but what you'll see nigger wimmen stan'in' out in de front yards lookin' over de palin's. Dey all know'd me an' I know'd dem, an' de las' blessed one un um hatter hail me ez I go by, an' I hatter stop an' pass de time er day, kaze ef I'd 'a' whipt on by, dey'd 'a' said I wuz gwine back bofe on my church an' on my color. I dunner how long dey kep' me, but time I got ter Proctor's sto', I know'd I'd been on de way too long.

"I notice a crowd er men out dar, some settin' and some stan'in, but I run'd in, I did,

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an' de young man what do de clerkin', he foller me in an' ax what I want. I say I want a dime's wuff er bluin' an' fer ter please, suh, wrop it up des ez quick es he kin. I tuck notice dat while he wuz gittin' it out'n de box, he sorter stop like he lis'nin' an' den, ag'in, whiles he had it in de scoop des ready fer ter drap it in de scales, he helt his han' an' wait. Den I know'd he wuz lis'nin'.

"Dat makes me lis'n, an' den I hear Marse Tumlin talkin', an' time I hear 'im I know'd he wuz errytated. 'Twant bekaze he wuz talkin' loud, suh, but 'twuz bekaze he wuz talkin' level. When he talk loud, he feelin' good. When he talk wil' lan' fer a little er nothin'. He'll swindle you ef you trade wid 'im, an' you done trade wid 'im.' Marse Tumlin, 'low, 'Is Paul Conant ever swindle *you?*' Tom Perryman say, 'No, he ain't, an' ef he wuz ter I'd give 'im a kickin'.' Marse Tumlin low, 'Well, you know you is a swindler, an' nobody aint never kick you. How come dat?' Tom Perryman say, 'Ef you say I'm a swindler, you're a liar.'

"Well, suh, de man ain't no sooner say dat dan *bang!* went Marse Tumlin's pistol, an' des ez it banged Marse Paul Conant run 'twix um, an' de ball went right spang thoo de collar-bone an' sorter sideways thoo de p'int er de shoulder-blade. Marse

"I hatter stop an' pass de time er day."—Page 702.

low, an' one word soun' same ez anudder, den somebody better git out'n his way. I lef' de counter an' step ter de do' fer ter see what de matter wuz betwixt um.

"Well, suh, dar wuz Marse Tumlin stan'in dar close ter Tom Perryman. Marse Tumlin, low, 'Maybe de law done 'pinted you my gyardeen. How you know I been swindled?' Tom Perryman say, 'Bekaze I hear you say he bought yo' Tumlin drapt his pistol an' cotch 'im ez he fell an' knelt down dar by 'im, an' all de time dat ar Tom Perryman wus stan'in' right over um wid his pistol in his han'. I squall out, I did, 'Whyn't some er you white men take dat man' pistol 'way fum 'im? Don't you see what he fixin' ter do?'

"I run'd at 'im, an' he sorter flung back wid his arm, an' when he done dat somebody grab 'im fum behime. All dat time

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"Hunt up an' down fer dat ar Tom Perryman."

Marse Tumlin wuz axin' Marse Paul Conant ef he hurt much. I hear 'im say, 'I wouldn't 'a' done it fer de worl', Conant —not fer de worl'.' Den de doctor, he come up, an' Marse Tumlin, he pester de man twel he hear 'im say, 'Don't worry, Major; dis boy'll live ter be a older man dan you ever will.' Den Marse Tumlin got his pistol an' hunt up an' down fer dat ar Tom Perryman, but he done gone. I seed 'im when he got on his hoss.

"I say to Marse Tumlin, 'Ain't you des ez well ter fetch Marse Paul Conant home whar we all kin take keer uv 'im?' He 'low, 'Dat's a *fack*. Go home an' tell yo' Miss Vallie fer ter have de big room fixed up time we git dar wid 'im.' I say, 'Humph! I'll fix it myse'f; I know I ain't gwine ter let Miss Vallie do it.'

"Well, suh, 'tain't no use fer ter tell yer de rest. Dar's dat ar baby in dar, an' what mo' sign does you want ter show you dat it all turned out des like one er dem ol'-time tales?"

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THE SHIP OF STARS

By A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Q.)

XI

LIZZIE REDEEMS HER DOLL AND HONORIA THROWS A STONE

A BROAD terrace ran along the southern front of Tredinnis House. It had once been decorated with leaden statues, but of these only the pedestals remained.

Honoria, perched on the terrace-wall, with her legs dangling, was making imaginary casts with a trout-rod, when she heard footsteps. A child came timidly round the angle of the big house—Lizzie Pezzack.

"Hullo! What do you want?"

"If you please, miss——"

"Well?"

"If you please, miss——"

"You've said that twice."

Lizzie held out a grubby palm with a half-crown in it: "I wants my doll back, if you please, miss."

"But you sold it."

"I didn't mean to. You took me so sudden."

"I gave you ever so much more than it was worth. Why I don't believe it cost you three ha'pence!"

"Tuppence," said Lizzie.

"Then you don't know when you're well off. Go away."

"'Tisn' that, miss——"

"What is it, then?"

Lizzie broke into a flood of tears.

Honoria, the younger by a year or so, stood and eyed her scornfully; then turning on her heel marched into the house.

She was a just child. She went upstairs to her bed-room, unlocked her wardrobe, and took out the doll, which was clad in blue silk and reposed in a dog-trough lined with the same material. Honoria had recklessly cut up two handkerchiefs (for underclothing) and her Sunday sash, and had made the garments in secret. They were prodigies of bad needlework. With the face of a Medea she stripped the poor thing, took it in her arms as if to kiss it, but checked herself sternly. She descended to the terrace with the doll in one hand and its original calico smock in the other.

"There, take your twopenny baby!"

Lizzy caught and strained it to her breast; covered its poor nakedness hurriedly and hugged it again with passionate kisses.

"You silly! Did you come all this way by yourself?"

Lizzie nodded. "Father thinks I'm home, minding house. He's off duty this evening and he walked over here to the Bryanite Chapel, up to Four Turnings. There's going to be a big Prayer Meeting to-night. When his back was turned I slipped out after him, so as to keep him in sight across the towans."

"Why?"

"I'm terrible timid. I can't bear to walk across the towans by myself. You can't see where you be—they're so much alike—and it makes a person feel lost. There's so many bones, too."

"Dead rabbits."

"Yes, and dead folks, I've heard father say."

"Well, you'll have to go back alone, any way."

She hugged the doll. "I don't mind so much, now. I'll keep along by the sea, and run, and only open my eyes now and then. Here's your money, miss."

She went off at a run. Honoria pocketed the half-crown and went back to her fly-fishing. But, after a few casts, she desisted, and took her rod to pieces, slowly. The afternoon was hot and sultry. She sat down in the shadow of the balustrade and gazed at the long, blank façade of the house, baking in the sun; at the tall, uncurtained windows; at the peacock stalking to and fro like a drowsy sentinel.

"You are a beast of a house," she said,

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contemplatively; "and I hate every stone of you!"

She stood up and strolled toward the stables. The stable-yard was empty but for the Gordon setter dozing by the pump-trough. Across from the kitchens came the sound of the servants' voices chattering. Honoria had never made friends with the servants.

She tilted her straw hat farther over her eyes, and sauntered up the drive with her hands behind her; through the great gates and out upon the towans. She had started with no particular purpose, and had none in her mind when she came in sight of the Parsonage, and of Humility seated in the doorway, with her lace pillow across her knees.

It had been the custom among the women of Beer Village to work in their doorways on sunny afternoons, and Humility followed it.

She looked up, smiling. "Taffy is down by the shore, I think."

"I didn't come to look for him. What beautiful work!"

"It comes in handy. Won't you step inside, and let me make you a cup of tea?"

"No, I'll sit here and watch you." Humility pulled in her skirts and Honoria found room on the doorstep beside her. "Please don't stop. It's wonderful. Now I know where Taffy gets his cleverness."

"You are quite wrong. This is only a knack. All his cleverness comes from his father."

"Oh, books! Of course, Mr. Raymond knows all about books. He's writing one, isn't he?"

Mrs. Raymond nodded.

"What about?"

"It's about St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews; in Greek, you know. He has been working at it for years."

"And he's indoors working at it now? What funny things men do!" She was silent for awhile, watching Humility's bobbins. "But I suppose it doesn't matter just *what* they do. The great thing is to do it better than anyone else. Does Mr. Raymond think Taffy clever?"

"He never talks about it."

"But he *thinks* so. I know; because at lessons when he says anything to Taffy its quite different from the way he talks to George and me. He doesn't favor him, of course; he's too much fair. But there's a difference. It's as if he *expected* Taffy to understand. Did Mr. Raymond teach him all those stories he knows?"

"What stories?"

"Fairy-tales and that sort of thing."

"Good gracious me, no!"

"Then *you* must have. And you *are* clever, after all. Asking me to believe you're not, and making that beautiful lace all the while, under my very eyes!"

"I'm not a bit clever. Here's the pattern, you see, and there's the thread, and the rest is only practice. I couldn't make the pattern out of my head. Besides, I don't like clever women."

"A woman must try to be *something*." Honoria felt that this was vague, but wanted to argue.

"A woman wants to be loved," said Mrs. Raymond, thoughtfully. "There's such a heap to be done about the house that she won't find time for much else. Besides, if she has children, she'll be planning for them."

"Isn't that rather slow?"

Humility wondered where the child had picked up the word. "Slow?" she echoed, with her eyes on the horizon beyond the dunes. "Most things are slow when you look forward to them."

"But these fairy-tales of yours?"

"I'll tell you about them. When my mother was a girl of sixteen, she went into service as a nurse-maid in a clergyman's family. Every evening the clergyman used to come into the nursery and tell the children a fairy-tale. That's how it started. My mother left service to marry a farmer—it was quite a grand match for her—and when I was a baby she told the stories to me. She has a wonderful memory still, and she tells them capitally. When I listen, I believe every word of them; I like them better than books, too, because they always end happily. But I can't repeat them a bit. As soon as I begin they fall to pieces, and the pieces get mixed up, and, worst of all, the life goes right out of them. But Taffy, he takes the pieces and puts them together, and the tale is better than ever: quite different, and new, too. That's the puzzle. It's not memory with him; it's something else."

"But don't you ever make up a story of your own?" Honoria insisted.

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Now you might talk with Mrs. Raymond for ten minutes, perhaps, and think her a simpleton; and then suddenly a cloud (as it were) parted, and you found yourself gazing into depths of clear and beautiful wisdom.

She turned on Honoria with a shy, adorable smile:

"Why, of course I do—about Taffy. Come in and let me show you his room and his books."

An hour later when Taffy returned he found Honoria seated at the table and his mother pouring tea. They said nothing about their visit to his room; and though they had handled every one of his treasures, he never discovered it. But he did notice—or rather, he felt—that the two understood each other. They did: and it was an understanding he would never be able to share, though he lived to be a hundred.

Mr. Raymond came out from his study and drank his tea in silence. Honoria observed that he blinked a good deal. He showed no surprise at her visit and after a moment seemed unaware of her presence. At length he raised the cup to his lips and finding it empty set it down and rose to go back to his work. Humility interfered and reminded him of a call to be paid at one of the upland farms. The children might go too, she suggested. It would be a very little distance out of Honoria's way.

Mr. Raymond sighed, but went for his walking-stick; and they set out.

When they reached the farm-house he left the children outside. The town-place was admirably suited for a game of "Follow-my-leader," which they played for twenty minutes with great seriousness, to the disgust of the roosting poultry. Then Taffy spied a niche, high up, where a slice had been cut out of a last year's haystack, and fetched a ladder. Up they climbed, drew the ladder after them, and played at being Outlaws in a Cave, until the dusk fell.

Still Mr. Raymond lingered indoors. "He thinks we have gone home," said Honoria. "Now the thing would be to creep down and steal one of the fowls, and bring it back and cook it."

"We can make believe to do it," Taffy suggested.

Honoria considered for a moment. "I'll tell you what: there's a great Bryanite meeting, to-night, down at the Chapel. I expect there'll be a devil hunt."

"What's that?"

"They turn out the lights and hunt for him in the dark."

"But he isn't *really* there."

"I don't know. Suppose we play at scouts and creep down the road? If the Chapel is lit up we can spy in on them; and then you can squeeze your nose on the glass and make a face, while I say 'Boo!' and they'll think the Old Gentleman is really come."

They stole down the ladder and out of the town-place. The Chapel stood three-quarters of a mile away, on a turfed wastrel where two highroads met and crossed.

Long before they reached it, they heard clamorous voices and groans.

"I expect the devil hunt has begun," said Honoria. But when they came in sight of the building, its windows were brightly lit. The noise inside was terrific.

The two children approached it with all the precaution proper to scouts. Suddenly the clamor ceased, and the evening fell so silent that Taffy heard the note of an owl away in the Tredinnis plantations to his left. This silence was daunting, but they crept on and soon were standing in the illuminated ring of furze whins which surrounded the Chapel.

"Can you reach up to look in?"

Taffy could not; so Honoria obligingly went on hands and knees, and he stood on her back.

"Can you see? What's the matter?"

Taffy gasped. "*He's* in there!"

"What?—the Old Gentleman?"

"Yes; no—your grandfather!"

"What? Let me get up. Here, you kneel——"

It was true. Under the rays of a paraffin lamp, in face of the kneeling congregation, sat Squire Moyle; his body stiffly upright on the bench, his jaws rigid, his eyes, with horror in them, fastened upon the very window through which Honoria peered—fastened, it seemed to her, upon her face. But, no; he saw nothing. The Bryanites were praying; Honoria saw their lips moving. Their eyes were all on the old man's face. In the straining silence his mouth opened—but

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only for a moment—while his tongue wetted his parched lips.

A man by the pulpit-stairs shuffled his feet. A sigh passed through the Chapel as he rose and relaxed the tension. It was Jacky Pascoe. He stepped up to the Squire, and, laying a hand on his shoulder, said, gently, persuasively, yet so clearly that Honoria could hear every word:

"Try, brother. Keep on trying. O, I've knowed cases—. You can never tell how near salvation is. One minute the heart's like a stone, and the next maybe 'tis melted and singing like fat in a pan. 'Tis working! 'tis working!"

The congregation broke out with cries: "Amen!" "Glory, glory!" The Squire's lips moved and he muttered something. But stony despair sat in his eyes.

"Ay, glory, glory! You've been a doubter, and you doubt no longer. Soon you'll be a shouter. Man, you'll dance like as David danced before the ark! You'll feel it in your toes! Come along, friends, while he's resting a minute! Sing all together—Oh, the blessed peace of it!"——

I long to be there, His glory to share——

He pitched the note, and the congregation took up the second line with a rolling, gathering volume of song. It broke on the night like the footfall of a regiment at charge. Honoria scrambled off Taffy's back, and the two slipped away to the highroad.

"Shall you tell your father?"

"I—I don't know."

She stooped and found a loose stone. "He sha'n't find salvation to-night," she said, heroically.

As the stone crashed through the window, the two children pelted off. They ran on the soft turf by the wayside, and only halted to listen when they reached Tredinnis's great gates. The sound of feet running, far up the road, set them off again, but now in opposite ways. Honoria sped down the avenue, and Taffy headed for the Parsonage, across the Towans. Ordinarily, this road at night would have been full of terrors for him; but now the fear at his heels kept him going, while his heart thumped on his ribs. He was just beginning to feel secure, when he blundered against a dark figure which seemed to rise straight out of the night.

"Hullo!"

Blessed voice! The wayfarer was his own father.

"Taffy! I thought you were home an hour ago. Where on earth have you been?"

"With Honoria." He was about to say more, but checked himself. "I left her at the top of the avenue," he explained.

XII

TAFFY'S CHILDHOOD COMES TO AN END

THE summer passed. There was a talk in the early part of it that the Bishop would be coming, next spring, to consecrate the restored church and hold a confirmation service. Taffy and Honoria were to be confirmed, and early in August Mr. Raymond began to set apart an hour each day for preparing them. In a week or two the boy's head was full of religion. He spent much of his time in the church, watching the carpenter at work upon the new seats; his mind ran on the story of Samuel, and he wished his mother had followed Hannah's example and dedicated him to God; he had a suspicion that God would be angry with her for not doing so.

He did not observe that, as the autumn crept on, a shadow gathered on Humility's face. One Sunday the old Squire did not come to church; and again on the next Wednesday, at the harvest festival, Honoria sat alone in the Tredinnis pew. The shadow was on his mother's face as he chattered about this on their way home to the Parsonage; but the boy did not perceive it. He loved his parents, but their lives lay outside his own, and their sayings and doings passed him by like a vain show. He walked in the separate world of childhood, and it seemed an enormous world yet, though a few weeks were to bring him abruptly to the end of it.

But just before he came to the precipice he was given a glimpse of the real world—and of a world beyond that, far

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more splendid and romantic than any region of his dreams.

The children had no lessons during Christmas, or for three weeks after. On the last morning before the holidays, George brought a letter for Mr. Raymond, who read it, considered for awhile, and laid it among his papers.

"It's an invitation," George announced, in a whisper. "I wonder if he'll let you come."

"Where?" whispered Taffy.

"Up to Plymouth—to the Pantomime."

"What's that?"

"Oh—clowns, and girls dressed up like boys, and policemen on slides, and that sort of thing."

Taffy sat bewildered. He vaguely remembered Plymouth as a mass of roofs seen from the train, as it drew up for a minute or two on a high bridge. Someone in the railway carriage had talked of an engine called *Brutus*, which (it appeared) had lately run away and crashed into the cloak-room at the end of the platform. He still thought of railway engines as big, blundering animals, with wills of their own, and of Plymouth as a town rendered insecure by their vagaries; but the idea that its roofs covered girls dressed up like boys and policemen on slides was new to him, and pleasant on the whole, though daunting.

"Will you give my thanks to Sir Harry," said Mr. Raymond after lessons; "and tell him that Taffy may go."

So on New Year's Day Taffy found himself in Plymouth. It was an experience which he could never fit into his life except as a gaudy interlude; for when he awoke and looked back upon it, he was no longer the boy who had climbed up beside Sir Harry and behind Sir Harry's restless pair of bays. The whirl began with that drive to the station; began again in the train; began again as they stepped out on the pavement at Plymouth, just as a company of scarlet-coated soldiers came down the roadway with a din of brazen music. The crowd, the shops, the vast size of the hotel, completely dazed him, and he seriously accepted the waiter, in his black suit and big white shirt-front, as a contribution to the fun of the entertainment.

"We must dine early," Sir Harry announced at lunch; "The Pantomime begins at seven."

"Isn't—isn't this the Pantomime?" Taffy stammered.

George giggled. Sir Harry set down his glass of claret, stared at the boy and broke into musical laughter. Taffy perceived he had made some ridiculous mistake and blushed furiously.

"God bless the child—Pantomime's at the theatre!"

"Oh!" Taffy recalled the canvas booth and wheezy cornet of his early days with a faint chill of disappointment.

But with George at his side it was impossible to be anything but happy. After lunch they sallied out, and it would have been hard to choose the gayest of the three. Sir Harry's radiant good-temper seemed to gild the streets. He took the boys up to the Hoe and pointed out the war-ships; he whisked them into the Camera Obscura; thence to the Citadel, where they watched a squad of recruits at drill; thence to the Barbican, where the trawling-fleet lay packed like herring, and the shops were full of rope and oil-skin suits and marine instruments, and dirty children rolled about the roadway between the legs of seabooted fishermen; and so up to the town again, where he lingered in the most obliging manner while the boys stared into the fishing-tackle shops and toy shops. On the way he led them up a narrow passage and into a curious room, where fifteen or twenty men were drinking, and talking at the top of their voices. The most of them seemed to know Sir Harry well and greeted him with an odd mixture of respect and familiarity. Their talk was full of mysterious names and expressions, and Taffy thought at first they must be free-masons. 'Something or other was a walk-over for the Milkman; Lapidary was scratched, which left it a soft thing, unless Sir Harry fancied Nursery Governess at nine-stone-eight, in which case Billy behind the bar would do as much business as he liked at six-to-one'—and so forth. After awhile Taffy discovered they were talking about horses, and wondered why they should meet to discuss horses in a dingy room up a back yard. "Youngster of yours is growin', Surrarry," said a red-faced man. "Who's his stable companion?" Taffy

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was introduced, and to his embarrassment Sir Harry began to relate his ridiculous mistake at lunch. The men roared with laughter.

He made another, quite as ridiculous, at the pastry-cook's where Sir Harry ordered tea. "What'll you take with it? Call for what you like, only don't poison yourselves." Taffy referring his gaze from the buns and confections on the counter to the card in his hands, which was inscribed with words in unknown tongues, made a bold plunge and announced that he would take a "*marasheno.*"

This tickled Sir Harry mightily. He ordered the waitress with a wink to "bring the young gentleman a *marasheno;*" and Taffy, who had expected something in the shape of a macaroon, was confronted with a tiny glass of a pale liquor which, when tasted, in the most surprising manner put sunshine into his stomach and brought tears into his eyes. But under Sir Harry's quizzical gaze he swallowed it down bravely and sat gasping and blinking.

It may have been that the maraschino induced a haze upon the rest of the afternoon. The gas-lamps were lit when they left the pastry-cook's and entered a haberdasher's where Taffy, without knowing why, was fitted with a pair of white kid gloves. Of dinner at the hotel he remembered nothing except that the candles on the tables had red shades, of which the silverware gave funny reflections; that the same waiter flitted about in the penumbra; and that Sir Harry, who was dressed like the waiter, said, "Wake up, young Marasheno! Do you take your coffee black?" "It's usually light brown at home," answered Taffy; at which Sir Harry laughed again. "Black will suit you better tonight," he said, and poured out a small cupful which Taffy drank and found exceedingly nasty. And a moment later he was wide awake, and the three were following a young woman along a passage which seemed to run in a complete circle. The young woman flung open a door; they entered a little room with a balcony in front; and the first glorious vision broke on the child with a blaze of light, a crash of music and the murmur of hundreds of voices.

Faces, faces, faces!—faces mounting from the pit below him, up and up to the sky-blue ceiling, where painted goddesses danced and scattered pink roses around the enormous gasalier. Fauns piping on the great curtain, fiddles sawing in the orchestra beneath, ladies in gay silks and jewels leaning over the gilt balconies opposite—which were real, and which a vision only? He turned helplessly to George and Sir Harry. Yes, *they* were real. But what of Nannizabuloe, and the sand-hills, and the little parsonage to which that very morning he had turned to wave his handkerchief?

A bell rang, and the curtain rose upon a company of russet-brown elves dancing in a green wood. The play was "Jack the Giant-killer;" but Taffy, who knew the story in the book by heart, found the story on the stage almost meaningless. That mattered nothing; it was the world—the new and unimagined world, stretching deeper and still deeper as the scenes were lifted—a world in which solid walls crumbled, and forests melted, and loveliness broke through the ruins, unfolding like a rose; it was this that seized on the child's heart until he could have wept for its mere beauty. Often he had sought out the trout-pools on the moors behind the towans and lying at full length had watched the fish moving between the stones and water-plants; and watching through a summer's afternoon had longed to change places with them and glide through their grottoes or anchor among the reed-stalks and let the ripple run over him. As long back as he could remember, all beautiful sights had awakened this ache, this longing—

> O, that I were where I would be!
> Then would I be where I am not;
> For where I am I would not be,
> And where I would be, I can not.

It seemed to him that these bright beings on the stage had broken through the barriers, had stepped beyond the flaming ramparts, and were happy. Their horse-play, at which George laughed so immoderately, called to Taffy to come and be happy, too; and when Jack the Giant-killer changed to Jack in the Beanstalk, and when in the Transformation Scene a real beanstalk grew and unfolded its leaves, and each leaf revealed a fairy seated, with the limelight flashing on star and jewelled

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wand, the longing became unbearable. The scene passed in a minute. The clown and pantaloon came on, and presently Sir Harry saw Taffy's shoulders shaking, and set it down to laughter at the harlequinade. He could not see the child's face.

But, perhaps, the queerest event of the evening (when Taffy came to review his recollections) was this: He must have fallen into a stupor on leaving the theatre, for when he awoke he found himself on a couch in a gas-lit room, with George beside him, and Sir Harry was shaking him by the collar, and saying, "God bless the children, I thought they were in bed hours ago!" A man—the same who had talked about race horses that afternoon—was standing by the table, on which a quantity of cards lay scattered among the drinking glasses; and he laughed at this, and his laugh sounded just like the rustling of paper. "It's all very well—" began Sir Harry, but checked himself and lit a candle, and led the two boys off shivering to bed.

The next morning, too, had its surprises. To begin with, Sir Harry announced at breakfast that he must go and buy a horse. He might be an hour or two over this business, and meanwhile the boys had better go out into the town and enjoy themselves. Perhaps a sovereign apiece might help them.

Taffy, who had never in his life possessed more than a shilling, was staring at the gold piece in his hand, when the door opened, and Sir Harry's horse-racing friend came in to breakfast and nodded "Good-morning."

"Pity you're leaving to-day," he said, as he took his seat at a table hard by them.

"My revenge must wait," Sir Harry answered.

It seemed a cold-blooded thing to be said so carelessly. Taffy wondered if Sir Harry's search for a horse had anything to do with this revenge, and the notion haunted him in the intervals of his morning's shopping.

But how to lay out his sovereign? That was the first question. George, who within ten minutes had settled his own problem by purchasing a doubtful fox-terrier of the Boots of the hotel, saw no difficulty. The Boots had another pup for sale—one of the same litter.

"But I want something for mother, and the others—and Honoria."

"Botheration! I'd forgotten Honoria, and now the money's gone! Never mind; she can have my pup."

"Oh!" said Taffy, ruefully. "Then she won't think much of my present."

"Yes she will. Suppose you buy a collar for him—you can get one for five shillings."

They found a saddler's and chose the dog-collar, which came to four shillings; and for eighteen pence the shopman agreed to have "*Honoria from Taffy*," engraved on it within an hour. Humility's present was chosen with surprising ease—a large, framed photograph of the Bishop of Exeter; price, six shillings.

"I don't suppose," objected George, "your mother cares much for the Bishop of Exeter."

"Oh, yes, she does," said Taffy; "he's coming to confirm us next spring. Besides," he added, with one of those flashes of wisdom which surely he derived from her, "mother won't care what it is, so long as she's remembered. And it costs more than the collar."

This left him with eight-and-sixpence; and for three-and-sixpence he bought a work-box for his grandmother, with a view of Plymouth Hoe on the lid. But now came the crux. What should he get for his father?

"It must be a book," George suggested.

"But what kind of a book? He has so many."

"Something in Latin."

The bookseller's window was filled with yellow-backed novels and toy-books, which obviously would not do. So they marched in and demanded a book suitable for a clergyman who had a good many books already—"a middle-aged clergyman," George added.

"You can't go far wrong with this," suggested the bookseller, producing Crockford's "Clerical Directory" for the current year. But this was too expensive; "and," said Taffy, "I think he would rather have something in Latin. The bookseller rubbed his chin, went to his shelves, and took down a small *De Imitatione Christi*, bound in half-calf. "You can't go far wrong with this, either," he assured them. So Taffy paid down his money.

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Just as the boys reached the hotel, Sir Harry drove up in a cab; and five minutes later they were all rattling off to the railway station. Taffy eyed the cab-horse curiously, never doubting it to be Sir Harry's new purchase; and was extremely surprised when the cabman whipped it up and trotted off—after receiving his money, too. But in the bustle there was no time to ask questions.

It was about three in the afternoon, and the sun already low in the southwest, when they came in sight of the cross-roads and Sir Harry pulled up his bays. And there, on the green by the sign-post, stood Mrs. Raymond. She caught Taffy in her arms and hugged him till he felt ashamed, and glanced around to see if the others were looking; but the phaëton was already bowling down the road.

"But why are *you* here, mother?"

Mrs. Raymond stared awhile after the carriage before speaking. "Your father had to be at the church," she said.

"But there's no service——" He broke off. "See what I've brought for you!" And he pulled out the portrait. "Do you know who it is?"

Humility thanked him and kissed him passionately. There was something odd with her this afternoon.

"Don't you like your present?"

"Darling, it is beautiful," she stooped and kissed him again, passionately.

"I've a present for father, too; a book. Why are you walking so fast?" In a little while he asked again, "Why are you walking so fast?"

"I—I thought you would be wanting your tea."

"Mayn't I take father his book first?"

She did not answer.

"But mayn't I?" he persisted.

They had reached the garden-gate. Humility seemed to hesitate. "Yes; go," she said at length; and he ran, with the *De Imitatione Christi* under his arm.

As he came within view of the church he saw a knot of men gathered about the door. They were pulling something out from the porch. He heard the noise of hammering, and Squire Moyle, at the back of the crowd, was shouting at the top of his voice:

"The church is yours, is it? I'll see about that! Pitch out the furnitcher, my billies—*that's* mine, anyway!"

Still the hammers sounded within the church.

"Don't believe in sudden conversion, don't 'ee? I reckon you will when you look round your church. Bishop coming to consecrate it, is he? Consecrate *my* furnitcher? I'll see you and your bishop to blazes first!"

A heap of shattered timber came flying through the porch.

"*Your* church, hey? *Your* church?"

The crowd fell back and Mr. Raymond stood in the doorway, between Bill Udy and Jim the Huntsman. Bill Udy held a brazen ewer and paten, and Jim a hammer; and Mr. Raymond had a hand on one shoulder of each.

For a moment there was silence. As Taffy came running through the lych-gate a man who had been sitting on a flat tombstone and watching, stood up and touched his arm. It was Jackey Pascoe, the Bryanite.

"Best go back," he said, "'tis a wisht poor job of it."

Taffy halted for a moment. The Squire's voice had risen to a sudden scream—he sputtered as he pointed at Mr. Raymond.

"There he is, naybours! Get behind the varmint, somebody, and stop his earth! Calls hisself a minister of God! Calls it *his* church!"

Mr. Raymond took his hands off the men's shoulders, and walked straight up to him. "Not *my* church," he said, aloud and distinctly, "God's church!"

He stretched out an arm. Taffy, running up, supposed it stretched out to strike. "Father!"

But Mr. Raymond's palm was open as he lifted it over the Squire's head. "God's church," he repeated. "In whose service, sir, I defy you. Go! or if you will, and have the courage, come and stand while I kneel amid the ruin you have done and pray God to judge between us."

He paused, with his eyes on the Squire's.

"You dare not, I see. Go, poor coward, and plan what mischief you will. Only now leave me in peace a little."

He took the boy's hand and they passed into the church together. No one followed. Hand in hand they stood before the dismantled chancel. Taffy heard the sound of feet shuffling on the walk outside, and looked up into Mr. Raymond's face.

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"Father!"

"Kiss me, sonny."

The *De Imitatione Christi* slipped from Taffy's fingers and fell upon the chancel step.

So his childhood ended.

XIII

THE BUILDERS

THESE things happened on a Friday. After breakfast next morning Taffy went to fetch his books. He did so out of habit and without thinking; but his father stopped him.

"Put them away," he said. "Some day we'll go back to them, but not yet."

Instead of books Humility packed their dinner in the satchel. They reached the church and found the interior just as they had left it. Taffy was set to work to pick up and sweep together the scraps of broken glass which littered the chancel. His father examined the wreckage of the pews.

While the boy knelt at his task, his thoughts were running on the Pantomime. He had meant, last night, to recount all its wonders and the wonders of Plymouth; but somehow the words had not come. After displaying his presents he could find no more to say: and feeling his father's hand laid on his shoulder, had burst into tears and hidden his face in his mother's lap. He wanted to console them and they were pitying *him*—why he could not say—but he knew it was so.

And now the Pantomime, Plymouth, everything, seemed to have slipped away from him into a far past. Only his father and mother had drawn nearer and become more real. He tried to tell himself one of the old stories; but it fell into pieces like the fragments of colored glass he was handling, and presently he began to think of the glass in his hands and let the story go.

"On Monday we'll set to work," said his father. "I dare say Joel"— this was the carpenter down at Innis village—will lend me a few tools to start with. But the clearing up will take us all to-day."

They ate their dinner in the vestry. Taffy observed that his father said: "*We* will do this," or "*Our* best plan will be so-and-so," and spoke to him as to a grown man. On the whole, though the dusk found them still at work, this was a happy day.

"But aren't you going to lock the door?" he asked as they were leaving.

"No," said Mr. Raymond. "We shall win, sonny; but not in that way."

On the morrow, Taffy rang the bell for service as usual. To his astonishment Squire Moyle was among the first-comers. He led Honoria by the hand, entered the Tredinnis pew and shut the door with a slam. It was the only pew left unmutilated. The rest of the congregation—and curiosity made it larger than usual—had to stand; but a wife of one of the miners found a hassock and passed it to Humility, who thanked her for it with brimming eyes. Mr. Raymond said afterward that this was the first success of the campaign.

Not willing to tire his audience, he preached a very short sermon; but it was his manifesto, and all the better for being short. He took his text from Nehemiah, Chapter II., verses 19 and 20—"*But when Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, heard it, they laughed us to scorn, and despised us, and said: 'What is this thing that ye do? Will ye rebel against the King?'*"

"*Then answered I them and said unto them, 'the God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore, we His servants will arise and build.'*"

"Fellow-parishioners," he said, "you see the state of this church. Concerning the cause of it I require none of you to judge. I enter no plea against any man. Another will judge, who said, '*Destroy this temple and in three days I will rear it up.*' But He spake of the temple of His body; which was destroyed and is raised up; and its living and irrevocable triumph I, or some other servant of God, will celebrate at this altar, Sunday by Sunday, that whosoever will may see, yes, and taste it. The state of this poor shell is but a little matter to a God whose glory once inhabited a stable; yet the honor of this, too, shall be restored. You wonder how, perhaps. *It may be the Lord will*

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work for us; for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. Go to your homes now and ponder this; and having pondered, if you will, pray for us."

As the Raymonds left the church they found Squire Moyle waiting by the porch. Honoria stood just behind him. The rest of the congregation had drawn off a little distance to watch. The Squire lifted his hat to Humility, and turned to Mr. Raymond with a sour frown.

"That means war?"

"It means that I stay," said the Vicar. "The war, if it comes, comes from your side."

"I don't think the worse of 'ee for fighting. You're not going to law, then?"

Mr. Raymond smiled. "I don't doubt you've put yourself within the reach of it. But if it eases your mind to know, I am not going to law."

The Squire grunted, raised his hat again and strode off, gripping Honoria by the hand.

She had not glanced toward Taffy. Clearly she was not allowed to speak to him.

The meaning of the Vicar's sermon became plain next morning, when he walked down to the village and called on Joel Hugh, the carpenter.

"I knows what thee'rt come after," began Joel; "but 'tis no use, parson dear. Th' old fellow owns the roofs over us, and if I do a day's work for 'ee, out I goes, neck and crop."

Mr. Raymond had expected this. "It's not for work I'm come," said he; "but to hire a few tools, if you're minded to spare them."

Joel scratched his head. "Might manage that, now. But, Lord bless 'ee! thee'lt never make no hand of it." He chose out saw, hammer, plane and auger, and packed them up in a carpenter's frail, with a few other tools. "Don't 'ee talk about payment, now; naybors must be nayborly. Only, you see, a man must look after his own."

Mr. Raymond climbed the hill toward the towans with the carpenter's frail slung over his shoulder. As luck would have it, near the top he met Squire Moyle descending on horseback. The Vicar nodded "Good-morning" in passing, but had not gone a dozen steps when the old man reined up and called after him.

"Hi!"

The Vicar halted.

"Whose basket is that you're carrying?" Then, getting no answer, "Wait till next Saturday night, when Joel Hugh comes to thank you. I suppose you know he rents his cottage by the week?"

"No harm shall come to him through me," said the Vicar, and retraced his steps down the hill. The Squire followed at a foot-pace, grinning as he went.

That night Mr. Raymond went back to his beloved books, but not to read; and early next morning was ready at the cross-roads for the van which plied twice a week between Innis village and Truro. He had three boxes with him—heavy boxes, as Calvin the van-driver remarked when it came to lifting them on board.

"Thee'rt not leaving us, surely?" said he.

"No."

"But however didst get these lumping boxes up the hill?"

"My son helped me."

He had modestly calculated on averaging a shilling a volume for his books; but discovered on leaving the shop at Truro that it worked out at one-and-threepence. He returned to Nannizabuloe that night with one box only—but it was packed full of tools—and a copy of Fuller's "Holy State," which at the last moment had proved too precious to be parted with—at least, just yet.

The woodwork of the old pews—painted deal for the most part, but mixed with a few boards of good red pine and one or two of teak, relics of some forgotten shipwreck—lay stacked in the belfry and around the front under the west gallery. Mr. Raymond and Taffy spent an hour in overhauling it, chose out the boards for their first pew, and fell to work.

At the end of another hour the pair broke off and looked at each other. Taffy could not help laughing. His own knowledge of carpentry had been picked up by watching Joel Hugh at work, and just sufficed to tell him that his father was possibly the worst carpenter in the world.

"I think my fingers must be all thumbs," declared Mr. Raymond.

The puckers in his face set Taffy laughing afresh. They both laughed and fell to work again, the boy explaining his notions

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of the difficult art of morticing. They were rudimentary, but sound as far as they went, and his father recognized this. Moreover, when the boy had a tool to handle he did it with a natural deftness, in spite of his ignorance. He was Humility's child, born with the skill-of-hand of generations of lace-workers. He did a dozen things wrongly, but he neither fumbled, nor hammered his fingers, nor wounded them with the chisel—which was Humility's husband's way.

At the end of four days of strenuous effort, they had their first pew built. It was a recognizable pew, though it leaned to one side, and the door (for it had a door) fell to with a bang if not cautiously treated. The triumph was, the seat could be sat upon without risk. Mr. Raymond and Taffy tested it with their combined weight on the Saturday evening, and went home full of its praises.

"But look at your clothes," said Humility; and they looked.

"This is serious," said Mr. Raymond. "Dear, you must make us a couple of working suits—corduroy or some such stuff—otherwise this pew-making won't pay."

Humility stood out against this for a day or two. That *her* husband and child should go dressed like common workmen! But there was no help for it, and on the Monday week Taffy went forth to work in moleskin breeches, blue guernsey, and loose white smock. As for Mr. Raymond, the only badge of his calling was his round clerical hat; and as all the miners in the neighborhood wore hats of the same soft felt and only a trifle higher in the crown, this hardly amounted to a distinction.

Humility's eyes were full of tears as she watched them from the door that morning. But Taffy felt as proud as Punch. A little before noon he carried out a board that required sawing, and rested it on a flat tombstone where, with his knee upon it, he could get a good purchase. He was sawing away when he heard a dog barking, and looked up to see Honoria coming along the path, with George's terrier frisking at her heels.

She halted outside the lych-gate, and Taffy, vain of his new clothes, drew himself up and nodded.

"Good-morning," said Honoria. "I'm not allowed to speak to you, and I'm not going to, after this." She swooped on the puppy and held him. "See what George brought home from Plymouth for me. Isn't he a beauty?"

Held so, by the scruff of his neck, he was not a beauty. Taffy had it on the tip of his tongue to tell her about the collar. He wished he had brought it.

"I wonder," she went on, pensively, "your mother had the heart to dress you out in that style. But I suppose now you'll be growing up into quite a common boy."

Taffy decided to say nothing about the collar. "I like the clothes," he declared, defiantly.

"Then you can't have the common instincts of a gentleman. Well, good-by! Grandfather has salvation all right this time; he said he'd put the stick about me if I dared to speak to you."

"He won't know."

"Won't know? Why I shall tell him, of course, when I get back."

"But—but he *mustn't* beat you!"

She eyed him for a moment or two in silence. "Mustn't he? I advise you to go and tell him." She walked away slowly, whistling; but by and by broke into a run and was gone, the puppy scampering behind her.

As the days grew longer and the weather milder, Taffy and his father worked late into the evenings; sometimes, if a job needed to be finished, by the light of a couple of candles.

One evening, about nine o'clock, the boy as he planed a bench paused suddenly. "What's that?"

They listened. The door stood open, and after a second or two they heard the sound of feet tip-toeing away up the path outside.

"Spies, perhaps," said his father. "If so, let them go in peace."

But he was not altogether easy. There had been strange doings up at the Bryanite Chapel of late. He still visited a few of his parishioners regularly—hill farmers and their wives for the most part, who did not happen to be tenants of Squire Moyle, and on whom his visits therefore could bring no harm; and one or two had hinted of strange doings, now that the Bryanites had gotten hold of the old Squire. They themselves had been up—just to look; they

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confessed it shame-facedly, much in the style of men who have been drinking overnight. Without pressing them and showing himself curious, the Vicar could get at no particulars. But as the summer grew he felt a moral sultriness, as it were, growing with it. The people were off their balance, restless; and behind their behavior he had a sense, now of something electric, menacing, now of a hand holding it in check. Slowly in those days the conviction deepened in him that he was an alien on this coast, that between him and the hearts of the race he ministered to there stretched an impalpable, impenetrable veil. And all this while the faces he passed on the road, though shy, were kindlier than they had been in the days before his self-confidence left him—it seemed now so long ago!

On a Saturday night early in May, the footsteps were heard again, and this time in the porch itself. While Mr. Raymond and Taffy listened the big latch went up with a creak, and a dark figure slipped into the church.

"Who's there?" challenged Mr. Raymond from the chancel where he stood peering out of the small circle of light.

"A friend. Pass, friend, and all's well!" answered a squeaky voice. "Bless you, I've sarved in the militia before now."

It was Jacky Pascoe, with his coat-collar turned up high about his ears.

"What do you want?" Mr. Raymond demanded, sharply.

"A job."

"We can pay for no work here."

"Wait till thee'rt asked, parson dear. I've been spying in upon 'ee these nights past. Pretty carpenters you be! T'other night, as I was a-peeping, the Lord said to me, 'Arise, go, and show they chaps how to do it fitty.' 'Dear Lord,' I said, 'thou knowest I be a Bryanite.' The Lord said to me, 'None of your back-answers! Go and do as I tell 'ee.' So here I be."

Mr. Raymond hesitated. "Squire Moyle is your friend, I hear, and the friend of your chapel. What will he say if he discovers that you are helping us?"

Jacky scratched his head. "I reckon the Lord must have thought o' that, too. Suppose you put me to work in the vestry? There's only one window looks in on the vestry, you can block that up with a curtain, and there I'll be like a weevil in a biscuit."

When this screen was fixed, the little Bryanite looked round and rubbed his hands. "Now I'll tell 'ee a prabble," he said—"a prabble about this candle I'm holding. When God Almighty said '*Let there be light*,' He gave every man a candle—to some folks, same as you, long sixes perhaps and best wax; to others, a farthing dip. But they all helps to light up; and the beauty of it is, Parson"—he laid a hand on Mr. Raymond's cuff—"there isn' one of 'em burns a ha'porth the worse for every candle that's lit from 'em. Now sit down, you and the boy, and I larn 'ee how to joint a board."

(To be continued.)

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A VICTORY FOR THE PEOPLE

By William Allen White

THE Governor flatly refused to consider the claims of the men who aspired to succeed the dead Senator until ten days after the senatorial funeral; so the day following the ceremony half a dozen patriots secured suites of rooms in the hotel frequented by the politicians at the capital. Newspapers and callow strangers called these suites "head-quarters," but in the dialect of the time and the place they figured as "the Judge's room," "Joe's room" and "Tom's room."

As the ten days wore on, lounging men disordered the beds in these rooms earlier and earlier in the day. The white and brown squares in the tiled floor of the hotel office remained beneath the dirt that covered them farther and farther into the night. The low-keyed roar of the idle crowd in the corridors did not cease on the ninth day until after midnight, and the porters who straightened the long rows of office-chairs in the hotel lobby were called from their work to take the valises of guests who came in on early morning trains. These guests pulled the chairs out of line again, and snoozed by the fire until breakfast. But even while these wayfarers slept, there roamed above them, under the light of single gas-jets turned low, restless spirits who flitted in and out of bedrooms, plotting, pleading, threatening—all with the spent energy of a worn-out day. When the new day came to those who had been sleeping above stairs, with it came the stale odors of the busy night; and a thousand feet stepped anxiously from the path of dreams into the tangled wilderness of treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

A free people was choosing a leader, and great events were stirring. Therefore, after the hour appointed by the Governor on the tenth day, little groups of men began to file into the Governor's office, and to draw their chairs closely about his big walnut table. Crowds of men began to tramp in, take possession of the corner nearest the outer door, and stand there patiently while their orator grew red with impassioned eulogy of their candidate. Later in the day unheralded gentlemen slipped in and out through side doors. Enthusiastic gentlemen came and clutched the Governor's coat-front, while they bruised his breastbone with stiff index fingers on good right hands. Men with moist breath blew secrets into the gubernatorial ear until the Governor longed for the power a cat has to shake its ear spasmodically. In the moments between the onslaughts Governor Rhodes stood at the window of his office and looked listlessly down at the snow-covered State House grounds, or he paced his room wearily like a prisoner, with his hands clasped behind him.

Two long days passed thus. At three o'clock on the third day the Governor barred his doors and wrote a note. When Harvey K. Bolton read that note he was in Tom Wharton's room at the hotel, and the jug which usually sat behind the wash-stand in the corner had just made the circuit of the room. Bolton rose and pocketed the note. To Mr. Wharton and his retainers Bolton replied:

"I am going over to the State House to sound another clarion-note for the friend of the great plain people, the Honorable Thomas Wharton, M. C."

And breaking his mock heroics, he went out of the room and down the long corridor and into the stench of the hotel lobby. He walked briskly, and as he passed through the crowd men tried to stop him. He swung them off lightly, with a smile when necessary, with a shake of the head when it would suffice. His overcoat was buttoned trimly about him, and he tugged at his gloves as he neared the sidewalk. Harvey K. Bolton was a large man who moved well on his feet. His shoulders were as square as his jaw was rectangular. He walked in a bee-line and made others turn for him.

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He stopped in a cigar-store and re-read the Governor's note.

"My dear Harvey: You've got to take it. There is no use talking of Tom. Come over. C. R."

Bolton gripped his unlighted cigar firmly in his teeth as he went toward the State House. He nodded to wayfarers in passing, but he was full of the issue of his errand. He was sure of one thing: that he did not wish to give up a twenty-five thousand dollar salary as attorney for the Corn Belt Railroad, for two years of an unexpired term in the United States Senate. When he left the hotel he intended to go directly to the Capitol, but on his way he turned into the entrance of the Corn Belt building and went to his office. There he spent a reflective half-hour. He decided three times that he did not care to go to the Senate; and yet he liked to fancy himself there, and to picture the power that he felt he could command. In his profession he stood higher than most of the members of the Senate had stood in their professions when they left private life. As an orator he was in demand upon occasions of national celebration as often as any Senator was. He realized these things, and yet he feared that his career as a railroad attorney would injure his chances for election two years thereafter. He considered well the power of the party machine, which he believed he could control if he were Senator. On the other hand, he saw clearly that his elevation to the Senate would embarrass his party at the polls, and perhaps defeat it. His political sense told him it would be unwise for him to accept the appointment, yet there was the temptation before him in black and white. Not the least part of Bolton's temptation was a sincere ambition to give his talents (and he estimated them fairly and not in vanity) to his country. A fervid moment came to him. In this moment he felt the need of strong men on the right side of the battle for good government, and ambition glowed in his heart. An instant later reason smothered the flame. It was in a sane mood that Bolton rose to leave the office. Passing his desk, he noticed an unopened letter from the President of the Corn Belt road. Bolton stopped to read it. He found that it was an answer to a communication from him about the senatorial situation as it had appeared to Bolton three days before. The president's letter urged Bolton to control the appointment at any hazard. The writer spoke of the prominence which the newspapers had been giving to the candidacy of John Gardiner. The president urged Bolton to watch that part of the situation carefully. The letter announced that there was a rumor in Chicago that Gardiner had been employed by the enemies of the Corn Belt, who were insisting upon the Government foreclosure of the road if the debt which the Government's mortgage stood for should not be paid. After admonishing Bolton not to be too sure that the Gardiner candidacy was a bubble—as Bolton had called it in a previous letter—the president of the Corn Belt continued: "Why should not Governor Rhodes appoint you? With you in the Senate, we should feel absolutely safe." The letter closed by saying that the president of the Corn Belt would inquire more closely into the rumors connecting Gardiner with the men who were insisting upon foreclosure, and that Bolton would receive advice by wire. When Bolton put down that letter he ceased to be a senatorial possibility. The president's inference that Bolton as Senator would be a Corn Belt attorney hurt him for a second; but when he recovered his poise, it was the attorney for the Corn Belt who shut down the top of the desk and hurried to the street. Bolton had bought a good many purchasable men, but he distinctly understood that he was not in the market himself.

As he hurried along, Bolton's mind turned to John Gardiner, the candidate who was leading the "anti-gang" faction in his party. He was known as the Truly Good. He did not establish head-quarters in the Capitol; but among that indefinite minority known as the best people of the State there was a strong feeling that Gardiner would make an ideal Senator. Coupled with that was the restful certainty that Gardiner had no possible prospect of being appointed. This popular support of Gardiner crystallized into a petition in his behalf, signed by respectable persons whose names were never enrolled in the party conventions. More than that, there was a concert of powers among the newspapers of the better sort; and the concert

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was for Gardiner in the most vehement double leads. In postscripts to half the business letters which reached the executive council were endorsements of Gardiner. Nevertheless, everyone conceded that no one with any influence was for him. Bolton knew of the unorganized sentiment for Gardiner. He had seen the petitions, he had read the newspapers, he knew of the postscripts to the letters, and he appreciated the strength and the weakness of the Gardiner sentiment. The Corn Belt attorney liked Gardiner. The two men belonged to the same town club, and they often sat before the grate-fire in the club reading-room making grotesque pictures for each other with the iniquity of political corruption for rhetorical pigment. The two men read the same books. They often went to New York together, where they enjoyed the same pictures and laughed at the same things in the theatres. Bolton knew that Gardiner thought because the papers were for him he had the best of the senatorial situation; he even knew in a vague way, without ever having asked for it explicitly, that Gardiner expected the Corn Belt attorney's help. But he felt that he could not rely on Gardiner to prevent the foreclosure of the Government mortgage on the Corn Belt road, even if it should transpire that Gardiner was not the attorney for the opposition.

Bolton came bustling into the Governor's office, took off his overcoat, and flung a "Hello, Charlie" to the Governor. The Governor looked up from a paper and said, "Well, Senator?"

Governor Rhodes was a tall, lank man with an actor's face, loose-skinned and wrinkled. He had sharp brown eyes, and the effect of his gray-streaked hair and mustache against his clean olive skin had produced an argument for his nomination. There was no contradicting the claim of the Rhodes men that he was a "good looker." He often stopped and puffed cigar-smoke between important words exasperatingly. Strangers thought he did it to show his pride in being Governor. Only his best friends and his most intimate enemies knew the other signs of his vanity.

"Lookee here, Charlie Rhodes," exclaimed Bolton, as he threw himself on the lounge back of the Governor's desk, so that the Governor had to swing around to face him; "I don't want to go to the Senate. I'm running a law office."

The Governor smiled complacently, and replied, quietly: "All right, Harvey K.; but I'm going to send you there, law or no law."

"Well, I won't accept. I'm in earnest, Charlie. It's mighty good of you, but I don't want it. You must give it to Tom. There's no other way out of it."

The Governor lighted a cigar deliberately, shaking his head blandly as he flipped away the match.

"Why not?" asked Bolton, rising.

"Damn" (puff, puff) "scoundrel."

Bolton had not met this mood in Rhodes before. The attorney looked his man over, and lay back on the lounge. He decided to find what was moving in the gubernatorial mind. The Governor put his feet on his desk, puffed contentedly for awhile, and then ejaculated, over his shoulder:

"You or Gardiner!"

Bolton did not move. He was looking at Rhodes through little slits where his large bright eyes should have been. The Governor had braced himself for an uncomfortable session, so he called the meeting to order with:

"Politics too rotten in this State. People are tired of Tom Wharton's methods." The speaker did not like the silence that followed. He walked over to Bolton and said, querulously: "Harvey, why won't you take it?"

Bolton's half-closed, beady eyes were irritating the Governor's nerves. The silence deepened. Rhodes sat down and let his cigar go out. The pause lasted two minutes. Finally the Governor exclaimed: "Well?"

Then Bolton rose and said, with all the curl he could put on his closely cropped upper lip:

"I suppose you know what you are saying, Charlie Rhodes?"

"What's the matter, Harvey? What's wrong now?"

"Politics are rotten, are they? Well, when did you turn sky-pilot? Haven't you forgotten something? Who made you Governor? Where would you be now if Tom Wharton hadn't taken Corn Belt

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money, and gone out and bought a lot of coyote counties in that convention? Hell's afire, and the calves are out, Charlie Rhodes, when you talk about rotten politics and Tom Wharton's methods."

The Governor grinned reminiscently. Bolton paced the floor of the office twice, and then came and stood directly in front of Rhodes, with the walnut table between them.

"Charlie Rhodes, I hate to believe you are a pup. I know you will take money from one side; but I did not think you were dishonest. I did not think you would take money from both sides. Who is putting up for Gardiner, anyway?"

The Governor flushed, then cleared his throat, and returned: "I wouldn't take that from anyone but you, sir." He added, in a natural voice, "Now, Harvey, talk sense. Keep your shirt on. What have you got against Gardiner? Come, sit down. Talk this over sensibly."

When Bolton had brought the affair to this stage, he sat down, drew his chair next to the Governor's, and began:

"I was a little rough, Charlie; but to see you about to make so many kinds of a fool of yourself made me hot. You know why we can't have Gardiner, Charlie. Who's for him? Look them over, and every mother's son of them is after you with a gun. Look at Moulton! He's wearing a Gardiner badge and circulating Gardiner petitions, and slashing your liver with a cheese-knife at every jump in the road. Look at the Reverend Michael Hogan—the old pie-face! He was in to see you to-day. What did he say?"

The Governor laughed. "Oh, he said he was placed where he had to promise Gardiner to come and see me; but he hoped I wouldn't think he was out of the race himself. He said if he wasn't appointed himself, he supposed I couldn't do better than Gardiner, but that I knew best."

"That's it, Charlie, that's it. That's your purification of politics. That's the outfit that's whooping it up for Gardiner. Do you know what that old fraud told Gardiner to-day? He said he had been up here, and had laid down on you, and had withdrawn from the race, and had demanded Gardiner's appointment on behalf of fifty thousand Republicans in his Conference. He said you told him that his resignation cleared the air, and that you promised to appoint John Gardiner. There's your holier-than-thou crowd, Charlie Rhodes. I don't blame you for laughing. Now, honest Ingin, Charlie, are you going to desert us for that crowd?"

The Governor replied, peevishly: Harve, I can't appoint Tom. It would look like a deal. The papers would abuse us, and we'd be drummed out of the State. Don't you see I can't do it? I'd like to, but I can't."

The two men rose and walked to the window. Bolton's arm was on the Governor's shoulder. He laughed as he spoke. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie, I thought I explained all that the last time." He feigned impatience, and won a smile from Rhodes for his feigning.

"Charlie, how many times will I have to tell you that they can't hurt you. With Tom in the Senate and you here, all hell can't beat you. You know it; and if you put in Gardiner, what would he do? He'd be monkey-doodlin' around with some Chinese labor bill or some civil service twaddle, and his own county would instruct a delegation against you. The only fellows he would wake up to reward are your enemies. He'd give them sinews to strangle you. More than that, he would help them strangle all your friends."

At the close of the silence the Governor said to Bolton: "Give me a match!" Bolton lighted it for the Governor, who walked back to his chair, and sighed: "Oh, Lord, I wish I was out of it. What does a man ever want to be Governor for, anyway?" The last sentence came, punctuated with puffs. Bolton read this for a good sign. He was looking out of the window when he saw the Governor's wife across the great square of the State House grounds. He did not turn around, but asked, with apparent carelessness: "Where did you get that Gardiner idea, Charlie?"

"I don't know; he's a good man. Why?"

"Haven't promised anyone you'd appoint him, have you?" asked the attorney, with his eyes still following the woman's figure in the distance. A quick, unemphasized "No" was followed by a petulant, "Why are you so dead set on the appointment of Tom? His record is

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The Governor looked up and said, "Well Senator?".—Page 719.

bad. How the papers would scream." Bolton laughed sympathetically, and said:

"Charlie, I didn't come here to abuse you. I came here with an idea. It's this: I don't want to go to the Senate. I don't care any more for Tom Wharton than you do—I mean personally. But I'm under obligations to him, and so are you; and what's more, I need him in my business. He is the only man I can trust in this Corn Belt foreclosure matter; it's only for two years anyway. Then it will be your time."

The Governor turned quickly to Bolton, saw the meaning of the words, and shook his head.

"Oh, yes, you can, Charlie; and I'll help you. To begin with, I'll get fifteen thousand dollars as a campaign fund, and we'll put a fellow in the central committee rooms whose business it will be to see that every man-jack running for the Legislature who gets any aid from the State committee is for you. Then you work your end of the business with the State Senators who hold over, and you can make it. I tell you, you've got an immortal cinch."

The Governor put his cigar on the desk edge, and asked: "How 'bout Tom?"

"I'll take care of him," replied the attorney.

"How?"

"Oh, lot's of ways. Pull the bribery business, if I have to. He is easy."

"But he's such a fraud, Harve. There's no use talking, I can't appoint him." At the end of the pause Rhodes continued: "I suppose I could count on Melling's help in the Senate, and Brewster would come back and lead the fight in the House?"

Bolton reeled out the line with a nod. Rhodes made for the bottom with: "We could at least send Tom back to Congress at the end of his term. That ought to be enough for him."

And Bolton began to wind in: "Yes,

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down in his district they never go back on the old man."

The Governor puffed his cigar. The line tightened as he replied: "When you break the news to old Tom, be sure and take along a shoe-spoon and some powdered chalk, or he won't be able to get his hat on." Bolton laughed heartily, and the two men rose.

"I hate to believe you are a pup."—Page 720.

And so it ended as Harvey K. Bolton desired it to end. The Governor followed the Corn Belt attorney to the door. Bolton said:

"That's all right, Charlie. It's on me. I thought you had given us the mitten. How'd I know you were fooling? I'll see Tom at supper and tell him. This is a mighty wise move, Charlie, and you'll not suffer by it." After a long grip from the gubernatorial hand, Bolton walked out into the crisp winter air.

The Governor went back to a hissing steam-coil, and held his thin hands over it. The room was warm, but the warmth of the heated iron felt good to him. He stood with his hands behind him, thinking. He was planning rapidly, and fitting the furniture of his fancy to the new prospect perhaps more rapidly than he planned for the realization of his hopes. His mind was absorbed in the riot of his ambitions, when his wife came in and startled him. Mrs. Rhodes was a woman of middle age, and no one ever hinted that the glow in her cheeks was anything but good health and good spirits. There was gray in her light fluffy hair, but no one noticed it; and even her enemies admitted that she carried her weight well. She associated herself with gowns of the simplest and most stylish cut, and her bonnets kept her gowns good company. There was a large grace about her tall, well-covered frame that made agile, catty women envy her. When she came into the office that winter day, Mrs. Rhodes brought the world in with her. There was a brusque out-of-doorsness about her, and a masterful strength in her quick step that was bracing. She broke in on her husband with: "Charlie Rhodes, if you ever send another worthless darkey out to cut wood because he can carry a precinct in Stringtown, I'll leave you. That creature you sent out this morning hasn't done a thing all day but feel of his back and grunt. I came down for my new bonnet; how do you like it?"

After an exchange of courtesies, Mrs. Rhodes asked: "Well, Charlie, tell me, did Harvey Bolton take it?"

The question brought the Governor up to his situation abruptly. He had hoped to approach it from his own path, leading his wife in his own good time over the ground, carefully picking out the advantageous

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avenues for her to traverse toward an agreement with him. A man in the ecstasy of a newly organized plan or of a freshly rooted hope, dislikes to return to the bald earth upon which the plan rises or in which the hope grows. No man enjoys rebuilding the temple of his plan, or regenerating his hope for another's satisfaction. So Governor Rhodes did what most men do who take their wives into their lives at all—he rushed into the middle of the affair, and tried to drag Mrs. Rhodes with him to his view of the outlook by an almost endless chain of words. When they were seated—the man on the lounge, and his wife in a stuffy, slippery, leather chair—Rhodes was saying :

"Of course, everything is uncertain in politics. But this is as sure as anything can be. Bolton can get the money, and we've known him too long to question his fidelity. Tom Wharton is pretty bad, Lizzie, I know ; but Melling would be for me. I can make Rawlins a railroad commissioner, and get him. Wharton won't fight me. How would you like to be Mrs. Senator Rhodes, anyway? "

Mrs. Rhodes sat looking at a great mirror above a mantel, across the room. She replied, absently, "It looks all right, Charlie; give me time to think." And her husband began again :

"Why, it's a good scheme. Wharton feels that I ought to do something for him. He helped me. We'll be out of debt when we leave here. We can afford it. Why don't you like it, Lizzie? "

"Why, I do like it," replied Mrs. Rhodes, in a preoccupied manner.

Her husband went over the proposition again from a different stand-point. He did not know that he was trying to rush an endorsement of his promise from his wife before she had time to consider the matter. The sense of guilt was not defined in his heart. Some subconsciousness must have known the truth, and it must have been clamoring for an approval to use in rebuttal in debates to come. Rhodes finished with the words : "Now, I don't see why that isn't a mighty good arrangement. I thought it was, or I never would have——" He honestly intended to say "consented to it," but his mouth said, "proposed it."

She waited until the stenographer had left the room.—Page 726.

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Read the words on the white slip and knit his brows.—Page 728

A ghost of some answer danced past Mrs. Rhodes's face and twitched her forehead, but she did not speak. She rose and measured the room three times, walking. In the fourth lap the Governor asked, "Well?" His wife stood still and faced him with: "Charlie, it won't do. Don't you see it won't do? If Harvey K. Bolton wouldn't take the place himself, and yet would give $15,000 of Corn Belt money to keep Gardiner out, there must be something disreputable for Tom Wharton to do when he gets there."

Mrs. Rhodes grew suddenly pale. The thought that came to her leaped to her lips: "Charlie, don't you see they're trying to sugar-coat a bribe? My! what a conscienceless rascal that Bolton is!"

Mrs. Rhodes sat down by her husband, and the two looked into space for a moment—she with her chin in her hand, he with his fingers clasped back of his head. The woman found her voice first:

"Well, now, this is a pretty kettle of fish. Have you promised him—Bolton?"

"Yes," laughed her husband, ruefully; "that's the trouble."

"Well then, Charlie, you keep it. I'd rather see a regiment of Tom Whartons in the Senate—than that." Mrs. Rhodes added the last phrase after hunting for her words: for she was a careful woman, and loved her husband well.

The Governor went to his desk, and going said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get him to release me."

"Do you suppose you can, Charlie? I hope you can. This is a really great opportunity for you. It doesn't come to a man often to serve the people by putting a clean, smart, bright man like Gardiner in the Senate." While Mrs. Rhodes was speaking her husband reached for the telephone transmitter. After the preliminaries of the telephonic conversation were concluded, she heard her husband say:

"That you, Harve? This is Rhodes."

Mrs. Rhodes did not like the familiarity after what had occurred, but the monologue went on.

"Yes." A hollow laugh followed—the kind of laugh that has become a part of civilized expression with the telephone. A

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laugh—palpably, intentionally funny—preceded the words:

"Say, Harve, you haven't said anything to him, have you?"

Another risible demonstration followed. Then:

"All right. Yes, yes. Well, say, don't tell anyone about it till to-morrow."

Mrs. Rhodes wondered what was coming on the wire. Her husband answered:

"Oh, no, not exactly; but I want to talk it over again. Nothing serious." Another laugh was rasped off, and with, "Yes. All right. That's all. Good-by." The Governor put up the receiver, and his wife asked: "Now, how are you going about it, Charlie?"

"Oh, heavens! I don't know, Lizzie; but I'll fix it some way."

As Mrs. Rhodes went down the stone steps of the Capitol, a resolve began to form itself in her mind. It was a nebulous resolve, and the sharp winter air in her face almost blew it away. When she turned into the main thoroughfare of the town, the panorama of the street filled the foreground of her thought, and crowded into the shadow her half-formed intention to help her husband in his predicament; for in the faces that passed by her Mrs. Rhodes had much delight. She looked at the bonnets and the gowns of the women, and she read strange stories in the eyes of the passers-by. She could see all the details of the tragedy in a made-over gown on a last year's bride. The sacrifice of a mother in a black straw hat and a shawl for a spendthrift son reached Mrs. Rhodes's heart. She had known the common privations that often come in the course of things to the average American home, and little makeshifts of dress on those about her painted for the Governor's wife the home-life of the wearer. As a politician passed her, she classified him among the sheep or the goats according to the support or the trouble that he gave her husband. Occasionally there passed some office-seeker whose obsequiousness vexed her. The resolution that hovered about her as she came down the Capitol steps had almost dissolved into thin air, when a woman in noisy silks, an aggressive sealskin cloak, and pronounced diamond earrings flashed by Mrs. Rhodes with a gracious bow. The Governor's wife returned the salutation pleasantly enough, and mechanically remembered that three months before this woman had come to the Capitol wearing a green beaver jacket and a hat in its third season. Her husband was a State Senator from Hancock County, and Mrs. Rhodes wondered rather idly how a woman could flaunt the signs of her husband's dishonor so openly. The Governor's wife was reflecting gratefully that she would take in washing before she would allow her husband to barter his official acts; then a sharp anguish gripped her throat. It struck Mrs. Rhodes with a flash of anger that she could not pity the State Senator's wife unless she stopped the appointment of Tom Wharton. Then it was that the nebulous resolve froze into a deed, and the heels of the Governor's wife clicked on the pavement with a vim that would have told one who knew her well that she was bent upon a definite mission. Her increasing speed was the only outward and visible sign of her inward and boiling temper. The bland face and the kindly smile that greeted her acquaintances would have deceived the casual observer. Mrs. Rhodes realized that she was about to do an unusual thing. She did not shrink from the visit to Bolton's office. Every week when he was in town the Corn Belt attorney was at the Rhodes home. Mrs. Rhodes knew him—as she had often told her husband—from cover to cover. She had heard the gossip about his work with legislators, but as she believed in his ends she despised the men whose cupidity made Bolton's means necessary. She was tempted to turn back at Bolton's door. She had an instinctive repugnance for any sort of interference in her husband's affairs. Not more than three men knew how much influence she had in administrative councils. One of these three men was Bolton. But in spite of the fact that she knew of his knowledge of her place in the executive cabinet, Mrs. Rhodes hesitated before intruding even in a good cause. But she brushed aside her scruples on the threshold; and the next moment Harvey K. Bolton, who had walked out of the Governor's office rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, who loved a victory for its own sake and did not look at the superscription of the coin that brought the victory, heard a voice that

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made him weak for an instant and sick. He was dictating a letter when the voice first came to him. It was sweet and gentle, with not a tremor in it, not a sliver on its timbre. "Is Mr. Bolton in?"

"Yes," the clerk answered.

A second later Bolton heard the rustle of skirts, and Mrs. Rhodes spoke in the ante-room for him to hear:

"Well, Mr. Bolton, is this your busy day?"

Bolton rose to greet her. "Why, Mrs. Rhodes, I'm glad to see you. Come right in."

Mrs. Rhodes did not seem out of breath nor flurried. She waited until the stenographer had left the room, and then drawled, as she leaned forward with her elbows on the forearms of the chair:

"Tom Wharton!"

There was the caloric fury of a woman's scorn in her voice, properly cooled by a sense of humor which kept the situation out of caricature. Bolton laughed with his guest, and then began to spar for position.

"What's the matter with Tom?" inquired Bolton, fumbling with a paper-knife and crossing his feet. "There are worse fellows to have for a friend than Tom," he added.

He had been looking at the trinket in his hand until he finished the sentence; then he glanced furtively at Mrs. Rhodes to see how she would take the last of it. Mrs. Rhodes parried it with a good-natured smile.

"But there is a difference between a friend in politics and a Senator from your State."

Bolton answered: "Take it as a rule, the fellows in politics are better than the men in office. There has been a scandalous lot of old brigands among the official representatives of these Western States. It has always been that way. Back in the seventies a kind of wagon-painter dropped into Topeka, and got a contract to paint pictures of all the Governors of the State in the Senate chamber. He finished the job before the Legislature adjourned, and some patron of the arts presented a resolution authorizing the wagon-painter to paint portraits of Jim Lane—Senator Lane who killed himself, you'll remember—and old John Brown. When the resolution came before the State Senate, an old codger from Osborn County, who hadn't opened his head during the session, except to throw hot, rebellious liquor into his blood, rose and said——"

In recounting this story Bolton pantomimed it. He was doing his best to kill time, in the vain hope that some distracting circumstance might turn the discussion from what he knew to be the object of Mrs. Rhodes's visit. Bolton continued his story: "I d'sire to offer this amendment: Resolved, that when th' artist paints the portraits of these two great Kansis statesmen—these two em'nent Kansins, whose lives are so typical of our b'loved State—b'loved State—that th' artist is requested to lab'l the pictures so that fusure gen'rations may know whish gloris son of Kansis was hung, and which committed suicide."

When the laugh subsided, Bolton added: "As it was in the beginning, so it shall be ever after, Mrs. Rhodes. Tom Wharton isn't so bad when you think of him in comparison with other Western Senators."

Mrs. Rhodes was not quite ready for the fray, so she skirmished: "Well, that's not the question. Compare him with Gardiner. Gardiner's a fine fellow—a man of brains and honor. What this State needs is that sort of a representative, a man of moral courage—a man like you, for instance." She put the full stop of half a dozen merry dimples at the end of her sentence, and her eyes danced. Bolton laughed with her, and Mrs. Rhodes resumed, "Now, sir, what are you and Charlie going to sacrifice your trump on a two-spot for? You owe a duty—now that's the truth, Harvey Bolton—you owe a duty to the people—you, just as surely as Charlie—to put a strong man in the Senate from this State, a man like Gardiner."

Bolton put his hands in his pocket, and jingled his keys as he paced the rug. He was irritated, but was too wise to show it. He turned to the Governor's wife, and chuckled as he stood in front of her chair. "So it's Gardiner, is it?" he asked. Then he spent a few seconds in effervescent fancy, and finally popped out, in a fizz of merriment. "Now honestly, Mrs. Rhodes, don't you think Tom Wharton in Washington would reflect as much credit

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on this State as Mrs. Gardiner in her red hat and her heliotrope satin dress?"

Mrs. Rhodes might have laughed herself into a surrender, but she stopped laughing to reply, meditatively: "Why do you suppose the wives of good men and great will insist on red velvet in their hats after they begin to wear vermilion rubber in their teeth?"

It was Bolton's move, and he had gained nothing by his manœuvre. He answered, on a venture: "Well, now, Mrs. Rhodes, what's the matter with Tom? He has a machine. What of it? He got it by telling the truth. He is in politics as a business. What of that? He doesn't sell out his friends. He is a bulldozer; but that's merely a method. He will take advice. He doesn't pretend to know it all."

Mrs. Rhodes saw her advantage. "That is all true; but why are you so anxious for Wharton just now, and why do you want to spend fifteen thousand dollars to put him in the Senate?"

Bolton grew grave. He replied, soberly: "You are wrong there, Mrs. Rhodes; that was to help Charlie."

Bolton saw that the fencing was over. The little muscles at the corners of Mrs. Rhodes's mouth quivered an instant, then set. Her eyes lost their softness. She faced the attorney and spoke carefully, in a low voice: "Mr. Bolton, that offer was cruel of you—cruel and ungrateful. I have always thought you held Charlie and me in too high esteem for that. You know how much the Senate would mean to Charlie and to me also. Have we not been too good friends with you for you to class us with the others—the cattle you buy? Did you think the Senate was about our size?"

Bolton's features did not move while she spoke. She could not tell whether his face wore a sneer, or whether it was curious attention that fixed his frank, clear, blue eyes upon her and kept him still. He did not reply, so she continued: "Don't think I'm meddling. You and Charlie can do as you please. You men pretend to be for clean politics. I have heard you talk about corruption and its dangers; yet here you are, at your best opportunity, giving the lie to your sentiments, and putting up a disgraceful deal to elevate the sort of men you deplore. If you go ahead with this deal, you put yourself on a level with that kind of men."

Mrs. Rhodes watched for some change in Bolton's face; but the eyes still met her eyes fearlessly. She did not notice, however, that Bolton's mouth was farther ajar than it was when she turned the conversation into a monologue. Bolton's right-hand fingers were drumming on the desk beside him, and Mrs. Rhodes did not notice how vigorously they hit the oak. She could not see that the other hand was rapidly putting a key on and off a ring in his trousers' pocket. When the right hand rested Mrs. Rhodes saw only the unblinking eyes gazing toward her—fathomless.

She paused, but only for a moment. She proceeded: "I don't think you understand the meaning of what you've offered to Charlie—your friend—and I'm sure he doesn't. I tell you, Harvey Bolton, it hurts to have you do what you've done—to try to stain the honor of a friend. It cuts deep to find that you are so morally dead that you would thoughtlessly put me beside that woman from Hancock County with her sealskins and diamonds—you know, Senator Wilton's wife. It hurts worse to know you did this thoughtlessly than to feel that you did it with malicious knowledge."

Bolton sighed. His features displayed no sign of the meaning of the muscular act. Mrs. Rhodes settled back in her chair. Her ruddy face had grown white, and she asked, sharply:

"How much better am I, if my husband trades off his State's good name for his own advancement than that poor creature whose husband made the Corn Belt stand and deliver sealskins and diamonds for his vote against that absurd maximum rate bill."

Bolton was about to speak when a messenger-boy with a telegram came into the room. Mrs. Rhodes walked to the window, and watched the clerks and office people scurrying homeward through the approaching twilight. She could not see Bolton flush almost purple. She could not see his steady eyes blink, nor could she see him moisten his lips with his tongue. She did not see the attorney shut his eyes tightly, brush his hand across them, after

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he read the telegram. Bolton saw on the paper before him, over the signature of the president of the Corn Belt road, this message:

"That appointment must be prevented. I have just learned certainly that it will hurt our interests. Take any one but him as a compromise." Bolton folded the telegram up, and kept folding and unfolding it, as Mrs. Rhodes from her station by the window took up her monologue:

"And yet, Mr. Bolton, when the test comes, you would dishonor us all. You would bribe your best friend to do something you will not go to the Senate and do yourself. I don't know what it is."

Bolton's unchanging expression made Mrs. Rhodes nervous. In her normal mind, she would have found a hopeful sign in the fact that Bolton kept creasing the telegram. When Mrs. Rhodes paused, he turned to his desk and wrote a few words. While his back was toward her the woman said:

"I'm not here asking you to release Charlie from his promise. That is between you and him. What I want is that you shall see what you have done just as it is, and have no false lights to deceive you."

In the pause Governor Rhodes entered the room. Bolton, who turned quickly from his desk at the sound of a footfall, regained self-possession in an instant, and handed the message he had been creasing to Mrs. Rhodes; and the white slip of paper, upon which he had been writing his answer, he passed to the Governor. Rhodes read the words on the white slip and knit his brows, staring from his wife to Bolton when he had finished reading. Mrs. Rhodes looked up, flushed with the first anger that escaped her control, and said, as she handed the creased, crumpled telegram from the president of the Corn Belt Railroad back to Bolton:

"That means Gardiner, I suppose."

Bolton nodded, and indicated with his eyes that the Governor should hand the white paper slip in his hand to his wife. Bolton's face did not flinch as she read aloud the street address of the president of the Corn Belt and Bolton's answer which followed:

"Your wishes cannot be fulfilled. Gardiner has already been appointed."

Mrs. Rhodes leaned back in her chair and said, half in a sigh and half in a smile: "Well, Harvey K. Bolton, your fortune is not in politics; it's in cards. What a face for poker!" And that was all the thanks that the attorney for the Corn Belt received.

Bolton sat down and laughed quietly. Then he said to the Governor, who was just grasping the situation.

"Well, Charlie Rhodes, your wife's fortune isn't in cards; it's in politics."

And yet in after days, when Harvey Bolton recalled the light in Mrs. Rhodes's liquid gray eyes, as she looked up from his answer to the Corn Belt president's telegram, he could not for the life of him settle in his mind whether that light came from a twinkle or a tear; and being a man of some pride in his discernment, he would give a decent sum to any charity if he could be sure that it was not a twinkle.

And now that the facts are recorded, it may be just as well to know the history of this transaction which the world accepts. Every one concedes that history is written by the newspapers, and here is what the *Morning State Times* printed about the matter in hand. The thrilling leader in the *Times* ran thus:

"A Victory for the People.

"The appointment of John Gardiner as junior Senator from this State by Governor Rhodes last night is a magnificent example of the power of public opinion. It was clearly a victory for the people. Ring rule was rebuked. The star chamber had no part in the choice. The Governor's ear bent to the prairie grass, and he heard the voice of the masses demanding this appointment. Heretofore the *Times* has had little to commend in the Rhodes administration; but we take this public opportunity to say that, in repulsing the whispering fixers and old hangers-on who have disgraced the State House by their presence, Governor Rhodes has spread a thick mantle over his multitude of sins. For once he has obeyed his constitutents. This was indeed and in truth a victory for the people."

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THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by Sidney Colvin

DAVOS: 1880–1882

IN the interval between the two Riviera winters, 1873–74 and 1883–84, there were three regions, as I have said, apart from his native Edinburgh, which Stevenson most frequented, and which in his friends' minds are especially associated with his memory. These are the forest of Fontainebleau, the California coast, and the mountain health-station of Davos in the Grisons Alps. The correspondence of the Fontainebleau period was too meagre to yield material for a separate paper; that from California furnished the subject of our last; we now come to Davos. Returning with his wife and young stepson from California in the August of 1880, Stevenson had been joined by his parents at Liverpool, and thence the whole party had gone to make a stay in Scotland, first at Edinburgh, and afterwards for a few weeks at the Highland health resorts of Blair Athol and Strathpeffer. Here it soon became apparent that the state of his health was very threatening. He suffered from acute chronic catarrh, accompanied by disquieting lung symptoms and great weakness, and was told accordingly that he must go for the winter, and probably for several succeeding winters, to the mountain valley of Davos, which within the last few years had been coming into repute as a place of recovery, or at least of arrested mischief, for lung patients. Hither he and his wife and stepson came accordingly at the end of October; nor must another member of the party be forgotten, a black thoroughbred Skye terrier, the gift of Sir Walter Simpson (Stevenson's companion on the Inland Voyage). This creature was named after his giver Walter—a name subsequently corrupted into Wattie, Woggie, Wogg, Woggins, Bogue, and a number of other affectionate diminutives. He was a remarkably pretty, engaging, excitable, capricious little specimen of his race, the occasion of infinite anxiety and laughing care to his devoted master and mistress until his death six years later.

The Davos of 1880, approached by an eight hours' laborious drive up the valley of the Prättigau, consisted of one group of German hotels near the centre of the old Swiss village, with another smaller and more scattered group of English hotels situated at a little distance beside the open road, and was a very different place from the vastly extended and embellished Davos of to-day, which to some readers of this magazine is doubtless familiar, with its railway, its modern shops, its electric lighting, and its crowd of winter visitors bent on outdoor and indoor entertainment. The Stevensons' quarters for the first winter were at the Hotel Belvedere, then a mere nucleus of the huge establishment it has since become. Besides the usual society of an invalid hotel, with its mingled tragedies and comedies, they had there the great advantage of the presence, in a neighboring house, of a brilliant man of letters and one of the most charming of companions, John Addington Symonds, with his family. Mr. Symonds, whose health had been desperate before he tried the place, was a living testimony to its virtues, and was at this time engaged in building the chalet which became his home until he died fifteen years later. During Stevenson's first season at Davos, though his mind was full of literary enterprises, he was too ill to do much actual work. Leaving the Alps at the approach of Spring, 1881, he returned, after a short stay near Paris, to his family in Edinburgh. Thence the whole party again went to the Highlands, this time to Pitlochry and Braemar. Here for awhile Stevenson was able to work well, among other things making a start while at Braemar upon the book which was his first popular success, "Treasure Island." But one of the most in-

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clement of Scottish summers had before long undone all the good gained in the previous winter at Davos; and in the autumn of the year he repaired thither again. This time his quarters were at a small chalet, the Chalet am Stein, in the near neighborhood of the Symonds' house. The beginning of his second stay was darkened by the serious illness of his wife; nevertheless the winter was one of much greater literary activity than the last. "Treasure Island" was finished; the greater part of the "Silverado Squatters" written; so were the Essays on "Talk and Talkers," "A Gossip on Romance," and several other of his best papers for magazines; while by way of whim and pastime he occupied himself, to his own and his stepson's delight, with the little sets of woodcuts and verses printed by the latter at his toy press—"The Davos Press" as they called it—as well as with mimic campaigns carried on between the man and boy with armies of lead soldiers, as narrated in this magazine for last December. Moreover, for the first and almost the only time in his life, there awoke in him during this second spring in Davos the spirit of lampoon, and he poured forth sets of verses, not without touches of a Swiftean fire, against commercial frauds in general, and those of certain local tradesmen who he thought had cheated him in particular; as well as others in memory of a defunct publican of Edinburgh who had been one of his butts in youth. Finally, much revived in health by the beneficent air of the Alpine valley, he left it again in midspring, to return once more to Scotland, and to be once more thrown back to, or below, the point where he had started. But he had himself felt deeply the austerity and monotony of the white Alpine world in winter; and though he had unquestionably gained in health there, his wife had on her part suffered much. Accordingly his next choice of health resorts was in the South, and Davos knew him no more.

I print at the head of his first winter's letters from the Alps some verses from one in rhyme, which he addressed by way of thanks to a Cambridge friend, Mr. A. G. Dew-Smith, who had sent him a present of a box of cigarettes. It gives his first general impressions of the place, some of which he presently found cause to modify; and is very characteristic in its comments on the tame behaviour of the valley stream, the Landwasser, at this part of its course.

Figure me to yourself, I pray—
  A man of my peculiar cut—
Apart from all the wise and gay,
  Into an Alpine valley shut;

Shut in a kind of damned Hotel
  Discountenanced by God and man;
The food?—Sir, you would do as well
  To cram your belly full of bran.

The company? Alas, the day
  That I should dwell with such a crew,
With devil anything to say,
  Nor anyone to say it to!

The place? Although they call it Platz,
  I will be bold and state my view;
It's not a place at all—and that's
  The bottom verity, my Dew.

There are, as I will not deny,
  Innumerable inns; a road;
Several Alps indifferent high;
  The snow's inviolable abode;

Eleven English parsons, all
  Entirely inoffensive; four
True human beings—what I call
  Human—the deuce a cipher more;

A climate of surprising worth;
  Innumerable dogs that bark;
Some air, some weather, and some earth;
  A native race—God save the mark!—

A race that works, yet cannot work,
  Yodels, but cannot yodel right,
Such as, unhelp'd, with rusty dirk,
  I vow that I could wholly smite.

A river that from morn to night
  Down all the valley plays the fool;
Not once she pauses in her flight,
  Nor knows the comfort of a pool;

But still keeps up, by straight or bend,
  The self-same pace she hath begun—
Still hurry, hurry, to the end—
  Good God, is that the way to run?

If I a river were, I hope
  That I should better realize
The opportunities and scope
  Of that romantic enterprise.

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I should not ape the merely strange,
But aim besides at the divine;
And continuity and change
I still should labor to combine.

Here should I gallop down the race,
Here charge the sterling like a bull;
There, as a man might wipe his face,
Lie, pleased and panting, in a pool.

But what, my Dew, in idle mood,
What prate I, minding not my debt?
What do I talk of bad or good?
The best is still a cigarette.

Me whether evil fate assault
Or smiling providences crown—
Whether on high the eternal vault
Be blue, or crash with thunder down—

I judge the best, whate'er befall,
Is still to sit on one's behind,
And, having duly moistened all,
Smoke with an unperturbèd mind.

R. L. S.

[The two following letters are addressed to Mr. Gosse, and contain suggestions as to a volume of selected English odes which that gentleman was about to edit (published by Kegan Paul in 1881)]:

Hotel Belvedere, Davos-Platz,
December 6, 1880.

My dear Weg,—I have many letters that I ought to write in preference to this; but a duty to letters and to Weg prevails over any private consideration. You are going to collect odes; I could not wish a better man to do so; but I tremble lest you should commit two sins of omission. You will not, I am sure, be so far left to yourself as to give us no more of Dryden than the hackneyed St. Cecilia; I know you will give us some others of those surprising masterpieces where there is more sustained eloquence and harmony of English numbers than in all that has been written since; there is a machine about a poetical young lady and another about either Charles or James, I know not which; and they are both indescribably fine. (Is Marvell's Horatian Ode good enough? I half think so.) But my great point is a fear that you are one of those who are unjust to our old Tennyson's Duke of Wellington. I have just been talking it over with Symonds, and we agreed that whether for its metrical effects, for its brief, plain, stirring words of portraiture, as—he "that never lost an English gun," or—the soldier salute; or for the heroic apostrophe to Nelson, that ode has never been surpassed in any tongue or time. Grant me the Duke, O Weg! I suppose you must not put in yours about the war-ship; you will have to admit worse ones, however—Ever yours, R. L. S.

Davos, December 19, 1880.

This letter is a report of a long sederunt, also steterunt in small committee at Davos-Platz, December 15, 1880. Its results are unhesitatingly shot at your head.

My dear Weg,—We both insist on the Duke of Wellington. Really it cannot be left out. Symonds said you would cover yourself with shame, and I add, your friends with confusion, if you leave it out. Really, you know it is the only thing you have, since Dryden, where that irregular odic, odal, odous (?) verse is used with mastery and sense. And it's one of our few English blood-boilers.

(2) Byron: if anything, *Prometheus*.

(3) Shelley (1), *The world's great age* from Hellas we are both death on. After that you have, of course, *The West Wind* thing. But we think one would maybe be enough; no more than two any way.

(4) Herrick. *Meddowes* and *Come, my Corinna*. After that *Mr. Wickes:* two any way.

(5) Leave out stanza 3rd of Congreve's thing like a dear; we can't stand the "sigh" nor the "peruke."

(6) Milton. *Time* and the *Solemn Music*. We both agree we would rather go without *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* than these; for the reason that these are not so well known to the brutish herd.

(7) Is the *Royal George* an ode or only an elegy? It's so good.

(8) We leave Campbell to you.

(9) If you take anything from Clough, but we don't either of us fancy you will, let it be *Come back*.

(10) Quite right about Dryden. I had a hankering after *Threnodia Augustalis;*

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but I find it long and with very prosaic holes: though, O! what fine stuff between whiles.

(11) Right with Collins.

(12) Right about Pope's Ode. But what can you give? *The Dying Christian?* or one of his inimitable courtesies? These last are fairly odes, by the Horatian model, just as my dear *Meddowes* is an ode in the name and for the sake of Bandusia.

(13) Whatever you do you'll give us the Greek Vase.

(13) Do you like Jonson's "loathèd stage?" Verses 2, 3, and 4 are so bad, also the last line. But there is a fine movement and feeling in the rest.

We will have the Duke of Wellington by God. Pro Symonds and Stevenson.

R. L. S.

[The three next letters refer principally to a project of a social history of the Highlands in the eighteenth century. Stevenson's early interest in this subject had been strongly reawakened, since his return from the States, by conversations at Strathpeffer with Principal Tulloch, the well-known head of St. Andrew's University, who had urged him to take it up in earnest. The scheme had the full sympathy of his father, who during this winter supplied him liberally from home with books and authorities for the purpose.]

DAVOS, December 12th, 1880.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Here is the scheme as well as I can foresee. I begin the book immediately after the '15, as then began the attempt to suppress the Highlands.

I. THIRTY YEARS' INTERVAL.

(1) Rob Roy.
(2) The Independent Companies: the Watches.
(3) Story of Lady Grange.
(4) The Military Rords and Disarmament: Wade; and
(5) Burt.

II. THE HEROIC AGE.

(1) Duncan Forbes of Culloden.
(2) Flora Macdonald.
(3) The Forfeited Estates; insluding Hereditary Jurisdictions; and the admirable conduct of the tenants.

III. LITERATURE HERE INTERVENES.

(1) The Ossianic Controversy.
(2) Boswell and Johnson.
(3) Mrs. Grant of Laggan.

IV. ECONOMY.

Highland Economics.
The Reinstatement of the Proprietors.
The Evictions.
Emigration.
Present State.

V. RELIGION.

The Catholics, Episcopals, and Kirk, and Soc. Prop. Christ. Knowledge.
The Men.
The Disruption.

All this, of course, will greatly change in form, scope, and order; this is just a bird's-eye glance. Thank you for *Burt*, which came, and for your Union notes. I have read one-half (about 900 pages) of Wodrow's *Correspondence*, with some improvement, but great fatigue. The Doctor thinks well of my recovery, which puts me in good hope for the future. I should certainly be able to make a fine history of this.

My Essays are going through the press, and should be out in January or February.—Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

December 21st, 1880. DAVOS.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,—I do not understand these reproaches. The letters come between seven and nine in the evening; and every one about the books was answered that same night, and the answers left Davos by seven o'clock next morning. Perhaps the snow delayed them; if so, 'tis a good hint to you not to be uneasy at apparent silences. There is no hurry about my father's notes; I shall not be writing anything till I get home again, I believe. Only, I want to be able to keep reading *ad hoc* all winter, as it seems about all I shall be fit for. About John Brown [author of *Rab and his Friends*], I have been breaking my heart to finish a Scotch poem to him. Some of it is not really bad, but the rest will not come, and I mean to get it right before I do anything else.

The bazaar is over, £160 gained, and everybody's health lost; Fanny was in bed

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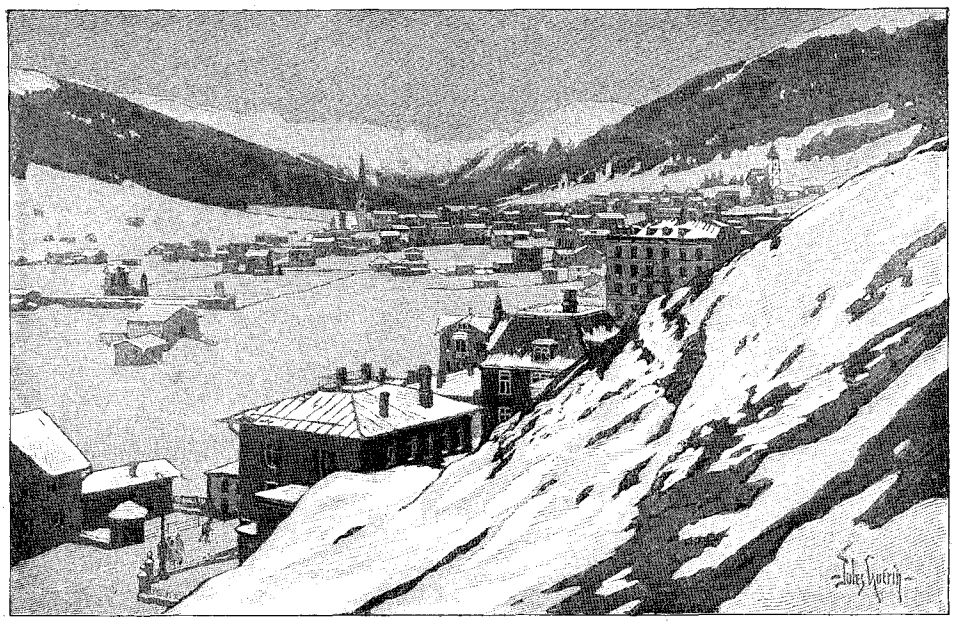

General View of Davos.

with neuralgia in her eye the last day; altogether I never had a more uncomfortable time; apply to her for further details of the discomfort.

We have our Wogg in somewhat better trim now, and vastly better spirits. The weather has been bad—for Davos, but indeed it is a wonderful climate. It never feels cold; yesterday, with a little chill, small, northerly draught, for the first time, it was pinching. Usually, it may freeze, or snow, or do what it pleases, you feel it not, or hardly any.

Thanks for your notes; that fishery question will come in, as you notice in the Highland Book, as well as under the Union; it is very important. I hear no word of Hugh Miller's *Evictions;* I count on that. What you say about the old and new Statistical is odd. It seems to me very much as if I were gingerly embarking on a *History of Modern Scotland.* Probably Tulloch will never carry it out. And, you see, once I have studied and written these two volumes, *The Transformation of the Scottish Highlands* and *Scotland and the Union,* I shall have a good ground to go upon. The effect on my mind of what I have read has been to awaken a livelier sympathy for the Irish; although they never had the remarkable virtues, I fear they have suffered many of the injustices of the Scottish Highlanders. Ruedi has seen me this morning; he says the disease is at a standstill, and I am to profit by it to take more exercise. Altogether he seemed quite hopeful and pleased.—I am your ever affectionate son, R. L. S.

DAVOS, Christmas, 1881.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—Thanks for yours; I waited as I said I would. I now expect no answer from you, regarding you as a mere dumb cock-shy, or a target, at which we fire our arrows diligently all day long, with no anticipation it will bring them back to us. We are both sadly mortified you are not coming; but health comes first; alas, that man should be so crazy; what fun we could have, if we were all well, what work we could do, what a happy place we could make it for each other. If I were able to do what I want; but then I am not, and may leave that vein.

No. I do not think I shall require to know the Gaelic; few things are written in that language, or ever were; if you come to that, the number of those who could write or even read it, though almost all my period, must, by all accounts, have

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been incredibly small. Of course, until the book is done, I must live as much as possible in the Highlands, and that suits my book as to health. It is a most interesting and sad story, and from the '45 it is all to be written for the first time. This of course will cause me a far greater difficulty about authorities; but I have already learnt much, and where to look for more. One pleasant feature is the vast number of delightful writers I shall have to deal with: Burt, Johnson, Boswell, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Scott. There will be interesting sections on the Ossianic controversy and the growth of the taste for Highland scenery. I have to touch upon Rob Roy, Flora Macdonald, the strange story of Lady Grange, the beautiful story of the tenants on the Forfeited Estates, and the odd, inhuman problem of the great evictions. The religious conditions are wild, unknown, very surprising. And three out of my five parts remain hitherto entirely unwritten. Smack!— Yours ever,

R. L. S.

DAVOS, December 26, 1880.

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I was very tired yesterday and could not write; tobogganed so furiously all morning; we had a delightful day, crowned by an incredible dinner—more courses than I have fingers on my hands. Your letter arrived duly at night, and I thank you for it as I should. You need not suppose I am at all insensible to my father's extraordinary kindness about this book; he is a brick; I vote for him freely.

. . . The assurance you speak of is what we all ought to have, and might have, and should not consent to live without. That people do not have it more than they do is, I believe, because persons speak so much in large—drawn, theological similitudes, and won't say out what they mean about life, and man, and God, in fair and square human language. I wonder if you or my father ever thought of the obscurities that lie upon human duty from the negative form in which the Ten Commandments are stated, or of how Christ was so continually substituting affirmations. "Thou shalt not" is but an example; "Thou shalt" is the law of God. It was this that seems meant in the phrase that "not one jot nor tittle of the law should pass." But what led me to the remark is this: A kind of black, angry look goes with that statement of the law of negatives. "To love one's neighbour as oneself" is certainly much harder, but states life so much more actively, gladly, and kindly, that you can begin to see some pleasure in it, and till you can see pleasure in these hard choices and bitter necessities, where is there any Good News to men? It is much more important to do right than not to do wrong; further, the one is possible, the other has always been and will ever be impossible; and the faithful *design to do right* is accepted by God; that seems to me to be the Gospel, and that was how Christ delivered us from the law. After people are told that surely they might hear more encouraging sermons. To blow the trumpet for good would seem the Parson's business; and since it is not in our own strength, but by faith and perseverance (no account made of slips), that we are to run the race, I do not see where they get the material for their gloomy discourses. Faith is not to believe the Bible, but to believe in God; if you believe in God (or, for it's the same thing, have that assurance you speak about), where is there any more room for terror? There are only three possible attitudes,—Optimism, which has gone to smash; Pessimism, which is on the rising hand and very popular with many clergymen who seem to think they are Christians. And this Faith, which is the Gospel. Once you hold the last, it is your business (1) to find out what is right in any given case and (2) to try to do it; if you fail in the last, that is by commission, Christ tells you to hope; if you fail in the first, that is by omission, his picture of the last day gives you but a black look out. The whole necessary morality is kindness; and it should spring, of itself, from the one fundamental doctrine, Faith. If you are sure that God, in the long run, means kindness by you, you should be happy; and if happy, surely you should be kind.

I beg your pardon for this long discourse; it is not all right, of course, but I am sure there is something in it. One thing I have not got clearly; that about the omission and the commission; but

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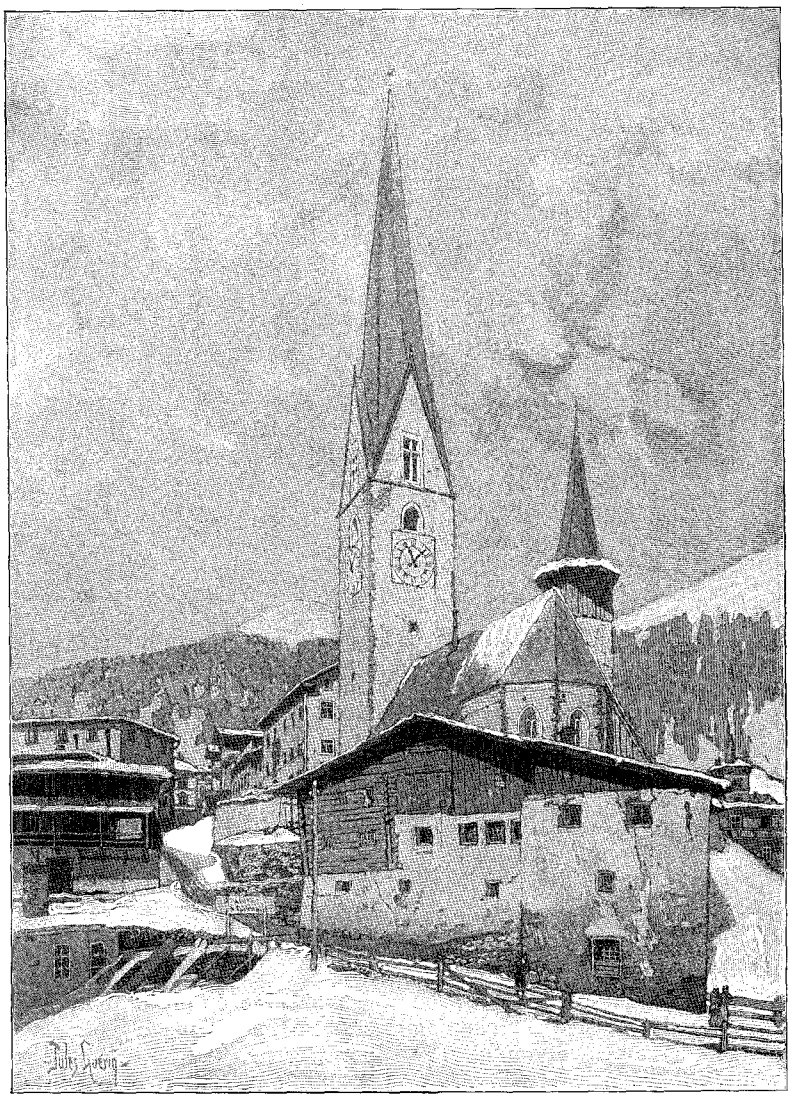

The Old Church of Davos.

there is truth somewhere about it, and I have no time to clear it just now. Do you know, you have had about a Cornhill page of sermon ? It is, however, true.

Lloyd heard with dismay Fanny was not going to give me a present ; so F. and I had to go and buy things for ourselves and go through a representation of surprise when they were presented next morning. It gave us both quite a Santa Claus feeling on Xmas eve to see him so excited and hopeful ; I enjoyed it hugely.

Your affectionate son,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[I did go out to my friend after all in January ; found him apparently little improved in health, and depressed by a sad turn of destiny which had brought out to the same place, at the same time, his old friend of Suffolk and Edinburgh days to watch beside the deathbed of her son. The following letter refers to a copy of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* which I had sent out to him some time after I came back to England.]

DAVOS, March, 1881.

MY DEAR COLVIN,—My health is not just what it should be; I have lost weight,

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Chalet am Stein, Davos-Platz, in 1881-82.

pulse, respiration, etc. and gained nothing in the way of my old bellows. But these last few days, with tonic, cod liver oil, better wine (there is some better now), and perpetual beef tea, I think I have progressed. To say truth, I have been here a little over long. I was reckoning up, and since I have known you, already quite a while, I have not, I believe, remained so long in any one place as here in Davos. That tells on my old gipsy nature; like a violin hung up, I begin to lose what music there was in me, and with the music, I do not know what besides, or do not know what to call it, but something radically part of life, a rhythm, perhaps, in one's old and so brutally overridden nerves, or perhaps a kind of variety of blood that the heart has come to look for.

I purposely knocked myself off first. As to F. A. S., I believe I am no sound authority. I know the thing to be terribly perilous, I fear it to be now altogether hopeless. Luck has failed; the weather has not been favourable; and in her true heart, the mother hopes no more. But—well, I feel a great deal, that I either cannot or will not say, as you well know. It has helped to make me more conscious of the wolverine on my own shoulders, and that also makes me a poor judge and poor adviser. Perhaps, if we were all marched out in a row, and a piece of platoon firing to the drums performed, it would be well for us; although, I suppose—and yet I wonder! so ill for the poor mother and the dear wife. But you can see this makes me morbid. *Sufficit; explicit.*

You are right about the Carlyle book; F. and I are in a world not ours; but pardon me, as far as sending on goes, we take another view; the first volume, *à la bonne heure!* but not — never — the second. Two hours of hysterics can be no good matter for a sick nurse, and the strange, hard, old being in so lamentable and yet human a desolation—crying out like a burnt child, and yet always wisely

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and beautifully—how can that end, as a piece of reading, even to the strong, but on the brink of the most cruel kind of weeping! I observe the old man's style is stronger on me than ever it was, and by rights, too, since I have just laid down his most attaching book. God rest the baith o' them! But even if they do not meet again, how we should all be strengthened to be kind, and not only in act, in speech also, that so much more important part. See what this apostle of silence most regrets, not speaking out his heart.

I was struck as you were by the admirable, sudden, clear sunshine upon Southey—even on his works. Symonds, to whom I repeated it, remarked at once: a man who was thus respected by both Carlyle and Landor must have had more in him than we can trace. So I feel with true humility.

It was to save my brain that Symonds proposed reviewing. He and, it appears, Leslie Stephen fear a little some eclipse; I am not quite without sharing the fear. I know my own languor as no one else does, it is a dead down-draught, a heavy fardel. Yet if I could shake off the wolverine aforesaid, and his fangs are lighter, though perhaps I feel them more, I believe I could be myself again awhile. I have not written any letter for a great time; none saying what I feel, since you were here, I fancy. Be duly obliged for it, and take my most earnest thanks, not only for the books but for your letter. I feel it is asking you too much to write to me, but send me half a page now and then.—Your affectionate, R. L. S.

The effect of reading this, on Fanny, shows me I must tell you I am very happy, peaceful and jolly, except for questions of work and the states of other people.

Woggin sends his love.

[A close intimate of J. A. Symonds, and frequent visitor at Davos, was Mr. Horatio F. Brown, author of "Life on the Lagoons," etc. He took warmly, as did every one, to Stevenson; and the following two notes are from a copy of Penn's *Fruits of Solitude*, printed at Philadelphia, which Stevenson sent him as a gift this winter after his return to Venice.]

Davos.

My dear Brown,—Here it is, with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself yours affectionately,

R. L. Stevenson.

Davos.

My dear Brown,—I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain; for while just now we are so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living, no, nor recently dead, that could have put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words.

R. L. S.

[The remaining Davos letters belong to the next season, 1881-82. In the intervening summer, R. L. S. had become a candidate for the Edinburgh chair of Law and Constitutional History; he knew his chances were very small; but the election was still pending when he went back to the Alps. The following note to his father shows that he thought for a moment of giving the electors a specimen of his qualifications in the shape of a magazine article on the Appin murder—a theme afterwards turned to so much more vital account in the tales of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona."]

Davos, October or November, 1881.

My dear Father,—It occurred to me last night in bed that I could write

The Murder of Red Colin,
a Story of the Forfeited Estates.

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This I have all that is necessary for, with the following exceptions:—

Trials of the Sons of Rob Roy with Anecdotes: Edinburgh, 1818, and

The second volume of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

You might also look in Arnot's *Criminal Trials* up in my room, and see what observations he has on the case (Trial of James Stewart in Appin for murder of Campbell of Glencoe, 1752); if he has none, perhaps you could see—O, yes, see if Burton has it in his two vols. of trial stories. I hope he hasn't; but care not; do it over again, anyway.

The two named authorities I must see. With these, I could soon pull off this article; and it shall be my first for the electors.

Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

[When his wife was away ill in December, Stevenson had some doleful times alone in the chalet, and this letter to Mr. Baxter records a mood of retrospect, such as occasionally visited him, towards the days of his youthful freaks and tribulations in Edinburgh.]

DAVOS, 5th December, 1881.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—We have been in miserable case here; my wife worse and worse; and now sent away with Lloyd for sick nurse, I not being allowed to go down. I do not know what is to become of us; and you may imagine how rotten I have been feeling, and feel now, alone with my weasel-dog and my German maid, on the top of a hill here, heavy mist and thin snow all about me, and the devil to pay in general. I don't care so much for solitude as I used to; results, I suppose, of marriage.

Pray write me something cheery. A little Edinburgh gossip, in Heaven's name. Ah! what would I not give to steal this evening with you through the big, echoing, college archway, and away south under the street lamps, and away to dear Brash's, now defunct! But the old time is dead also, never, never to revive. It was a sad time too, but so gay and so hopeful, and we had such sport with all our low spirits and all our distresses, that it looks like a lamplit kind of fairyland behind me. O for ten Edinburgh minutes—sixpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear, mysterious Leith Walk! But here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling; here in this strange place, whose very strangeness would have been heaven to him then; and aspires, yes, C. B. with tears, after the past. See what comes of being left alone. R. L. S.

[The next is after going down to meet his wife and stepson, after the former had left the doctor's hands at Berne.]

CHALET AM STEIN, DAVOS-PLATZ,
December 26, 1881.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Yesterday, Sunday and Christmas, we finished this eventful journey by a drive in an *open* sleigh—none others were to be had—seven hours on end through whole forests of Christmas trees. The cold was beyond belief. I have often suffered less at a dentist's. It was a clear, sunny day, but the sun even at noon falls, at this season, only here and there into the Prättigau. There was one place, about Mezzaselva, where the wind blew on us from the Silvretta Glacier—I am sure another turn of the screw would have set us all *bumming.* I kept up as long as I could in an imitation of a street singer: —

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses, etc.

At last Lloyd remarked, a blue mouth speaking from a corpse-coloured face: "You seem to be the only one with any courage left?" And, do you know, with that word my courage disappeared, and I made the rest of the stage in the same dumb wretchedness as the others. My only terror was lest Fanny should ask for brandy, or laudanum, or something. So awful was the idea of putting my hands out, that I half thought I would refuse. Well, none of us are a penny the worse, Lloyd's cold better; I, with a twinge of the rheumatiz'; and Fanny better than her ordinary.

General conclusion between Lloyd and me as to the journey: A prolonged visit to the dentist's, complicated with the fear of death. Never, O never, do you get me there again.

Parton come. Many thanks. Pray send the Hazlitts.

Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

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[The following letter to Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton contains references to the writer's failure as a candidate for the chair of History and Constitutional Law, as well as to the previous failure of his correspondent as a candidate for the chair of Fine Art.]

VILLA AM STEIN, DAVOS-PLATZ, GRISONS, SWITZERLAND [Winter 1881–82].

MY DEAR MR. HAMERTON,—My conscience has long been smiting me, till it became nearly chronic. My excuses, however, are many and not pleasant. Almost immediately after I last wrote to you, I had a hemoreage (I can't spell it), was badly treated by a doctor in the country, and have been a long while picking up—still, in fact, have much to desire on that side. Next, as soon as I got here, my wife took ill; she is, I fear, seriously so; and this combination of two invalids very much depresses both.

I have a volume of republished essays coming out with Chatto and Windus; I wish they would come, that my wife might have the reviews to divert her. Otherwise my news is *nil*. I am up here in a little châlet, on the borders of a pine wood, overlooking a great part of the Davos Thal, a beautiful scene at night, with the moon upon the snowy mountains, and the lights warmly shining in the village. J. A. Symonds is next door to me, just at the foot of my Hill Difficulty (this you will please regard as the House Beautiful), and his society is my great stand-by.

Did you see I had joined the band of the rejected? "Hardly one of us," said my *confrères* at the bar.

I was blamed by a common friend for asking you to give me a testimonial; in the circumstances he thought it was indelicate. Lest, by some calamity, you should ever have felt the same way, I must say in two words how the matter appeared to me. That silly story of the election altered in no tittle the value of your testimony: so much for that. On the other hand, it led me to take quite a particular pleasure in asking you to give it; and so much for the other. I trust, even if you cannot share it, you will understand my view.

I am in treaty with Bentley for a life of Hazlitt; I hope it will not fall through, as I love the subject, and appear to have found a publisher who loves it also. That, I think, makes things more pleasant. You know that I am a fervent Hazlittite; I mean regarding him as *the* English writer who has had the scantiest justice. Besides which, I am anxious to write biography; really, if I understand myself in quest of profit, I think it must be good to live with another man from birth to death. You have tried it, and know.

How has the cruising gone? Pray remember me to Mrs. Hamerton and your son, and believe me, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[The following is in reply to a letter he had received on some questions connected with his proposed Life of Hazlitt, from the veteran critic and bibliographer, since deceased, Mr. Alexander Ireland.]

TO ALEXANDER IRELAND, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR,—This formidable paper need not alarm you; it argues nothing beyond penury of other sorts, and is not at all likely to lead me into a long letter. If I were at all grateful it would, for yours has just passed for me a considerable part of a stormy evening. And speaking of gratitude, let me at once and with becoming eagerness accept your kind invitation to Bowden. I shall hope, if we can agree as to dates when I am nearer at hand, to come to you sometime in the month of May. I was pleased to hear you were a Scot; I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the stronger we feel that bond.

You ask about Davos; I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily I think, in the *Pall Mall*, and I mean to say no more, but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wiled again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has, to my eyes, but one advantage—the neighborhood of J. A. Symonds—I daresay you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. It has done me, in my two winters' Alpine exile, much good; so much, that I hope to leave it now forever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonably crazy state, any cold might send me skipping, either back to Davos, or further off. Let us hope not. It is dear; a little dreary; very far from many things

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that both my taste and my needs prompt me to seek; and altogether not the place that I should choose of my free will.

I am chilled by your description of the man in question, though I had almost argued so much from his cold undigested volume. If the republication does not interfere with my publisher, it will not interfere with me; but there, of course, comes the hitch. I do not know Mr. Bentley, and I fear all publishers like the devil, from legend and experience both. However, when I come to town, we shall, I hope, meet and understand each other as well as author and publisher ever do. I liked his letters; they seemed hearty, kind and personal. Still—I am notably suspicious of the trade—your news of this re-publication alarms me.

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted. I would not give a chapter of old Dumas, (meaning himself, not his collaborators), for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the small-pox—or the great one; diseased, anyway, and black-hearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

I trust that Mrs. Ireland does not object to smoking; and if you are a teetotaller, I beg you to mention it before I come—I have all the vices; some of the virtues, also, let us hope—that, at least, of being a Scotchman, and yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—My father was in the old High School the last year, and walked in the procession to the new. I blush to own I am an Academy boy; it seems modern, and smacks not of the soil.

P. P. S.—I enclose a good joke—at least, I think so—my first efforts at wood engraving, printed by my stepson, a boy of thirteen. I will put in also one of my later attempts. I have been nine days at the art—observe my progress. R. L. S.

[DAVOS? 1882.]

MY DEAR HENLEY,—I hope and hope for a long letter—soon I hope to be superseded by long talks—and it comes not. I remember I have never formally thanked you for that hundred quid, nor in general for the introduction to Chatto and Windus, and continue to bury you in copy as if you were my private secretary. Well, I am not unconscious of it all; but I think least said is often best, generally best; gratitude is a tedious sentiment, it's not ductile, not dramatic.

If Chatto should take both, *cui dedicare?* I am running out of dedickees; if I do, the whole fun of writing is stranded. *Treasure Island*, if it comes out, and I mean it shall, of course goes to Lloyd. Lemme see I have now dedicated to

W. E. H. [William Ernest Henley]
S. C. [Sidney Colvin]
T. S. [Thomas Stevenson]
Simp. [Sir Walter Simpson]

There remains: C. B., the Williamses—you know they were the parties who stuck up for us about our marriage, and Mr. W. was my guardian angel, and our Best Man and Bridesmaid rolled in one, and the only third of the wedding party—my sister-in-law, Nellie—who is booked for Prince Otto—Jenkin I suppose some time—George Meredith, the only man of genius of my acquaintance; and then I believe I'll have to take to the dead, the immortal memory business.

Talking of Meredith, I have just re-read for the third and fourth time *The Egoist*. When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book. Willoughby is, of course, a pure discovery; a complete set of nerves, not heretofore examined, and yet running all over the human body—a suit of nerves. Clara is the best girl I ever saw anywhere. Vernon is almost as good. The manner and the faults of the book greatly justify themselves on further study. Only Dr. Middleton does not hang together; and Ladies Busshe and Culmer *sont des monstruosités*. Vernon's conduct makes a wonderful odd contrast with Daniel Deronda's. I see more and more that Meredith is built for immortality.

Talking of which, Heywood, as a small immortal, an immortalet, claims some attention. *The Woman killed with Kindness* is one of the most striking novels—not

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plays, though it's more of a play than anything else of his—I ever read. He had such a sweet, sound soul, the old boy. The death of the two pirates in *Fortune by Sea and Land* is a document. He had obviously been present, and heard purser and Clinton take death by the beard with similar braggadocios. Purser and Clinton, names of pirates; Scarlet and Bobbington, names of highwaymen. He had the touch of names, I think. No man I ever knew had such a sense, such a tact, for English nomenclature: Rainsforth, Lacy, Audley, Forrest, Acton, Spencer, Frankford—so his names run.

Byron not only wrote *Don Juan;* he called Joan of Arc "a fanatical strumpet." These are his words. I think the double shame, first to a great poet, second to an English noble, passes words.

Here is a strange gossip—I am yours loquaciously, R. L. S.

My lungs are said to be in a splendid state, a cruel examination, an exa*nim*ation I may call it, had this brave result. Taïaut! Hillo! Hey! Stand by! Avast! Hurrah!

VILLA AM STEIN, DAVOS-PLATZ.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Here comes the letter as promised last night. And first two requests: pray send the enclosed to ℅ Blackmore's publisher, 'tis from Fanny. Second, pray send us Routledge's shilling book, Edward Mayhew's *Dogs*, by return if it can be managed.

Our dog is very ill again, poor fellow, looks very ill too, only sleeps at night because of morphine; and we do not know what ails him, only fear it to be a canker of the ear. He makes a bad, black spot in our life, poor, selfish, silly, little tangle; and my wife is wretched. Otherwise she is better, steadily and slowly moving up through all her relapses. My knee never gets the least better; it hurts to-night, which it has not done for long. I do not suppose my doctor knows any least thing about it. He says it is a nerve that I struck, but I assure you he does not know.

I have just finished a paper, *A Gossip on Romance*, in which I have tried to do, very popularly, about one-half of the matter you wanted me to try. In a way, I have found an answer to the question. But the subject was hardly fit for so chatty a paper, and it is all loose ends. If ever I do my book on the Art of Literature, I shall gather them together and be clear.

To-morrow, having once finished off the touches still due on this, I shall tackle San Francisco for you [that is, for the *Magazine of Art*, which Mr. Henley at this time edited]. Then the tide of work will fairly bury me, lost to view and hope. You have no idea what it costs me to wring out my work now. I have certainly been a fortnight over this Romance, sometimes five hours a day; and yet it is about my usual length—eight pages or so, and would be a d——d sight the better for another curry. But I do not think I can honestly re-write it all; so I call it done, and shall only straighten words in a revision currently.

I had meant to go on for a great while, and say all manner of entertaining things, but a kind of clap happened in my brain, and all's gone. I am now an idiot.

Yours ever,
R. L. S.

[The next letter informs Mr. Gosse of the writer's last new mode of child's play, the Davos Press woodcuts and verses, and alludes also to a scheme, lately broached between Mr. Gosse and R. L. S., for a joint volume in which famous murder stories should be retold].

DAVOS, March 23, 1882.

MY DEAR WEG,—And I had just written the best note to Mrs. Gosse that was in my power! Most blameable.

I now send (for Mrs. Gosse)

BLACK CANYON.

Also an advertisement of my new appearance as poet (bard, rather) and hartis on wood. The cut represents the Hero and the Eagle, and is emblematic of Cortez first viewing the Pacific Ocean, which (according to the bard Keats) it took place in Darien. The cut is much admired for the sentiment of discovery, the manly proportions of the voyager, and the fine impression of tropical scenes and the untrodden *waste*, so aptly rendered by the hartis.

I would send you the book; but I declare I'm ruined. I get a penny a cut and a halfpenny a set of verses from the flinthearted publisher, and only one specimen

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A Peak in Darien.

Broad-gazing on untrodden lands,
See where adventurous Cortez stands;
While in the heavens above his head,
The Eagle seeks its daily bread.
How aptly fact to fact replies:
Heroes and Eagles, hills and skies.
Ye, who contemn the fatted slave,
Look on this emblem and be brave

copy, as I'm a sinner. —— was apostolic alongside of Osbourne.

I hope you will be able to decipher this, written at steam speed with a breaking pen, the hot-fast postman at my heels. No excuse, says you. None, sir, says I, and touches my 'at most civil (extraordinary evolution of pen, now quite doomed—to resume—) I have not put pen to the Bloody Murder yet. But it is early on my list; and when once I get to it, three weeks should see the last bloodstain—maybe a fortnight. For I am beginning to combine an extraordinary, laborious slowness while at work, with the most surprising quick results in the way of finished manuscripts. How goes Gray? Colvin is to do Keats. My wife is still not well.

Yours ever, R. L. S.

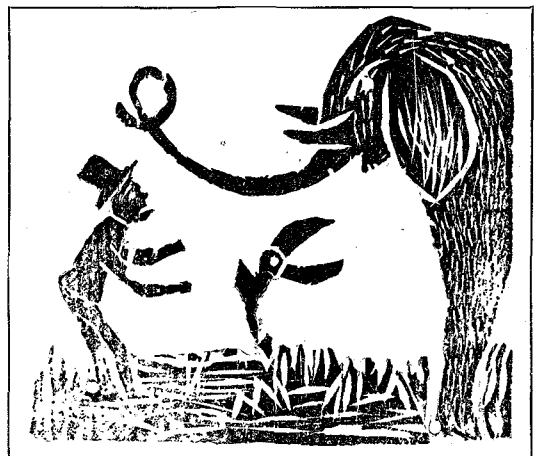
[The following flight of fancy refers to supposed errors of judgment on the part of an eminent firm of publishers, with whom Stevenson had at this time no connection. But very soon afterwards, it should be noted, he entered into relations with them which proved equally pleasant and profitable to both parties, and were continued on the most cordial terms until his death.]

DAVOS, March 10, 1882.

MY DEAR HENLEY,—Last night we had a dinner-party, consisting of the John Addington, curry, onions (lovely onions), and beef-steak. So unusual is any excitement, that F. and I feel this morning as if we had been to a coronation. However, I must, I suppose, write.

I was sorry about your female contributor squabble. 'Tis very comic, but really unpleasant. But what care I? Now that I illustrate my own books, I can always offer you a situation in our house —S. L. Osbourne and Co. As an author gets a halfpenny a copy of verses, and an artist a penny a cut, perhaps a proof-reader might get several pounds a year.

O that Coronation! What a shouting crowd there was! I obviously got a firework in each eye. The king looked very magnificent, to be sure; and that great



See in the print, how moved by whim
Trumpeting Jumbo, great and grim,
Adjusts his trunk, like a cravat,
To noose that individual's hat.
The sacred Ibis in the distance
Joys to observe his bold resistence.

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hall where we feasted on seven hundred delicate foods, and drank fifty royal wines —*quel coup d'œil!* but was it not overdone, even for a coronation—almost a vulgar luxury? And eleven is certainly too late to begin dinner. (It was really 6.30 instead of our usual 5.30.)

Your list of books that Cassells have refused in these weeks is not quite complete; they also refused:—

1. Six undiscovered tragedies, one romantic comedy, a fragment of journal extending over six years, and an unfinished autobiography reaching up to the first performance of King John. By William Shakespeare.

2. The journals and private correspondence of David, King of Israel.

3. Poetical Works of Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, including a monody on Napoleon.

4. Eight Books of an unfinished novel, *Solomon Crabb*. By Henry Fielding.

5. Stevenson's Moral Emblems.

You also neglected to mention as *per contra*, that they had during the same time accepted and triumphantly published Brown's *Handbook to Cricket*, Jones's *First French Reader*, and Robinson's *Picturesque Cheshire*, uniform with the same author's *Stately Homes of Salop*.

O if that list could come true! How we would tear at Solomon Crabb! O what a bully, bully, bully business. Which would you read first—Shakespeare's autobiography, or his journals? What sport the monody on Napoleon would be—what wooden verse, what stucco ornament! I should read both the autobiography and the journals before I looked at one of the plays, beyond the names of them, which shows that Saintsbury was right, and I do care more for life than for poetry. No—I take it back. Do you know one of the tragedies—a Bible tragedy too—*David*—was written in his third period—much about the same time as Lear? The comedy *April Rain*, is also a late work. *Beckett* is a fine ranting piece, like *Richard II.*, but very fine for the stage. Irving is to play it this autumn when I'm in town; the part rather suits him—but who is to play Henry—a tremendous creation, sir. Betterton in his private journal seems to have seen this piece; and he says distinctly that Henry is the best part in any play. 'Though,' he adds, 'how it be with the ancient plays I know not. But in this I have ever feared to do ill, and indeed will not be persuaded to that undertaking.' So says Betterton. *Rufus* is not so good; I am not pleased with *Rufus;* plainly a *rifaccimento* of some inferior work; but there are some damned fine lines. As for the purely satiric ill-minded *Abélard and Héloise*, another *Troilus*, *quoi!* it is not pleasant truly, but what strength, what verve, what knowledge of life, and the Canon! What a finished, humorous, rich picture is the Canon! Ah, there was nobody like Shakespeare. But what I like is the David and Absalom business: Absalom is so well felt—you love him as David did; David's speech is one roll of royal music from the first act to the fifth.

I am enjoying *Solomon Crabb* extremely; Solomon's capital adventure with the two highwaymen and Squire Trecothick and Parson Vance; it is as good, I think, as anything in *Joseph Andrews*. I have just come to the part where the highway man with the black patch over his eye has tricked poor Solomon into his place, and the squire and the parson are hearing the evidence. Parson Vance is splendid. How good, too, is old Mrs. Crabb and the coastguardsman in the third chapter, or her delightful quarrel with the sexton of Seaham; Lord Conybeare is surely a little overdone; but I don't know either; he's such sport. Do you like Sally Barnes? I'm in love with her. Constable Muddon is as good as Dogberry and Verges put together; when he takes Solomon to the cage, and the highwayman gives him Solomon's own guinea for his pains, and kisses Mrs. Muddon, and just then up drives Lord Conybeare, and instead of helping Solomon, calls him all the rascals in Christendom—O Henry Fielding, Henry Fielding! Yet perhaps the scenes at Seaham are the best. But I'm bewildered among all these excellences.

Stay, cried a voice that made the welkin crack—
This here's a dream, return and study BLACK!

—Ever yours, R. L. S.

[In the following, Stevenson gives his mother the key to the persons intended in the essay on "Talk and Talkers," and

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refers incidently to the matters which drew from him the lampoons in verse referred to at the beginning of this paper.]

DAVOS, April 9, 1882.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Herewith please find belated birthday present. Fanny has another.

Cockshot = Jenkin.	But
Jack = Bob.	pray
Burley = Henley.	regard
Athelred = Simpson.	these
Opalstein = Symonds.	as
Purcel = Gosse.	secrets.

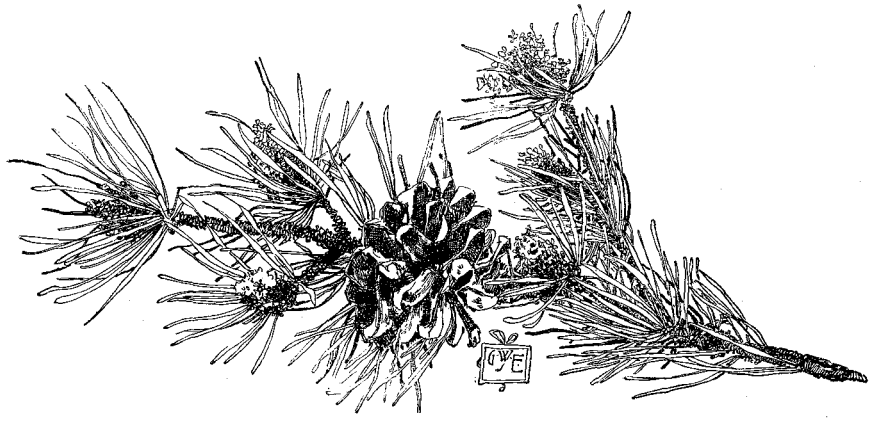
My dear Mother, how can I keep up with your breathless changes. Innerleithen, Cramond, Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Selkirk. I lean to Cramond, but I shall be pleased anywhere, any respite from Davos; never mind, it has been a good, though a dear lesson. Now, with my improved health, if I can pass the summer, I believe I shall be able no more to exceed, no more to draw on you. It is time I sufficed for myself, indeed. And I believe I can.

I am still far from satisfied about Fanny; she is certainly better, but it is by fits a good deal, and the symptoms continue, which should not be. I had her persuaded to leave without me this very day (Saturday, 8th), but the disclosure of my mismanagement broke up that plan; she would not leave me lest I should mismanage more. I think this an unfair revenge; but I have been so bothered that I cannot struggle. All Davos has been drinking our wine. During the month of March, three litres a day were drunk—O, it is too sickening—and that is only a specimen. It is enough to make any one a misanthrope, but the right thing is to hate the donkey that was duped—which I devoutly do.

I have this winter finished *Treasure Island*, written the preface to the *Studies*, a small book about the *Inland Voyage* size, *The Silverado Squatters*, and over and above that upwards of ninety (90) *Cornhill* pages of magazine work. No man can say I have been idle.

Your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.



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A POET'S MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS*

From the Letters of Sidney Lanier

BALTIMORE, February, 1874.

I AM just from the concert. It was splendidly successful. The orchestra was in fine trim, the audience in a good-humor, the singing delightful, the piano-playing simply exquisite. The "Tell" overture went off well, save that the 'cellos, which have a beautiful introduction, were not as well harmonized as might be. I had another triumph in the Pastoral Scene. When Oboe and I had finished our long interchange of confidences, the audience broke into applause, which was only stilled by the continuance of the overture, and the conductor came down and said that it was beautifully played. My greatest trouble in playing has been to keep in tune with the oboe; the tone of that instrument is so strange, so strident, and so indecisive when one is close to the player (he sitteth immediately behind me), that I have infinite difficulty in accommodating my pitch to his. Some of the notes in his instrument, too, are incorrect; and inasmuch as he *cannot* change his tones, and, as my music is often written in octaves above his, I have to use the utmost caution and skill in turning the embouchure in and out, so as to be in perfect accord with him. For some weeks I did not succeed in this, and suffered untold agonies thereanent; but I believe I have now discovered all his quips and his quirks, and to-night we were in lovely harmony with each other.

I read far better than at first, and am greatly improved in the matter of keeping time in the orchestra. How much I have learned in the last two months! I am not yet an artist, though, on the flute. The technique of the instrument has many depths which I had not thought of before, and I would not call myself a virtuoso within a year. I feel sure that in that time I could do anything possible to the instrument. But thou wouldst not know my tone, now! How I wish I might play for thee! I have just composed a thing I call "Longing." . . . I have not played it for anyone, save for myself, when my heart is quite too full. I suspect the people in the house think I am stark mad, in the twilight, when I send this strenuous sigh out on the air. Suppose a tuberose should just breathe itself out in perfume, and disappear utterly in a sweet breath—thus my heart in this melody.

BALTIMORE, February 12, 1874.

. . . —To offset this Jeremiad, I may tell thee that from a hundred indications I gather that I have conquered myself a place here as an orchestral player. The prejudices, the cliques, the claques, the difficulties I had to encounter, were innumerable and appalling; but by straightforward behavior and hard work and steady improvement, I have finally managed to beat down and trample on every one of them. I believe my "Tell" solo, on Saturday night, quite gave the *coup de gráce* to them, and the managers of the smaller orchestras about town have freely proffered engagements for odd occasions, although I do not belong to the "Musical Union," which embraceth nearly all the musicians in town, and which obligeth all its members to employ each other in preference to outsiders. I played last night with the Germania Männerchor orchestra; next week I am to play with the Liederkranz, and have four other engagements of similar character. I was also engaged to play solos in two concerts at Wheeling, Va.; but this has been postponed until after Lent; . . . and the leader of the Harmonic Mannerchor has engaged me for a solo at their next concert, the date of which is not yet determined.

I am copying off—in order to try the publishers therewith—a *danse des moucherrous* (midge-dance), which I have written for flute and piano, and which I think enough of to let it go forward as op. 1. Dost thou remember one morning last summer, C—— and I were walking in the upper part of the yard before breakfast, and saw a swarm of gnats, of whose

* See also article under same title in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May.

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strange evolutions we did relate to thee a marvellous tale? I have put the grave oaks, the quiet shade, the sudden sunlight, the fantastic, contrariwise and ever-shifting midge-movements, the sweet hills afar off, . . . *all*) in the piece, and thus *I* like it; but I know not if others will; I have not played it for anybody.

BALTIMORE, April 3, 1874.

I am just come from Venice, . . . and have strolled home through the moonlight, singing serenades. . . .

—In plain terms—sweet Heaven, how I do abhor these same plain terms—I have been playing Stradella (in the orchestra at the Concordia Theatre), and I am full of gondellieds, of serenades, of balconies with white arms leaning over the balustrades thereof, of gleaming waters, of lithe figures in black velvet, of stinging-sweet coquetries, of diamonds, daggers, and desperadoes.

Truth to say, the performance was but indifferent good, saving a lovely tenor, but I had never heard the opera before, and I cannot tell thee the intense delight which these lovely conceptions of Flotow gave me. The man has put Venice, lovely, romantic, wicked-sweet Venice, into music, and the melodies breathe out an eloquence that is at once honied and spicy, at once sentimental and powerful, at once languid and thrilling . . .

BALTIMORE, April 9, 1874.

. . . Last night I won from music much glory playing the sonata of Kuhlau (which thou broughtest me from Savannah) to the most critical audience in town,—viz., at a private concert of the Germania Club.

I have now to rush down to the Concordia, to rehearse with an orchestra there. To-night I am going to play that lovely serenade which we heard at Theodore Thomas's concert in Macon—for flute and French horn. I play it with a noble 'cellist, the horn part having been arranged for violoncello. I also play first flute to-night in the orchestra which is to accompany the Liederkranz in bringing out Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm.

NEW YORK, September 3, 1874.

I think I have invented a flute which will go down to G below the staff, and which will entirely remedy the imperfections that now exist in that part of the flute that extendeth below D. I have stirred up Badger about it—with infinite labor, for the old Satyr is far more concerned about silver dollars than about silver flutes, and is almost inexpugnably conservative. He is always wonderfully kind to me, however, and gazes on me with a half-amused smile when I am talking, as if I were a precocious child whom he was showing off. I have some good hopes of the new flute. O . . . dream with me that some day we will listen to an orchestra in which shall be as many first flutes as first violins, and as many second flutes as second violins!

And why should it not be so? What reason is there in the nature of things why the violins should be the orchestra, and the flutes and other instruments mere adjuncts? I say this not of any foolish advocacy of the flute: thou knowest I love the violin with my whole soul. No, I speak in advocacy of pure music. No one can hear an orchestra constituted like Thomas's (*e.g.*) without being convinced that, with all its perfection of handling, its material is *not* perfect. The tutti in *fff* is always a grief to me. I defy any musician to extract anything out of such passages unless he have the score before him, or is otherwise familiar with the theme. Then he can faintly discern the idea, but to those who are not musicians it is as sound and fury, signifying nothing. . . .

BROOKLYN, September 7, 1874.

. . . Badger worked for me like a Trojan all Saturday afternoon, experimenting on my new long flute. We were much put to it for some time to get a certain motion that was essential, but I kept him at it, in spite of the most dismal croaking on his side, until our efforts were crowned with brilliant success. I am going over now to recommence work on it. . . .

September 17, 1874.

. . . The long flute is nearly done, and I think it will work. It hath revealed sundry hitches which have taxed my ingenuity severely, but I have managed to overcome them all, and the final prospect is now good.

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September 21, 1874.

. . . The long flute will succeed in time. It is near enough finished for me to see that. Dost thou know, everything I do or write is so new and upturn-y of old mouldy ideas, here, that I have infinite trouble. *E.g.*, old Badger has been making flutes for forty years, and when any luckless wight maketh suggestion to him thereanent, he smileth a battered and annihilating smile, which saith plainly enough, *Pooh*, I exhausted all that a half-century ago. Now this Satyr fought me at every stage and up every step of my long flute. He declared in the very beginning that it was impossible, that a tube so long could not be filled by the human breath, that a column of air so long could not be made to vibrate, etc., and that he had long ago tried it thoroughly, and satisfied himself it was physically non-achievable. This last, of course, staggered me, yet with foolhardiness (as it is called), I worked at him until I got him to draw out a long tube, upon which in a few minutes I demonstrated to him that the G was not only a possible, but a beautiful note. He then retreated to his second line, and entrenched himself behind the C-key, averring that a key could not be constructed which would make C and at the same time hold down the four keys of the right hand. Then I proved to him it could be done, by good logic, and he finally made the key I wanted, and it *was* done. Thus from breastwork to breastwork hath he been driven; in three days more I expect him to surrender at discretion. . . .

September 25, 1874.

. . . I am going to move heaven and earth for ways and means to take lessons from Dr. Damrosch, who is leader of the Arion Society and the Oratorio Society of Brooklyn. He is a beautiful violinist, and is considered at the head of fine music in New York. A slender, blue-eyed man, with a broad forehead, is he, and a man of culture withal. . . .

Brooklyn, October 2, 1874.

. . . On Tuesday I went by invitation to P——'s rooms to play flute quartettes. They made me take the first part, and placed before me a terribly difficult quartette of Walckier's, which I had never seen before. I could never tell how beautiful it was; such long-drawn chords with sweet thoughts in them, like flowers hid in green leaves. I went through it in a great ecstasy, without a break. When we finished, P—— cried out to me, "Well sir, you are the best sight-reader I ever saw; H —— would have broken down at every second bar." Thou wouldst be greatly pleased to know how greatly I have improved in this particular, by a little practice in it, which I have just had for the first time in my life. During the past two weeks L——has been coming twice a week to my room, and playing for an hour old-fashioned duos which I never saw before. This has set me up greatly in reading. Last night Mme. A—— gave a little musicale, in order that Dr. C——, an amateur flutist, of Brooklyn, might hear me play. He brought a lot of music wholly new to me, and, although embarrassed at playing at sight before so many people, and with an accompanist who was also reading at sight, I went through in grand style, amidst such showers of applause and of compliments as quite reddened my face. . . .

New York, Sunday, October 18, 1874.

I have been in my room all day, and have just concluded a half-dozen delicious hours, during which I have been devouring, with a hungry ferocity of rapture which I know not how to express, *The Life of Robert Schumann*, by his pupil, Von Wasilewski. This pupil, I am sure, did not fully comprehend his great master. I think the key to Schumann's whole character, with all its labyrinthine and often disappointing peculiarities, is this: That he had no mode of self-expression, or, I should rather say, of self-expansion, besides the musical mode. This may seem a strange remark to make of him who was the founder and prolific editor of a great musical journal, and who perhaps exceeded any musician of his time in general culture. But I do not mean that he was confined to music for self-expression, though, indeed, the sort of critical writing which Schumann did so much of is not at all like poetry in its tranquillizing effects upon the soul of the writer. What I do mean is that his sympathies were not *big* enough; he did not go through the awful struggle of genius, and lash and storm and

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beat about until his soul was grown large enough to embrace the whole of life and the All of things; that is, large enough to appreciate (if even without understanding) the magnificent designs of God, and tall enough to stand in the trough of the awful cross-waves of circumstance and look over their heights along the whole sea of God's manifold acts, and deep enough to admit the peace that passeth understanding. This is, indeed, the fault of all German culture, and the weakness of all German genius. A great artist should have the sensibility and expressive genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakespeare, all in one.

Now, in this particular—of being open, unprejudiced, and unenvious—Schumann soars far above his brother Germans. He valiantly defended our dear Chopin and other young musicians who were struggling to make head against the abominable pettiness of German prejudice. But, withal, I cannot find that his life was great, as a whole; I cannot see him caring for his land, for the poor, for religion, for humanity. He was always a restless soul, and the ceaseless wear of incompleteness finally killed, as a maniac, him whom a broader love might have kept alive as a glorious artist to this day.

The truth is, the world does not require enough at the hands of genius. Under the special plea of greater sensibilities, and of consequent greater temptations, it excuses its gifted ones, and even sometimes makes "a law of their weakness." But this is wrong; the sensibility of genius is just as much greater to high emotions as to low ones; and whilst it subjects to stronger temptations, it at the same time interposes —if it will—stronger considerations for resistance.

These are scarcely fair things to be saying *apropos* of Robert Schumann: for I do not think he was ever guilty of any excesses of genius—as they are called; I only mean them to apply to the *unrest* of his life.

And yet, for all I have said, how his music does burn in my soul! It stretches me upon the very rack of delight; I know no musician that fills me so full of heavenly anguish, and if I had to give up all the writers of music save one, my one should be Robert Schumann.

Some of his experiences cover some of my own as aptly as one-half of an oyster-shell does the other half. Once he went to Vienna—that gay New York of Austria; and he writes back to his sister Theresa:

". . . So my plans have as yet progressed but little. The city is so large that one needs double time for everything. . . . But to tell you a secret, I shouldn't like to live here long, and *alone*. Serious men and Saxons are seldom wanted or understood here. . . . In vain do I look for musicians; that is, musicians who not only play passably well upon one or two instruments, but who are cultivated men, and understand Shakespeare and Jean Paul. . . . I might relate all this at full length. But I don't know how the days fly, here; I've been here three months to-day; and the post-time, four o'clock, is always just at hand. . . . Clara goes the first of January to Paris, and probably to London later. We shall then be far apart. Sometimes I feel as if I could not bear it. But you know the reason; she wants to make money, of which we are indeed in need. May the good God guard her, the good, faithful girl!"

NEW YORK, October 29, 1874.

To-day I played for the great Dr. Damrosch; and won him. I sang the Wind-Song to him. When I finished he came and shook my hand, and said it was done like an artist; that it was wonderful, in view of my education; and that he was greatly astonished and pleased with the poetry of the piece and the enthusiasm of its rendering. He then closed the door on his next pupil, and kept him waiting in the front parlor a half hour, while giving me a long talk. I had told him that I wished to pursue music. He said: "Do you know what that means? It means a great deal of work, it means a thousand sacrifices. It is very hazardous."

I replied, I knew all that; but it was not a matter of mere preference, it was a spiritual necessity; I must be a musician, I could not help it.

This seemed to please him; and he went on to speak as no other musician here *could* speak, of many things. He is the only poet among the craft here; and is a thoroughly cultivated man in all particulars. He offered to do all he could

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in my behalf; and was altogether the gentleman and the wise artist.

Thou wilt share with me the pleasure I take in thinking that I have never yet failed to win favor with an artist. Although I am far more independent of praise than formerly, and can do without it perfectly well; yet, when it comes, I keenly enjoy it; particularly from one who is the friend of Liszt, of Von Bülow, and of Wagner.

Moreover, I played abominably; being both tired, weakened by the warm weather, and excited.

I am pleased that Hamerik should have so cordially invited me back to my old place; and anticipate a winter in Baltimore full of substantial work. I find I need thorough-bass sorely, and am studying it with might and main. . . .

BROOKLYN, November 8, 1874.

. . . . I have spent the whole Sunday in my room in reading, with slow labor—for my German is but limited—Wagner's "Rhein-Gold," the first part of his great Trilogy, or rather Tetralogy—for it has four parts—which I am going to translate, unless some happy mortal gets ahead of me. The conception is very fine; but there is something in it, or rather something *not* in it, which I detect in everything that any German has yet done in the way of music or poetry. I know not exactly what to call it, or indeed, how to define it. It is, that (if I may express it in a very roundabout way) sentiment lying deep in the heart of the author which would produce on his face a quiet, wise smile all the while he was writing—a sort of consciousness underlying all his enthusiasms (which are not at all weakened thereby), that God has charge, that the world is in His hands, that any bitterness is therefore small and unworthy of a poet. This was David's frame of mind; it was also Shakespeare's. No German has approached it, except, perhaps, Richter.

. . . . . .

1874.

. . . The great deeps, the wild heights, the passionate cities, the happy vales, the dear, secret springs, the broad and generous-bosomed rivers, the manifold exquisite flowers, the changeful seasons, the starry skies, the present, the past, the future . . . of the world of music; into these he hath not been, into these will he never enter. But he hath not one infinitely sweet to present ever before him the glorious ideal of his youth, to keep him ever trustful in the brightness and reality and sufficiency of love, to hold him ever self-watchful and solicitous, to be all that is high and manly and noble, in order to maintain himself in some way worthy of his unapproachable Beloved.

BALTIMORE, January 3, 1875.

Doth not this inclosed programme show a feast of glory? And how we did play it! We were forty-four in orchestra, and we all played as if our soul's welfare hung on each note. How can I tell thee the heaven of it, to me?

Then, after the concert, Mr. Sutro and his wife invited Hamerik, Seifert (leader of the violins, just from Berlin), Wysham and myself to take champagne with them at their rooms, where we sat until far into the morning, talking music.

My playing is greatly improved, and my flute now fits upon the oboe like the down upon a peach.

My head is all full of my "Gnat-dance," which I am going to turn into a symphony, for orchestra, with flute *obligato*.

BALTIMORE, January 6, 1875.

. . . I had a long talk to-day with Mr. Uhler, librarian of the Peabody. He tells me that there is a full set of apparatus for the physics of music lectures now at the institute, and that they are not even unpacked! I have the strongest hope of being able to accomplish my project anent the establishment of such a chair in connection with the conservatory. I am working hard at all the books I can find in the library on the subject, and I am going over in a few moments to spend the balance of the evening there.

BALTIMORE, January 9, 1875.

. . . Our second concert comes off to-night, and we are to play such beautiful music as makes my heart tremble even to think of. First comes Beethoven's second symphony, one written before the dreadful deafness had come upon his ears, and pierced into his heart. The whole three

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movements are ravishing melodies from beginning to end, and the second movement, a larghetto, is as if the wind-instruments and strings were having a game of hide-and-seek in heaven. Then Mme. De Ryther, a lady in form and manner and stage-appearance much like our dear departed G——, is to sing, with a glorious contralto voice, a noble aria from Händel's little-known opera, Rinaldo. There we play Bernhard Scholz's overture, *Im Freien* ("In the free air"), an exquisite embodiment of tender sky, of birds, of joyful green leaves and lush grasses and brilliant flowers. Then we have some English songs by Mme. De Ryther, and conclude all with Karl Reinecke's lovely overture to Calderon's *Dame Kobold*.

BALTIMORE, January 12, 1875.

I have a nice piano just arrived. . . . I found I could not write my Gnat Symphony without it. I am going to put into the slow movement of my Gnat Symphony my No. 1, which thou didst admire so long ago, taking the melody first for the flute, then for the violins. The melody seems fairly ravishing to me.

. . . The fury of creation is on me today, and I am now going down for some score-paper, and to mail this . . . then to the pen.

Hamerik is interested in the chair of physics, and will take me to see Mr. E——, who is chief among the trustees in the conservatory department. . . .

BALTIMORE, January 20, 1875.

On Monday night came Hamerik to spend the evening with me. At seven came he; and at 2 A.M. left he. Such another music-talk have I never had. The fellow is a rare genius: his music is the most poetic subtlety of tone-combination that could be imagined.

BALTIMORE, January 24, 1875.

Our concert last night was magnificently successful.

Our first number was the greatest of modern works, the symphony by Svendsen. The third movement is a long and intricate scherzo of indescribable lightness and beauty; and is, throughout, a solo for the first flute, supported by a multitudinous accompaniment of the reed and strings. The instant we had finished, the audience furiously demanded an *encore*, the director smiled his congratulations over upon me, and we plunged into it again like a flock of butterflies drunk with sunlight swooping upon a flower-bed.

The whole symphony gave me immeasurable delight. I am so much improved now in playing that I can preserve my internal dignity in great measure free from the dreadful distractions of solicitude, and thus my soul revels in the midst of the heaven of these great symphonic works with almost unobstructed freedom. . . .

I believe I have had the good fortune to discover a very curious fact in relation to the vibration of strings, which will exert an important influence in explaining the difference of *timbre* between stringed instruments and wind; and perhaps in other directions which I have not had time to think toward. I have communicated the substance of the proposition to Professor F. H. Smith, of the University of Virginia,—a very eminent authority in such matters—and he replies that my idea is unquestionably correct. . . .

BALTIMORE, February 7, 1875.

. . . Our concert last night—whereof I send the beautiful programme—was brilliantly successful. We had only rehearsed the Mozart *Concerto* once, Mr. Hoffman not arriving until Friday; but it went off nobly, on the part of the orchestra, and Mr. Hoffman played it with a subtle delicacy of touch and of expression of which I had never dreamed him capable. The Proch variations were sung charmingly by Miss Thursby; I standing with her and playing the flute obligato; all with such effect that I had twice to lead her back in response to vociferous encores. The third movement of the Hiller symphony was full of lovely flute-effects; and my playing won me many compliments from the stolid Germans of the orchestra.

BALTIMORE, February 26, 1875.

Well, then, instalment No. 1 shall relate to thee in how wholly unorthodox a manner—yet to me how devout—I spent last Sunday. . . .

At half-past ten I was ready for action, and proceeded to meet my colleagues of the wind-quintette—with whom I was to

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play at the concert that night—for the rehearsal of our piece, which, by reason of short notice and of the exactions of our orchestra rehearsals, we had not been able to rehearse before. This occupied until after one o'clock, when I rushed back to my room, made some changes of toilet, and repaired to the P——'s, where I was promised to dinner. After dinner, Mr. P—— and I looked over a magnificent bound collection of colored prints, representing the progress of art in all times and countries till half-past five, when I returned to my room, fell on the bed, and rested an hour; then tea; then a hasty arrayal in dress-coat and white tie, and a flight to the Germania Hall, where we were to play the quintette. Which having played, I rushed, at nine o'clock, to the house of Mr. R——, where I had been engaged to play in a string quintette of Haydn for three strings, flute, and piano; Mme. R—— playing the piano part, and her daughter playing the violoncello part. Arriving here, found the violin and the viola men had not come, so played trios with mother and daughter (violoncello, flute, and piano), and chatted with the father until 11; then took leave of these charming, cultivated, unaffected, simple-mannered French people and got me home to bed, tired, as thou mayst imagine.

Of course, this was an exceptional Sunday. I usually spend the day until dinner-time in my room, writing to thee, and meditating upon God. I then dine at Mrs. Bird's, and spend my evening alone in my room, bringing my life up.

. . . . . .

BALTIMORE, February 28, 1875.

. . . We had a beautiful concert last night; the seventh symphony of Beethoven, the great concerto of Schumann for piano and orchestra, the "Marriage of Figaro;" winding up with the dreary old "Good Night" symphony of Haydn, in which each of us had a candle attached to his stand (the hall being in total darkness), which he blew out as his part was finished (the parts came to an end successively), until finally naught was left but a lonesome old fiddler, who dismally sawed away, but at last left, the leader beating time for a few bars longer, then sadly blowing out his solitary candle and moving away.

BALTIMORE, March 12, 1875.

. . . I have so many fair dreams and hopes about music in these days. It is a gospel whereof the people are in great need. As Christ gathered up the ten commandments and re-distilled them into the clear liquid of that wondrous eleventh—Love God utterly, and thy neighbor as thyself—so I think the time will come when music, rightly developed to its now-little-foreseen grandeur, will be found to be a later revelation of all gospels in one. Only think how it is beginning to do the people's worship in the churches, here, of late!

I was at one the other day where half of the service was music, and if the man at the organ had been at all a preacher in soul (alas! he was not) he would have dealt out the far heavenlier portion of the doctrine. . . .

BALTIMORE, March 18, 1876.

I have just come from the last concert, whereof I send thee herein a programme. A certain sense of melancholy is upon me—the last of anything is *per se* not joyful—but I quite kill it with the thought that I am now entirely free . . . as soon as I have finished my centennial ode.* I do not know how soon this will be. It *ought* to be in the hands of the printers and engravers early in April, but it has been so much interrupted by illness and a thousand little extraneous matters, that I fear it will be late. However, the God of the humble poet is very great. And I have had so many signal instances of His upholding grace that I do not now ever quite despair of anything.

Thomas is to be here next Wednesday, and I hope then to have some final report from him as to whether he will be able to put in another flute in his orchestra.

I have received a copy of the piano score of the Cantata, which I will send on Monday. . . . The poem appears on the first page in connected shape, as well as in its proper place along with the music. This piano-score is only written for the purpose of drilling the chorus, the full orchestra score will soon be printed, and then I will send that to thee. . . . I am continually and increasingly annoyed at the intense rate of life at which I have

* "The Psalm of the West," for *Lippincott's Magazine.*

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to live here. There is never a moment when I have what could be called leisure, a duty of some sort is always ready. I am always pressed for time, and that, too, at the total neglect of scores of visits which I ought to pay here. I do not even have time to think out why it is so.

I hope thou wilt like my dactyls. I am greatly interested in them. . . . If I were only fresh to write this poem! but it is done with a laggard spirit.

After a concert, not dated.

. . . The great Beethoven concerto, the Mendelssohn concerto (for violin and orchestra), the Wolfram's Song, these will kill me if I do not hear them some day [as I would]! I dare not talk about them more. There was the largest audience ever assembled in that hall. Even the aisles were crowded with ladies, standing.

. . . . . .

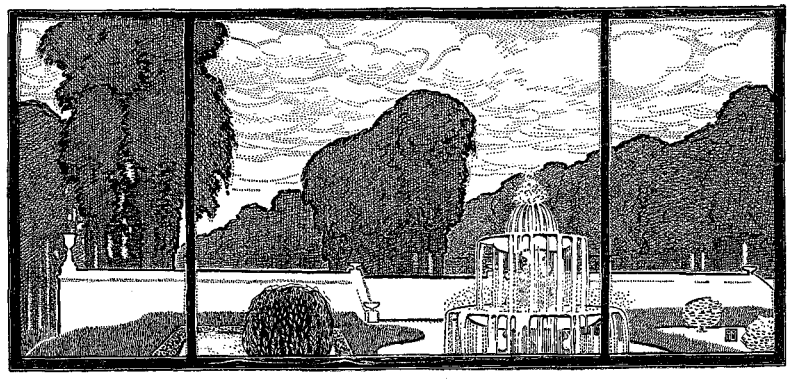
How well now I understand the foundation which music has, in the culture of the soul! A broad and liberal spirit wielding the *bâton* to-night could have set the hearts of fifteen hundred people a-fire. As it was, they were (merely) greatly pleased.

There is a certain heaven in store for me; it is to play with thine accompaniment, some day, certain songs out of a "Schubert Album" which I have. Oh, if thou couldst hear the passion, the melodious eloquence, the pleading pathos wherewith my dear Silvertongue* rendereth these!

PHILADELPHIA, May 28, 1876.

To-day . . . I had an invitation from Wehner to come and spend the morning with him. I went at half-past ten, flute in hand. His knowledge of English is even less than mine of German, and we wasted not a word in talk beyond the usual salutations, but went immediately to our matters, by a delightful plunge into a volume of Kuhlau's duos which I had not before seen. We were in a cool, retired parlor, the morning was sweet, there was no third person in the room, the music was of the simple, grave, religious character of Bach's, and my heart was all a-cry. At the end of each movement, as we played straight through the book, my big, phlegmatic, square-built German cried Gut! and looked meaningly upon me; I said *wunderschön*, and looked meaningly upon him; and at the end of two hours I made a hasty *adé* with a full heart, and came back to the Peacocks for dinner.

* A silver Boehm flute, in one long tube, which Mr. Lanier played for a time. He finally returned to the wooden Boehm, having a mouthpiece of ivory inserted to procure greater resonance.



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"EUROPE"

By Henry James

I

"OUR feeling is, you know, that Becky *should* go." That earnest little remark comes back to me, even after long years, as the first note of something that began, for my observation, the day I went with my sister-in-law to take leave of her good friends. It is a memory of the American time, which revives so at present—under some touch that doesn't signify—that it rounds itself off as an anecdote. That walk to say good-by was the beginning; and the end, so far as I was concerned with it, was not till long after; yet even the end also appears to me now as of the old days. I went, in those days, on occasion, to see my sister-in-law, in whose affairs, on my brother's death, I had had to take a helpful hand. I continued to go, indeed, after these little matters were straightened out, for the pleasure, periodically, of the impression—the change to the almost pastoral sweetness of the good Boston suburb from the loud, longitudinal New York. It was another world, with other manners, a different tone, a different taste; a savor nowhere so mild, yet so distinct, as in the square white house—with the pair of elms, like gigantic wheat-sheaves in front, the rustic orchard not far behind, the old-fashioned door-lights, the big blue and white jars in the porch, the straight, bricked walk from the high gate—that enshrined the extraordinary merit of Mrs. Rimmle and her three daughters.

These ladies were so much of the place and the place so much of themselves, that from the first of their being revealed to me I felt that nothing else at Brookbridge much mattered. They were what, for me, at any rate, Brookbridge had most to give: I mean in the way of what it was naturally strongest in, the thing that we called in New York the New England expression, the air of Puritanism reclaimed and refined. The Rimmles had brought this down to a wonderful delicacy. They struck me even then—all four almost equally—as very ancient and very earnest, and I think theirs must have been the house, in all the world, in which "culture" first came to the aid of morning calls. The head of the family was the widow of a great public character — as public characters were understood at Brookbridge—whose speeches on anniversaries formed a part of the body of national eloquence spouted in the New England schools by little boys covetous of the most marked, though perhaps the easiest, distinction. He was reported to have been celebrated, and on such high, superior, exemplary grounds that he was consistent, somehow, even in death. He was likewise understood to have made, in his wife's company, the tour of Europe at a date not immensely removed from that of the battle of Waterloo. What was the age, then, of the bland, firm, antique Mrs. Rimmle at the period of her being first revealed to me? That is a point I am not in a position to determine—I remember mainly that I was young enough to regard her as having reached the limit. And yet the limit for Mrs. Rimmle must have been prodigiously extended; the scale of its extension is, in fact, the very moral of this reminiscence. She was old, and her daughters were old, but I was destined to know them all as older. It was only by comparison and habit that—however much I recede—Rebecca, Maria, and Jane were the "young ladies."

I think it was felt that, though their mother's life, after thirty years of widowhood, had had a grand backward stretch, her blandness and firmness—and this in spite of her extreme physical frailty—would be proof against any surrender not overwhelmingly justified by time. It had appeared, years before, at a crisis of which the waves had not even yet quite subsided, a surrender not justified by anything that she should go, with her daughters, to Europe for her health. Her health was supposed to require constant support; but when it had at that period tried con-

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clusions with the idea of Europe, it was not the idea of Europe that had been insidious enough to prevail. She had not gone, and Becky, Maria, and Jane had not gone, and this was long ago. They still merely floated in the air of the visit achieved, with such introductions and such acclamations, in the early part of the century; they still, with fond glances at the sunny parlor-walls, only referred, in conversation, to divers pictorial and other reminders of it. The Miss Rimmles had quite been brought up on it, but Becky, as the most literary, had most mastered the subject. There were framed letters—tributes to their eminent father—suspended among the mementoes, and of two or three of these, the most foreign and complimentary, Becky had executed translations that figured beside the text. She knew already, through this and other illumination, so much about Europe that it was hard to believe, for her, in that limit of adventure which consisted only of her having been twice to Philadelphia. The others had not been to Philadelphia, but there was a legend that Jane had been to Saratoga. Becky was a short, stout, fair person with round, serious eyes, a high forehead, the sweetest, neatest enunciation, and a miniature of her father—"done in Rome"—worn as a breastpin. She had written the life, she had edited the speeches, of the original of this ornament, and now at last, beyond the seas, she was really to tread in his footsteps.

Fine old Mrs. Rimmle, in the sunny parlor and with a certain austerity of cap and chair—though with a gay new "front" that looked like rusty brown plush—had had so unusually good a winter that the question of her sparing two members of her family for an absence had been threshed as fine, I could feel, as, even under that Puritan roof, any case of conscience had ever been threshed. They were to make their dash while the coast, as it were, was clear, and each of the daughters had tried—heroically, angelically, and for the sake of each of her sisters—not to be one of the two. What I encountered that first time was an opportunity to concur with enthusiasm in the general idea that Becky's wonderful preparation would be wasted if she were the one to stay with their mother. They talked of Becky's preparation—they had a sly, old-maidish humor that was as mild as milk—as if it were some mixture, for application somewhere, that she kept in a precious bottle. It had been settled, at all events, that, armed with this concoction and borne aloft by their introductions, she and Jane were to start. They were wonderful on their introductions, which proceeded naturally from their mother and were addressed to the charming families that, in vague generations, had so admired vague Mr. Rimmle. Jane, I found at Brookbridge, had to be described, for want of other description, as the pretty one, but it would not have served to identify her unless you had seen the others. *Her* preparation was only this figment of her prettiness—only, that is, unless one took into account something that, on the spot, I silently divined: the lifelong, secret, passionate ache of her little rebellious desire. They were all growing old in the yearning to go, but Jane's yearning was the sharpest. She struggled with it as people at Brookbridge mostly struggled with what they liked, but fate, by threatening to prevent what she *dis*liked, and what was therefore duty—which was to stay at home instead of Maria—had bewildered her, I judged, not a little. It was she who, in the words I have quoted, mentioned to me Becky's case and Becky's affinity as the clearest of all. Her mother, moreover, on the general subject, had still more to say.

"I positively desire, I really quite insist that they shall go," the old lady explained to us from her stiff chair. "We've talked about it so often, and they've had from me so clear an account—I've amused them again and again with it—of what is to be seen and enjoyed. If they've had hitherto too many duties to leave, the time seems to have come to recognize that there are also many duties to *seek*. Wherever we go we find them—I always remind the girls of that. There's a duty that calls them to those wonderful countries, just as it called, at the right time, their father and myself—if it be only that of laying up for the years to come the same store of remarkable impressions, the same wealth of knowledge and food for conversation as, since my return, I have found myself so happy to possess." Mrs. Rimmle spoke

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of her return as of something of the year before last, but the future of her daughters was, somehow, by a different law, to be on the scale of great vistas, of endless after-tastes. I think that, without my being quite ready to say it, even this first impression of her was somewhat upsetting; there was a large, placid perversity, a grim secrecy of intention, in her estimate of the ages.

"Well, I'm so glad you don't delay it longer," I said to Miss Becky before we withdrew. "And whoever should go," I continued in the spirit of the sympathy with which the good sisters had already inspired me, "I quite feel, with your family, you know, that *you* should. But of course I hold that everyone should." I suppose I wished to attenuate my solemnity; there was something in it, however, that I couldn't help. It must have been a faint foreknowledge.

"Have you been a great deal yourself?" Miss Jane, I remember, inquired.

"Not so much but that I hope to go a good deal more. So perhaps we shall meet," I encouragingly suggested.

I recall something—something in the nature of susceptibility to encouragement—that this brought into the more expressive brown eyes to which Miss Jane mainly owed it that she was the pretty one. "Where, do you think?"

I tried to think. "Well, on the Italian lakes — Como, Bellagio, Lugano." I liked to say the names to them.

"'Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare—nor misty are the mountains there!'" Miss Jane softly breathed, while her sister looked at her as if her familiarity with the poetry of the subject made her the most interesting feature of the scene she evoked.

But Miss Becky presently turned to me. "Do you know everything—— ?"

"Everything?"

"In Europe."

"Oh, yes," I laughed, "and one or two things in America."

The sisters seemed to me furtively to look at each other. "Well, you'll have to be quick—to meet *us*," Miss Jane resumed.

"But surely when you're once there you'll stay on."

"Stay on?"—they murmured it simultaneously and with the oddest vibration of dread as well as of desire. It was as if they had been in the presence of a danger and yet wished me, who "knew everything," to torment them with still more of it.

Well, I did my best. "I mean it will never do to cut it short."

"No, that's just what I keep saying," said brilliant Jane. "It would be better, in that case, not to go."

"Oh, don't talk about not going—at this time!" It was none of my business, but I felt shocked and impatient.

"No, not at *this* time!" broke in Miss Maria, who, very red in the face, had joined us. Poor Miss Maria was known as the flushed one; but she was not flushed—she only had an unfortunate surface. The third day after this was to see them embark.

Miss Becky, however, desired as little as anyone to be in any way extravagant. "It's only the thought of our mother," she explained.

I looked a moment at the old lady, with whom my sister-in-law was engaged. "Well—your mother's magnificent."

"*Isn't* she magnificent?"—they eagerly took it up.

She *was*—I could reiterate it with sincerity, though I perhaps mentally drew the line when Miss Maria again risked, as a fresh ejaculation: "I think she's better than Europe."

"Maria!" they both, at this, exclaimed with a strange emphasis; it was as if they feared she had suddenly turned cynical over the deep domestic drama of their casting of lots. The innocent laugh with which she answered them gave the measure of her cynicism.

We separated at last, and my eyes met Mrs. Rimmle's as I held for an instant her aged hand. It was doubtless only my fancy that her calm, cold look quietly accused me of something. Of what *could* it accuse me? Only, I thought, of thinking.

II

I LEFT Bookbridge the next day and for some time after that had no occasion to hear from my kinswoman; but when she finally wrote there was a passage in her letter that affected me more than all

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the rest. "Do you know the poor Rimmles never, after all, 'went'? The old lady, at the eleventh hour, broke down; everything broke down, and all of *them* on top of it, so that the dear things are with us still. Mrs. Rimmle, the night after our call, had, in the most unexpected manner, a turn for the worse—something in the nature (though they're rather mysterious about it), of a seizure; Becky and Jane felt it—dear, devoted, stupid angels that they are—heartless to leave her at such a moment, and Europe's indefinitely postponed. However, they think they're still going—or *think* they think it—when she's better. They also think—or think they think—that she *will* be better. I certainly pray she may." So did I—quite fervently. I was conscious of a real pang—I didn't know how much they had made me care.

Late that winter my sister-in-law spent a week in New York; when almost my first inquiry on meeting her was about the health of Mrs. Rimmle.

"Oh, she's rather bad—she really is, you know. It's not surprising that at her age she should be infirm."

"Then what the deuce *is* her age?"

"I can't tell you to a year—but she's immensely old."

"That of course I saw," I replied—"unless you literally mean so old that the records have been lost."

My sister-in-law thought. "Well, I believe she wasn't positively young when she married. She lost three or four children before these women were born."

We surveyed together a little, on this, the "dark backward." "And they were born, I gather, *after* the famous tour? Well, then, as the famous tour was in a manner to celebrate—wasn't it?—the restoration of the Bourbons—" I considered, I gasped. "My dear child, what on earth do you make her out?"

My relative, with her Brookbridge habit, transferred her share of the question to the moral plane—turned it forth to wander, by implication at least, in the sandy desert of responsibility. "Well, you know, we all immensely admire her."

"You can't admire her more than I do. She's awful."

My interlocutress looked at me with a certain fear. "She's *really* ill."

"Too ill to get better?"

"Oh, no—we hope not. Because then they'll be able to go."

"And *will* they go, if she should?"

"Oh, the moment they should be quite satisfied. I mean *really*," she added.

I'm afraid I laughed at her—the Brookbridge "really" was a thing so by itself. "But if she shouldn't get better?" I went on.

"Oh, don't speak of it! They want so to go."

"It's a pity they're so infernally good," I mused.

"No—don't say that. It's what keeps them up."

"Yes, but isn't it what keeps *her* up too?"

My visitor looked grave. "Would you like them to kill her?"

I don't know that I was then prepared to say I should—though I believe I came very near it. But later on I burst all bounds, for the subject grew and grew. I went again before the good sisters ever did—I mean I went to Europe. I think I went twice, with a brief interval, before my fate again brought round for me a couple of days at Brookbridge. I had been there repeatedly, in the previous time, without making the acquaintance of the Rimmles; but now that I had had the revelation I couldn't have it too much, and the first request I preferred was to be taken again to see them. I remember well indeed the scruple I felt—the real delicacy—about betraying that *I* had, in the pride of my power, since our other meeting, stood, as their phrase went, among romantic scenes; but they were themselves the first to speak of it, and what, moreover, came home to me was that the coming and going of their friends in general—Brookbridge itself having even at that period one foot in Europe—was such as to place constantly before them the pleasure that was only postponed. They were thrown back, after all, on what the situation, under a final analysis, had most to give—the sense that, as everyone kindly said to them and they kindly said to everyone, Europe would keep. Everyone felt for them so deeply that their own kindness in alleviating everyone's feeling was really what came out most. Mrs. Rimmle was still in her stiff chair and in the sunny parlor, but if *she* made no scru-

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ple of introducing the Italian lakes my heart sank to observe that she dealt with them, as a topic, not in the least in the leave-taking manner in which Falstaff babbled of green fields.

I am not sure that, after this, my pretexts for a day or two with my sister-in-law were not apt to be a mere cover for another glimpse of these particulars: I at any rate never went to Brookbridge without an irrepressible eagerness for our customary call. A long time seems to me thus to have passed, with glimpses and lapses, considerable impatience and still more pity. Our visits indeed grew shorter, for, as my companion said, they were more and more of a strain. It finally struck me that the good sisters even shrank from me a little, as from one who penetrated their consciousness in spite of himself. It was as if they knew where I thought they ought to be, and were moved to deprecate at last, by a systematic silence on the subject of that hemisphere, the criminality I fain would fix on them. They were full instead—as with the instinct of throwing dust in my eyes—of little pathetic hypocrisies about Brookbridge interests and delights. I dare say that as time went on my deeper sense of their situation came practically to rest on my companion's report of it. I think I recollect, at all events, every word we ever exchanged about them, even if I have lost the thread of the special occasions. The impression they made on me after each interval always broke out with extravagance as I walked away with her.

"*She* may be as old as she likes—I don't care. It's the fearful age the 'girls' are reaching that constitutes the scandal. One shouldn't pry into such matters, I know; but the years and the chances are really going. They're all growing old together—it will presently be too late; and their mother meanwhile perches over them like a vulture—what shall I call it?—calculating. Is she waiting for them successively to drop off? She'll survive them each and all. There's something too remorseless in it."

"Yes; but what do you want her to do? If the poor thing *can't* die, she can't. Do you want her to take poison, or to open a blood-vessel? I dare say she would prefer to go."

"I beg your pardon," I must have replied; "you daren't say anything of the sort. If she would prefer to go she *would* go. She would feel the propriety, the decency, the necessity of going. She just prefers *not* to go. She prefers to stay and keep up the tension, and her calling them 'girls' and talking of the good time they'll still have is the mere conscious mischief of a subtle old witch. They won't have *any* time—there isn't any time to have! I mean there's, on her own part, no real loss of measure or of perspective in it. She *knows* she's a hundred-and-ten, and she takes a cruel pride in it."

My sister-in-law differed with me about this; she held that the old woman's attitude was an honest one and that her magnificent vitality, so great in spite of her infirmities, made it inevitable she should attribute youth to persons who had come into the world so much later. "Then suppose she should die?"—so my fellow-student of the case always put it to me.

"Do you mean while her daughters are away? There's not the least fear of that—not even if at the very moment of their departure she should be *in extremis*. They would find her all right on their return."

"But think how they would feel not to have been with her!"

"That's only, I repeat, on the unsound assumption. If they would only go to-morrow—literally make a good rush for it—they'll be with her when they come back. That will give them plenty of time." I'm afraid I even heartlessly added that if she *should*, against every probability, pass away in their absence, they wouldn't have to come back at all—which would be just the compensation proper to their long privation. And then Maria would come out to join the two others, and they would be—though but for the too scanty remnant of their career—as merry as the day is long.

I remained ready, somehow, pending the fulfilment of that vision, to sacrifice Maria; it was only over the urgency of the case for the others respectively that I found myself balancing. Sometimes it was for Becky I thought the tragedy deepest—sometimes, and in quite a different manner, I thought it most dire for Jane. It was Jane, after all, who had most sense of life. I seemed in fact dimly to descry

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in Jane a sense—as yet undescried by herself or by anyone—of all sorts of queer things. Why didn't *she* go? I used desperately to ask; why didn't she make a bold personal dash for it, strike up a partnership with some one or other of the travelling spinsters in whom Brookbridge more and more abounded? Well, there came a flash for me at a particular point of the gray middle desert: my correspondent was able to let me know that poor Jane at last *had* sailed. She had gone of a sudden—I liked my sister-in-law's view of suddenness—with the kind Hathaways, who had made an irresistible grab at her and lifted her off her feet. They were going for the summer and for Mr. Hathaway's health, so that the opportunity was perfect, and it was impossible not to be glad that something very like physical force had finally prevailed. This was the general feeling at Brookbridge, and I might imagine what Brookbridge had been brought to from the fact that, at the very moment she was hustled off, the doctor, called to her mother at the peep of dawn, had considered that *he* at least must stay. There had been real alarm—greater than ever before; it actually did seem as if this time the end had come. But it was Becky, strange to say, who, though fully recognizing the nature of the crisis, had kept the situation in hand and insisted upon action. This, I remember, brought back to me a discomfort with which I had been familiar from the first. One of the two had sailed, and I was sorry it was not the other. But if it had been the other I should have been equally sorry.

I saw with my eyes, that very autumn, what a fool Jane would have been if she had again backed out. Her mother had, of course, survived the peril of which I had heard, profiting by it indeed as she had profited by every other; she was sufficiently better again to have come down-stairs. It was there that, as usual, I found her, but with a difference of effect produced somehow by the absence of one of the girls. It was as if, for the others, though they had not gone to Europe, Europe had come to them: Jane's letters had been so frequent and so beyond even what could have been hoped. It was the first time, however, that I perceived on the old woman's part a certain failure of lucidity. Jane's flight was, clearly, the great fact with her, but she spoke of it as if the fruit had now been plucked and the parenthesis closed. I don't know what sinking sense of still further physical duration I gathered, as a menace, from this first hint of her confusion of mind.

"My daughter has been; my daughter has been——" She kept saying it, but didn't say where; that seemed unnecessary, and she only repeated the words to her visitors with a face that was all puckers and yet now, save in so far as it expressed an ineffaceable complacency, all blankness. I think she wanted us a little to know that she had not stood in the way. It added to something—I scarce knew what—that I found myself desiring to extract privately from Becky. As our visit was to be of the shortest, my opportunity—for one of the young ladies always came to the door with us—was at hand. Mrs. Rimmle, as we took leave, again sounded her phrase, but she added this time: "I'm so glad she's going to have always——"

I knew so well what she meant that, as she again dropped, looking at me queerly and becoming momentarily dim, I could help her out. "Going to have what *you* have?"

"Yes, yes—my privilege. Wonderful experience," she mumbled. She bowed to me a little as if I would understand. "She has things to tell."

I turned, slightly at a loss, to Becky. "She has then already arrived?"

Becky was at that moment looking a little strangely at her mother, who answered my question. "She reached New York this morning—she comes on to-day."

"Oh, then——!" But I let the matter pass as I met Becky's eye—I saw there was a hitch somewhere. It was not she but Maria who came out with us; on which I cleared up the question of their sister's reappearance.

"Oh, no, not to-night," Maria smiled; "that's only the way mother puts it. We shall see her about the end of November—the Hathaways are so indulgent. They kindly extend their tour."

"For *her* sake? How sweet of them!" my sister-in-law exclaimed.

I can see our friend's plain, mild old face

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take on a deeper mildness, even though a higher color, in the light of the open door. "Yes, it's for Jane they prolong it. And do you know what they write?" She gave us time, but it was too great a responsibility to guess. "Why, that it has brought her out."

"Oh, I knew it *would!*" my companion sympathetically sighed.

Maria put it more strongly still. "They say we wouldn't know her."

This sounded a little awful, but it was, after all, what I had expected.

III

My correspondent in Brookbridge came to me that Christmas, with my niece, to spend a week; and the arrangement had of course been prefaced by an exchange of letters, the first of which from my sister-in-law scarce took space for acceptance of my invitation before going on to say: "The Hathaways are back—but without Miss Jane!" She presented in a few words the situation thus created at Brookbridge, but was not yet, I gathered, fully in possession of the other one—the situation created in "Europe" by the presence there of that lady. The two together, at any rate, demanded, I quickly felt, all my attention, and perhaps my impatience to receive my relative was a little sharpened by my desire for the whole story. I had it at last, by the Christmas fire, and I may say without reserve that it gave me all I could have hoped for. I listened eagerly, after which I produced the comment: "Then she simply refused——?"

"To budge from Florence? Simply. She had it out there with the poor Hathaways, who felt responsible for her safety, pledged to restore her to her mother's, to her sisters' hands, and showed herself in a light, they mention under their breath, that made their dear old hair stand on end. Do you know what, when they first got back, they said of her—at least it was *his* phrase—to two or three people?"

I thought a moment. "That she had 'tasted blood'?"

My visitor fairly admired me. "How clever of you to guess! It's exactly what he did say. She appeared—she continues to appear, it seems—in a new character."

I wondered a little. "But that's exactly—don't you remember?—what Miss Maria reported to us from them; that we 'wouldn't know her.'"

My sister-in-law perfectly remembered. "Oh, yes—she broke out from the first. But when they left her she was worse."

"Worse?"

"Well, different—different from anything she ever *had* been, or—for that matter—had had a chance to be." My interlocutress hung fire a moment, but presently faced me. "Rather strange and bold and violent."

"Violent?" I wondered again.

"Peculiarly so, I inferred, on the question of not coming away. She wouldn't hear of it, and, when they spoke of her mother, said she had given her mother up. She had thought she should like Europe, but didn't know she should like it so much. They had been fools to bring her if they expected to take her away. She was going to see what she could—she hadn't yet seen half. The end of it was, at any rate, that they had to leave her alone."

I seemed to see it all—to see even the scared Hathaways. "So she *is* alone?"

"She told them, poor thing, it appears—and in a tone they'll never forget—that she was, at any rate, quite old enough to be. She cried—she quite went on—over not having come sooner. That's why the only way for her," my companion mused, "*is*, I suppose, to stay. They wanted to put her with some people or other—to find some American family. But she says she's on her own feet."

"And she's still in Florence?"

"No—I believe she was to travel. She's bent on the East."

I burst out laughing. "Magnificent Jane! It's most interesting. Only I feel that I distinctly *should* 'know' her. To my sense, always, I must tell you, she had it in her."

My relative was silent a little. "So it now appears Becky always felt."

"And yet pushed her off? Magnificent Becky!"

My companion met my eyes a moment. "You don't know the strangest part. I mean the way it has *most* brought her out."

I turned it over; I felt I should like to

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know—to that degree indeed that, oddly enough, I jocosely disguised my eagerness. "You don't mean she has taken to drink?"

My visitor hesitated. "She has taken to flirting."

I expressed disappointment. "Oh, she took to *that* long ago. Yes," I declared at my kinswoman's stare, "she positively flirted—with *me!*"

The stare perhaps sharpened. "Then you flirted with *her?*"

"How else could I have been as sure as I wanted to be? But has she means?"

"Means to flirt?"—my friend looked an instant as if she spoke literally. "I don't understand about the means—though of course they have something. But I have my impression," she went on. "I think that Becky——" It seemed almost too grave to say.

But *I* had no doubts. "That Becky's backing her?"

She brought it out. "Financing her."

"Stupendous Becky! So that morally then——"

"Becky's quite in sympathy. But isn't it strange?" my sister-in-law asked.

"Not in the least. Didn't we know, as regards Jane, that Europe was to bring her out? Well, it has also brought out Rebecca."

"It has indeed!" my companion indulgently sighed. "So what would it do if she were there?"

"I should like immensely to see. And we *shall* see."

"Why, do you believe she'll still go?"

"Certainly. She *must.*"

But my friend shook it off. "She won't."

"She shall!" I retorted with a laugh. But the next moment I said: "And what does the old woman say?"

"To Jane's behavior? Not a word—never speaks of it. She talks now much less than she used—only seems to wait. But it's my belief she thinks."

"And—do you mean—knows?"

"Yes, knows that she's abandoned. In her silence there she takes it in."

"It's her way of making Jane pay?" At this, somehow, I felt more serious. "Oh, dear, dear—she'll disinherit her!"

When, in the following June, I went on to return my sister-in-law's visit the first object that met my eyes in her little white parlor was a figure that, to my stupefaction, presented itself for the moment as that of Mrs. Rimmle. I had gone to my room after arriving, and, on dressing, had come down: the apparition I speak of had arisen in the interval. Its ambiguous character lasted, however, but a second or two—I had taken Becky for her mother because I knew no one but her mother of that extreme age. Becky's age was quite startling; it had made a great stride, though, strangely enough, irrecoverably seated as she now was in it, she had a wizened brightness that I had scarcely yet seen in her. I remember indulging, on this occasion, in two silent observations: one to the effect that I had not hitherto been conscious of her full resemblance to the old lady, and the other to the effect that, as I had said to my sister-in-law at Christmas, "Europe," even as reaching her only through Jane's sensibilities, had really at last brought her out. She was in fact "out" in a manner of which this encounter offered to my eyes a unique example: it was the single hour, often as I had been at Brookbridge, of my meeting her elsewhere than in her mother's drawing-room. I surmise that, besides being adjusted to her more marked time of life, the garments she wore abroad, and in particular her little plain bonnet, presented points of resemblance to the close sable sheath and the quaint old headgear that, in the white house behind the elms, I had from far back associated with the eternal image in the stiff chair. Of course I immediately spoke of Jane, showing an interest and asking for news; on which she answered me with a smile, but not at all as I had expected.

"*Those* are not really the things you want to know—where she is, whom she's with, how she manages, and where she's going next—oh, no!" And the admirable woman gave a laugh that was, somehow, both light and sad—sad, in particular, with a strange, long weariness. "What you do want to know is when she's coming back."

I shook my head very kindly, but out of a wealth of experience that, I flattered myself, was equal to Miss Becky's. "I do know it. Never."

Miss Becky, at this, exchanged with me a long, deep look. "Never."

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We had, in silence, a little luminous talk about it, in the course of which she seemed to tell me the most interesting things. "And how's your mother?" I inquired.

She hesitated, but finally spoke with the same serenity. "My mother's all right. You see, she's not alive."

"Oh, Becky!" my sister-in-law pleadingly interjected.

But Becky addressed herself only to me. "Come and see if she is. *I* think she isn't—but Maria, perhaps, isn't so clear. Come, at all events, and judge and tell me."

It was a new note, and I was a little bewildered. "Ah, but I'm not a doctor!"

"No, thank God—you're not. That's why I ask you." And now she said good-by.

I kept her hand a moment. "*You're* more alive than ever!"

"I'm very tired." She took it with the same smile, but for Becky it was much to say.

IV

"Not alive," the next day, was certainly what Mrs. Rimmle looked when, coming in according to my promise, I found her, with Miss Maria, in her usual place. Though shrunken and diminished, she still occupied her high-backed chair with a visible theory of erectness, and her intensely aged face—combined with something dauntless that belonged to her very presence and that was effective even in this extremity—might have been that of some centenarian sovereign, of indistinguishable sex, brought forth to be shown to the people as a disproof of the rumor of extinction. Mummified and open-eyed she looked at me, but I had no impression that she made me out. I had come, this time, without my sister-in-law, who had frankly pleaded to me—which also, for a daughter of Brookbridge, was saying much—that the house had grown too painful. Poor Miss Maria excused Miss Becky on the score of her not being well—and that, it struck me, was saying most of all. The absence of the others gave the occasion a different note; but I talked with Miss Maria for five minutes and perceived that—save for her saying, of her own movement, anything about Jane—she now spoke as if her mother had lost hearing or sense, or both, alluding freely and distinctly, though indeed favorably, to her condition. "She has expected your visit and she much enjoys it," my interlocutress said, while the old woman, soundless and motionless, simply fixed me without expression. Of course there was little to keep me; but I became aware, as I rose to go, that there was more than I had supposed. On my approaching her to take leave Mrs. Rimmle gave signs of consciousness.

"Have you heard about Jane?"

I hesitated, feeling a responsibility, and appealed for direction to Maria's face. But Maria's face was troubled, was turned altogether to her mother's. "About her life in Europe?" I then rather helplessly asked.

The old woman fronted me, on this, in a manner that made me feel silly. "Her life?"—and her voice, with this second effort, came out stronger. "Her death, if you please."

"Her death?" I echoed, before I could stop myself, with the accent of deprecation.

Miss Maria uttered a vague sound of pain, and I felt her turn away, but the marvel of her mother's little unquenched spark still held me. "Jane's dead. We've heard," said Mrs. Rimmle. "We've heard from—where is it we've heard from?" She had quite revived—she appealed to her daughter.

The poor old girl, crimson, rallied to her duty. "From Europe."

Mrs. Rimmle made at us both a little grim inclination of the head. "From Europe." I responded, in silence, with a deflection from every rigor, and, still holding me, she went on: "And now Rebecca's going."

She had gathered by this time such emphasis to say it that again, before I could help myself, I vibrated in reply. "To Europe—now?" It was as if for an instant she had made me believe it.

She only stared at me, however, from her wizened mask; then her eyes followed my companion. "Has she gone?"

"Not yet, mother." Maria tried to treat it as a joke, but her smile was embarrassed and dim.

"Then where is she?"

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"She's lying down."

The old woman kept up her hard, queer gaze, but directing it, after a minute, to me. "She's going."

"Oh, some day!" I foolishly laughed; and on this I got to the door, where I separated from my younger hostess, who came no farther. Only, as I held the door open, she said to me, under cover of it and very quietly:

"It's poor mother's idea."

I saw—it was her idea. Mine was—for some time after this, even after I had returned to New York and to my usual occupations—that I should never again see Becky. I had seen her for the last time, I believed, under my sister-in-law's roof, and in the autumn it was given to me to hear from that fellow-admirer that she had succumbed at last to the situation. The day of the call I have just described had been a date in the process of her slow shrinkage—it was literally the first time she had, as they said at Brookbridge, given up. She had been ill for years, but the other state of health in the contemplation of which she had spent so much of her life had left her, till too late, no margin for meeting it. The encounter, at last, came simply in the form of the discovery that it *was* too late; on which, naturally, she had given up more and more. I had heard indeed, all summer, by letter, how Brookbridge had watched her do so; whereby the end found me in a manner prepared. Yet in spite of my preparation there remained with me a soreness, and when I was next—it was some six months later—on the scene of her martyrdom I replied, I fear, with an almost rabid negative to the question put to me in due course by my kinswoman. "Call on them? Never again!"

I went, none the less, the very next day. Everything was the same in the sunny parlor—everything that most mattered, I mean: the immemorial mummy in the high chair and the tributes, in the little frames on the walls, to the celebrity of its late husband. Only Maria Rimmle was different: if Becky, on my last seeing her, had looked as old as her mother, Maria—save that she moved about—looked older. I remember that she moved about, but I scarce remember what she said; and indeed what was there to say? When I risked a question, however, she had a reply.

"But *now* at least—?" I tried to put it to her suggestively.

At first she was vague. "'Now'?"

"Won't Miss Jane come back?"

Oh, the headshake she gave me! "Never." It positively pictured to me, for the instant, a well-preserved woman, a sort of rich, ripe *seconde jeunesse*, by the Arno.

"Then that's only to make more sure of your finally joining her."

Maria Rimmle repeated her headshake. "Never."

We stood so, a moment, bleakly face to face; I could think of no attenuation that would be particularly happy. But while I tried I heard a hoarse gasp that, fortunately, relieved me—a signal strange and at first formless from the occupant of the high-backed chair. "Mother wants to speak to you," Maria then said.

So it appeared from the drop of the old woman's jaw, the expression of her mouth opened as if for the emission of sound. It was difficult to me, somehow, to seem to sympathize without hypocrisy, but, so far as a step nearer could do so, I invited communication. "Have you heard where Becky's gone?" the wonderful witch's white lips then extraordinarily asked.

It drew from Maria, as on my previous visit, an uncontrollable groan, and this, in turn, made me take time to consider. As I considered, however, I had an inspiration. "To Europe?"

I must have adorned it with a strange grimace, but my inspiration had been right. "To Europe," said Mrs. Rimmle.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE last days of May will find readers following in the newspapers the reports of the proceedings of the Czar's Peace Congress at The Hague.

War as a Sport.

Among sports war takes first rank. No sport seems to rank very high which is not arduous and somewhat dangerous. War is the most arduous and the most dangerous exercise we have. It has been esteemed and faithfully practised since civilization began. It is glorious in some particulars, and it brings out some fine qualities, as well as most of the bad ones. Its defenders have maintained that it was useful in restricting the increase of population in the earth, and ameliorating the fierceness of industrial competition. Altogether its merits, such as they are, have always been amply appreciated; but still the feeling grows that, in spite of all its uses, it costs too much, and that somehow we ought to get along without it. Every year it grows prospectively deadlier and more expensive, and the burden of keeping ready for it grows so extravagantly oppressive that, in Europe at least, the point has clearly been reached where, in spite of all that wars have done in times past to further civilization, it is seriously doubted whether any game can be worth so much candle.

It is not hoped to perfect any plan at the Peace Congress by which the game may be abolished altogether. The most the Czar hopes for is to induce the powers to agree not to increase their present armament, and so to provide for minimizing the annual expenditure of candle. If such an agreement should be reached it would be interesting to observe how the integrity of the European powers would compare with that of American railroad presidents, who have been known to make solemn compact with one another not to cut rates, and then go home and fall straightway back into the same ruinous practises from which they had agreed to abstain. Nevertheless, there is a state of facts that constantly coerces railroads to respect their mutual agreements, and which drives them ever to divide business instead of wiping out all profit. Analogous considerations are constantly inciting the great powers of earth to divide creation instead of fighting over it. To us Americans who are used to trusts and have seen the bitterest commercial rivals join their interests and work together, it cannot be inconceivable that the great nations of earth should do something similar, and agree at least to restrict the production of war material for a fixed term.

These are wonderful times, and whoever would forecast coming events and resulting conditions, has need to take very large views of many things. Civilization is surging on into the uttermost parts of the world. In Asia and Africa the Caucasian daily enlarges and perfects his dominion. Coal, iron, and electricity are making all places accessible; soldiers and missionaries are making all places comparatively safe. Soon it is likely to come to pass that there will be no corner of the earth left which is not held or protected by some power that is strong enough to defend it. Soon, too, it seems likely that the great political forces of the world will compose two or three groups of allied nations, bound together for mutual protection. If that comes to pass humanity will be organized as it never has been before. How will it stand so much organization? That power should be bunched instead of scattered, seems to make for peace. Each group will strive to keep the peace among its own members, and will have a powerful motive for restraining any of those members from coming to blows with any member of another group. The influence of organization will tend to hinder all wars except those between groups, and these would be so enormously costly and destructive that the imagination recoils from the thought of them.

With such considerations as these to swell one's hopes of peace, the greatest obstacle to the discontinuance of war seems its standing as a sport. Can we get along yet without the agitation of occasional fighting? Would the other competitions, both between individuals and between nations, suffice long to make life interesting enough to be endurable?

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None can answer that question. Earth knows well what it is to have too much war, but if there is such a thing as having too little, she has not experienced it. What comes when two nations are really spoiling for a fight and don't get it? Do they spoil? Is it something of that sort, for example, that seems to ail France? Little wars answer the purpose of sport very well. England is always fighting somewhere, and that is one reason why English families are still as large as ever, and the race seems in no danger of running out. Our little war had a soothing effect on us. We are not spoiling for a fight now.

Oh, well; let us hope on. Perhaps this need of war is an imaginary ailment, which is only real for lack of being efficiently contradicted. Gentlemen used to fight duels, but that practice has practically gone out of use in fully civilized society, and isn't very common even in continental Europe. Then, too, the other sports have gained hugely in their rivalry of fighting. As Nature gives up more and more of her secrets, the work of wresting them from her is far more exciting than it used to be. Money-making is a livelier pastime also, and a satisfaction to those who are good at it. There is golf too! Perhaps we can get on without war. At any rate, we shall be glad to experiment with all the peace the Czar's Peace Congress can domesticate on the earth, and we are sure we shall not complain that there is too much of it.

A CONTEMPORARY authority declares that we are positively suffering as a people from the continuing influence of the maxims of Franklin's "Poor Richard," which, admirably useful in their day, are out of date now and do harm by restricting expenditures for luxuries in a community which, for the present, has all the railroads and mills and factories that it can use. Let the doctors dispute about these matters; whatever profit there may be in having people with incomes spend them, there is no question about the expediency of not spending what one has not got, or cannot spare.

Our Expenditures.

In American society at present the rich and the not rich, the people of leisure and the working-people are very much mixed up. They play together. They must! There are not enough rich people of leisure yet to make a society of their own, nor are those who are available fond enough of one another to dispense with other playmates. This intimate association of people of unequal fortunes doubtless tends both to restrain the expenditures of the rich and to stretch those of the comparatively poor. People who happen to be very rich, and who love their poorer associates and are beloved by them, often take pains to keep their establishments down to a modest scale, not too different from those of their friends; and, of course, poor people who have their rich brethren, and like to entertain them, are always apt to strive overmuch to have things on such a scale that their rich friends will not miss too acutely the apparatus they are accustomed to. Thus the rich keep raising the scale of living of the less rich, and the poor keep restraining the expenditures of the amiable rich, and no school of expounders is quite satisfied with the result.

The accomplished Francesca, who knows everyone, reads all the wisest books, talks to all the wisest men, ruminates on all she sees and hears and reads, says that the day is coming in this country when there will be enough rich people who are out of work to form a society; that the members of the leisure class will play one with another, and give over tempering their winds to shorn lambs; that the members of the working classes will also stick to their classmates; and that by the force of circumstances and the automatic working of material facts now in existence people will be stratified and assorted in this matter of expenditure to their mutual advantage and relief. These are rather awful thoughts, and adapted, one would think, to promote the concealment of large pots of money by rich people of discernment who object to having their privilege of choice disturbed; but the admirable Francesca says it will be the making of the intelligent poor when these changes come to pass, and that they will be able once more to live in peace and breathe in comfort as they did in the days before the Civil War, when the gold at the end of the rainbow had not yet been discovered, and there were only about a dozen millionnaires on the continent of America.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST, HERE AND NOW

AS a matter of course, the artist should be born with a vocation so strong that it will surmount and overcome the opposition which the healthy average common sense of the world shows at the first sign of a desire of the would-be artist to break the harness in which most of the world works, and to go afield upon the commons, where he may find pitfalls, or where he may have the world to browse upon.

To define the born artist I should say that he was one who, from earliest childhood, found it natural to express himself by pictures. The child-artist must have more than a vagrant fancy; most children will desert the color-box for any other childish amusement, but to him it is the most important thing in life, beside which all other interests pall. Even such a child, a few years later, may not be able to stand the fiery ordeal of education and practice; for, joined to the natural artistic impulse, must be a capacity to acquire technical education so trying, so infinitely difficult in all its details, so unrelenting in its constant demands for force to retain, to continue, and to progress, that there are few who attain it.

How do we in America train our artists? By commencing where wiser men leave off, by beginning at the top, by opening the doors of the university to those who lack the common school. For the many manifestations of art as applied to industry there is hardly a beginning in the way of schools, and Palissy, the potter, and Cellini, the goldsmith, are left to get their training as best they may while we assiduously devote ourselves to the cultivation of future Raphaels. It is in these lesser branches of art that a graduated scholastic training can be best applied, and it is a reproach to our professed practical character that we have flown too high, and, by a system of artificial incubation, have attempted to bring out great numbers of fledgeling artists equipped after a manner to paint pictures, if perchance they have in their minds any pictures to paint. If we reflect how very few names survive in the long history of art, how rare it is that any artist bears an inspired message to his time, or to the world, this wholesale application of a high art education seems futile, silly, and cruel.

With the aim of producing picture-makers, however, schools for the higher education of the artist have sprung up throughout our country. And they count their pupils by the thousand. Here is a self-gratulatory extract from a recent paper:

"The Chicago *Times-Herald*, speaking of the work of the Art Institute of that city, says:

"'It is in the work of its art school, however, that the Chicago Institute distances all its rivals. This has grown so as to seriously tax the facilities of the institution. Its advantages are so great that it has attracted pupils from all over the West. During the present year the number will reach 2,000, having more than doubled in the last five years. Comparison with the attendance of the leading art schools of the United States during the year 1898 will best illustrate the position attained by Chicago's art school. The figures are taken from the enrolment of last year, as follows:

Cooper Institute (New York)	250
Academy of Design (New York)	250
Corcoran Art School (Washington)	250
Boston Museum of Fine Arts	275
New York Art School (W. M. Chase's)	285
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts	300
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts	375
Cincinnati Museum of Fine Arts	475
Art Students' League (New York)	988
Art Institute (Chicago)	1,803'"

Count up the total and think what an artist-ridden community we should be; save that the survival of the fittest holds good here as elsewhere.

Of these thousands, many who fail at the beginning of their career might have found satisfaction for their artistic impulse if they had entered schools designed to train them in the direction of applied art. Failure at the beginning of a career, however, is, grace to the elasticity of the American temperament, only

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a lesser evil of this wholesale application of higher art education. The student of the average university often takes his course in the interest of general culture, and makes his choice of a career at the completion of his studies; but the art university entails the definite choice from the start. The daily practice of drawing and painting is all-sufficient for the years of study, and the student imperceptibly glides into the artist when school is finished. Here tradition sustains him for a time, for it is notorious that success seldom comes early to the artist—above all in a state where no post-graduate honors are provided. If the awakening comes soon enough, with our many outlets for energy and the before-mentioned elasticity of our national character, perhaps no great harm is done. The failure enters another career, and from his past study will remain, as a saving grace, an appreciation of art, all too rare even among our most educated classes. But the relentless law of survival strikes harder where the perception of mistaken choice comes in middle life. Where two practitioners of art are met together, two men whose effort has been crowned with a continuance of production—with success as success goes here—let their talk turn to the past and they will look down the vista of years and find it filled with the memorials of comrades fallen by the wayside. I know nothing sadder save the failure of those others whose service to art has closed to them other avenues to usefulness, and who linger dead fruits of the living tree.

A second and artistically graver fault of our present system of art education lies in the lack of purpose which prevails in our schools. As at present constituted our schools serve principally to enable a student to draw and paint, more or less correctly, a figure from life. There is, it is true, a vague recognition that this knowledge is to be applied at some future time in putting figures and other objects together and making pictures, though the term "studies" is preferred for the moment.

Thus the neophyte, leaving school and taking a canvas, begins his picture. He does not care to relent toward the general public with its healthy desire to see something of interest on the canvas. Throwing aside the possibility of expressing a thought through the medium of his art, he places an object—living or otherwise—before him and exercises his newly acquired proficiency in copying it for the purpose of pleasing himself first, in which desire he is quite right, and of asking the public to look at it attentively and perhaps buy it afterward, in which desire he is generally quite wrong. "Generally" must be said, for there have existed a few men, in the history of art, who could paint, it little mattered what, and, by the magic of their handicraft (surely transmuted through the alembic of their rare temperaments), create a marvellous work of art. But these men are so few in the long list of artists that we are wrong if we establish a school on the pretention that it is only necessary to show a pupil how to paint, and not of the least use to help him to know what to paint.

That a subject, that a thought in a picture, is a drawback is, I know, a prevailing idea; that the artist is a curiously endowed human camera; that his imagination, which occasionally seizes mere hints from nature to elaborate them into the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel, is something to be sternly repressed, these I know are the words of the prevailing gospel. Against this belief of the day, however, one can turn and look backward to the pictures which have most impressed him, and consequently with almost equal certainty to the pictures which will impress him in the future, and he will find that painting is a means of expression, and that the thought ennobles the execution. I would not, however, have any word of mine appear to lessen the one at the expense of the other. A picture is a painted thought, the better the execution the clearer its expression; and a part, and a most important part, of an artist's education should be to differentiate between those thoughts fitted to be pictorially expressed and those where words are the only medium of expression. A painted anecdote is, of course, the negation of art.

How then can we help our pupils to learn *what* to paint with the same success that we have met in teaching them *how* to paint? Certainly not by any hard and fast system of prescribed subjects, or methods of enforced acceptance of rules for the composition of pictures. That would have the effect of making them all think and paint alike, and would stifle that most precious of natural gifts, the personal temperament. No, the first serious step toward the attainment of comprehensive art education should be at the outset of the artistic career.

At present a pupil is admitted to any of our

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art schools upon the approval, by the master or a committee, of a drawing from a cast. This can be a purely mechanical performance, quite within the reach of anyone endowed with a reasonably accurate eye and sufficient practice in the use of charcoal and crayon.

It is on this slight basis that a youth is encouraged to enter a profession which, even in our new country, is overcrowded, and in which, if he lacks the sustaining power of strong artistic temperament, he is certain to find more disappointments and less gratification than he would find in almost any other pursuit.

The die once cast, the habit of work once formed, there is enough success to be had in the early stages of study to encourage the pupil to keep on. Life in art schools is tolerably amusing and, with our interest in the quantity rather than in the quality of education, the pupil soon receives a share of attention which makes him of importance in his own estimation and in that of his family. Practice makes more or less perfect. He advances through various grades of the school, and at last steps out into the world to find that he has learned how but not what to do, and that possibly in his dull brain no conception of a work of art has ever existed or could exist. Therefore let us ask, at the threshold of the school: "Are you certain that nature intends you to be an artist?"

There are a few born artists who have not from childhood worked in an effort at expression; and of far more value in deciding the reception of a pupil would be a little sheaf of these childish attempts rather than the semi-mechanical copy of a cast. In fact the examining board of admission to our schools should be held responsible and, to a degree should judge of the would-be student's temperamental capacity. This would singularly lessen the number of applicants and the number of pupils in our schools, and would enable the master to know the temperament of each student and suit the criticism to his needs. To-day he must perforce hurry from one to the other with more or less perfunctory criticism on the accuracy of the scholar's copy from the cast or living model, and the influence of the master in the main ends there.

The ideal school would be one which corresponded as nearly as possible with the "shops," as they were called in Italian, of the painters and sculptors of the time of the Renaissance. Something of this kind exists as a kind of post-graduate course in the sculptors' studios of France and elsewhere, and with the growth of decorative work is even possible in our painters' studios at home. But the haste in which we moderns execute our work demands skilled assistance, and service such as the young Raphael gave to Perugino in the days of his apprenticeship is seldom of avail here. In the older day the master had under way work of varying descriptions, pictures, cartoons for glass or preliminary studies for decorative work to be executed in place. The many channels in which his genius flowed made him an integral part of his epoch and, as the brain conceives faster than the hand can execute, he had of necessity a number of pupils about him who were busy under his guidance executing minor portions of work which he could honestly sign, and by which we perchance know the master at this late day. Here the pupil had the practical executive side of art under his eyes, not single unrelated studies of models in the conventional or academic positions, but figures welded together in the cunning composition of the master-artist. Here he learned the reasons which, back of the intuition which creates a work of art in the brain of the master, preside at its execution and, as sympathy grew between the elder and the younger artist, each helped the other.

Something in a degree like this might exist in our schools. In most of them there are classes in composition where a given subject is treated by such pupils as choose, and the resulting sketches are brought together for criticism by the master. This class is generally considered of slight importance, an hour's criticism once a fortnight is considered all that is desirable, and the critic-master finds spread before him, in our largest schools, fifty or sixty attempts at composition. These embrace embryotic efforts where no thought of the situation to be depicted has been considered, conscious or unconscious plagiarisms of pictures, treating the same or similar subjects, and a minority of designs where the young artist has thought of his subject as a pictorial possibility and has treated it according to his skill. Now by the simple expedient of having a committee which would perform a service like that of the jury of admission for an exhibition, a jury chosen partly from the school-board and partly from the students, the composition sketches could be

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so arranged in classes that, while all might be shown, the master's criticism could be confined to half a dozen. If half a dozen only were shown the bewildered master—I speak with feeling as I speak from experience—might give a sustained and reasoned criticism. But like all the æsthetic side of art, the class in composition is pushed to the wall, and the eternal grind of drawing from the model all the morning, of painting from the model all the afternoon, and returning to draw in the life class all the evening, is kept up.

Every practical artist knows that in his own studio, three or four hours of work from life are all that he can profit by; that the tension of working with the constantly changing model before him makes it impossible to concentrate the attention, and work with intelligence after that length of time. Yet we hear the industrious student commended who works eight or ten hours from the model, and not infrequently he carries off the honors of his class—as classes go to-day.

A vivid memory arises of the arrival in the studio where I was studying in Paris, of the youth who afterwards became its most distinguished pupil, and than whom to-day no one is more illustrious in modern art. He was barely seventeen, and he brought, to submit to our master as a means of admission to the ranks of his pupils, a great roll of drawings and sketches in color. They were not conventional drawings from the cast or model, though doubtless he had made numbers of these, as we all must do sooner or later, but they were works which showed that the youth had the temperament of an artist and was worthy of the painstaking assistance in the development of his gift which he sought at the hands of the master. And, as I look back on the Paris of twenty years ago, I see clearly that, of the numbers of art students assembled there, everyone who is known to-day, who has done anything to be known by, could have been admitted to study, if such had been the rule, by the submission of spontaneous original work.

There are many details which would help form a comprehensive scheme of art education which cannot be elaborated here. No more can be suggested than that the schools of higher grade could, by decrease of numbers and increase of the standard of admission, be rendered more effective. And it is perhaps necessary again to repeat that no hard and fast rule could be enforced, my contention leading me as far from the German system of the time of Cornelius, which eliminated individual temperament, and gave in place æsthetic principles cast in an iron mold, as from our present or French system, which contents itself with technical proficiency and leaves the student to absorb the æsthetic principle from the circumambient air—an easier task in the proverbial art atmosphere of Paris than in the latitude of New York or Chicago. Finally, under the present conditions, the individual student can do much to supplement the barren instruction of the school. Let him read and endeavor to stimulate his imagination. Let him seek the galleries with the purpose of studying what has been done as well as how the task has been performed. Let him attend the sparsely followed lectures on the history of art which our museums and universities offer to him. Let him endeavor to repeat from memory the drawing on which his week in the life class has been passed. Let him look about him and make the constant effort to use the suggestions of nature as did the cave-dweller in the dawn of time. In a word, let him think as well as work.

W. H. Low.

"To-day . . . in learned France, the very art of painting, as a mirror of the full-colored appearance of things, has for a quarter of a century been in peril, under the influence of the academy drawing-school, the model in studio light, and the vain attempt to rival the photograph. And perhaps it is needless to repeat again how we have lost the sense of natural decoration and expression of meaning by general arrangement of lines and spaces, so that again in France we are astonished at M. Puvis de Chavannes, who uses powers that have once been common to almost all our race."—John La Farge: "Letters from Japan."

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